



# THE CABBAGE



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## Anthrax: Deadly Virus or Just Bad Music?

FLORIDA—Thousands of fans of really awful eighties hair bands are coming out in support of their favorite you-must-be-on-drugs-to-like-this-crap band, Anthrax. “Uh, when I heard that Anthrax was in Florida, I said, ‘Hey, ma, get off the dang roof and dial me up Ticketmaster,’” said Jim Thompson. “I thought they was touring again, dude.”

Jim is not alone. Thousands of loyal fans, excited over the recent announcements, have dug deep into their mothers’ syringe-covered closets to pull out old T-Shirts and once again pledge their loyalty to really bad rock. “I went and got my old Anthrax T-shirt that says ‘I got struck with Anthrax’ and have been wearing it around,” said one fan. “Now I feel ashamed. You know, like when you come out of a buzz and you’re wondering how your pants got on the dog’s

head.”

According to local police, Anthrax T-shirt sightings have been up fifty percent during the last week. However, they consider only about a third to be potentially dangerous. “The shirts have been tested and retested and then tested a third time to see if they test positive for anthrax,” said Miami Police Chief Mike Ross. “We call it the best of three test.” Ross continued, “We take nothing for granted anymore.”

In a CNN/Gallup poll of 100 Americans, 30 say they own an Anthrax album, 20 say they have listened to Anthrax in the past, but only when induced by heavy narcotics, 45 say they know where they can get anthrax if they wanted to, and 5 asked “can you please repeat the question?”

There is much speculation that the anthrax virus is connected to the awful band’s music.

“After listening to the music, sometimes I do feel a little bit sick,” commented Secretary of Defense Rumsfeld. “But that may have to do with the fact that I always open my mail while listening to my Anthrax music.”



Bad, yes, but deadly?

When asked for their reaction to the latest scare, the even-worse-than-Metallica-or-Kid Rock-thrash metal band replied, “We guess our name is not so cool anymore.”

## Man Crushes Mosquito, Right Testicle

### West Nile Virus scare cause of carelessness, says local official

MILWAUKEE—Forty-Five-year-old Roger Sherman sustained a serious injury to his right testicle on Friday night. Sherman, a schoolteacher, claims that he was “just trying to kill a mosquito” when he struck himself in the groin.

Sherman, according to his wife, passed out from the immense pain. “He was just sitting there watching TV when (a mosquito) landed, um, down there. He waited till it stopped moving and, without thinking, he just hauled off and smacked it,” said Wanda Sherman. “I’ve never seen him in such pain.”

The middle-aged schoolteacher contributes the incident to the recent West Nile Virus scare in

the Milwaukee area. “Just the other day I was reading about some birds around here that caught the West Nile virus and, just getting over a case of the anthrax, I didn’t want to get sick again,” said Sherman.

Sherman is expected to recover, but may lose his right testicle. “Yeah, doc says it might have to come off...yes, my right one...well, your left, my right...But between you and me, you can never lose a ‘right’ testicle; they’re both wrong,” said Sherman.

Despite the bad news, Sherman is optimistic that he will continue to lead a full life. “Hey, if the Packers’ punter can kick with only one nad,

then I’m sure I can continue teaching. I’ll just have to make sure that I don’t do it again,” said Sherman.

Local health officials say that Sherman’s is not an isolated incident. They also urge residents to remain calm and use good judgment. “We’ve recently seen an increase of cases like this. People are scared. More and more of them see a mosquito and want to kill it, without considering the consequences. If a mosquito lands on yourself or a loved one, don’t use tremendous force. Or wait till it lands on an inanimate object, not someone’s head, leg, back, or naughty bit,” urged Diane Wilmur of Milwaukee’s Department of Health.

### \*\*\*REASONS WHY THE CABBAGE IS NOW A BI-WEEKLY PUBLICATION\*\*\*

- ◆ Hey, we’re in college...we’re just experimenting.
- ◆ We’re spending a lot of time dating.
- ◆ We’re so anxious to find out if we won *The Knight’s Page* contest on who writes *The Cabbage*.
- ◆ Our seminary classes really get in the way.
- ◆ We’re too busy configuring Professor Olson’s weekly clothing schedule.
- ◆ We’re spending all our time writing “Mill Stories.”
- ◆ We’ve really been concentrating on our *Knight’s Page* articles.
- ◆ We’re thinking of changing our name to *The FortKnighly News*.
- ◆ We’ve been practicing hard for Talent Show...we’re doing something really original like singing some lame chick song like “The Rose.”
- ◆ Our jobs in the mailroom take up a lot of time.
- ◆ We just can’t stop watching “Armageddon.”
- ◆ This year we have a newfound focus on our studies.
- ◆ We handed the paper down to new people this year...oh wait, that doesn’t
- make any sense ‘cause then we wouldn’t be writing this right now.
- ◆ We’ve been commissioned to write the new school song.
- ◆ We also write for Bill Maher’s show and we’ve been in a bit of trouble lately.
- ◆ Hebrew is tougher than it looks.
- ◆ It takes us a bit longer to open all our fan mail now a days.
- ◆ Just bi-cause.
- ◆ We had a really cool idea for a list of reasons why we are now a biweekly publication.
- ◆ One word: concentrated mirth.

## British Youth Cuts Opium Use by 10% in Flurry of Patriotism

LONDON—Due to a nationwide influx of patriotism throughout Great Britain, one youth is cutting his opium intake by ten percent. The young bloke reckons that, by doing so, he is helping eliminate the finances of the Taliban regime in Afghanistan.

"I don't need all that bloody skag," said a determined sixteen-year-old William Dawes. "Bob's your uncle. I can do it."

According to Dawes and British narcotics officials, ninety percent of Great Britain's opium comes from the country of Afghanistan. Dawes has promised to lower his daily intake of opium in order to keep his pounds out of the hands of terrorists. "I realize most of that smack comes from bloody Afghanistan and, yes, I'm a bloody druggie, but I'm a bloody Brit first," said Dawes.

Dawes, along with a growing number of

young blokes throughout Britain are committed to lowering their intake of Afghani-grown opium. "Yeah, I usually snort about ten hits a day. Simple arithmetic would tell you that I'm now down to nine hits a day. God save the Queen!" said Dawes.

British Prime Minister Tony Blair praises Dawes for his patriotism. "Whilst other blokes are messing about, this youth is getting on his bike and giving it some wellie," said Blair.

## Editorial: "Dis New Weightroom Rocks!"

by Lucas Buffner



Okay, so I'm in da weightroom at da Y dis summer, workin' out wi' my buddies from home. Ya know, dey's alright guys too, maybe not my closest workin' out

buddies anymore, since I went to MLC, but dey's still good guys. So dis one guy, Mikey, says ta me, "Hey Lucas, how's da weightroom up at your school? Is it as good as dis one here?" And

dat kinda made me think pretty hard, cuz last year, ya know, it was not so good, but ya know, I don't like to complain, so I says to him, "Yeah, ya know, it's not so bad. Dere's lots o' weights and stuff dere to lift, and really, ya know, dat's all ya need, right?"

So, ya know, you can imagine my surprise when I got up ta school again dis year and checked out da weightroom for da first time. I was all, like, "Whoa, what's up wi' dis?" Ya know, I had heard da rumors 'bout a bunch o' new stuff in da weightroom, but ya know, rumors is just rumors most o' da time, and dis is MLC, right? So's I wasn't really believin' dose rumors. But when I checked it out for myself, I became a

instant believer. I gotta admit, tho, at first I was all, "Like, what do we need all dis other stuff in here for? Alls I need is da weights, man. But den I tried one o' dem elliptical trainter thingys, and I'm hooked! I like ta think dat I've become a more well-rounded individual, ya know?"

Oh, yeah, dere's one other thing—dis new stuff in da weightroom is really helpin' to bring in da ladies. Dey's workin' out and bulkin' up, just like I like 'em. So, ya know, when my buddies from da gym back home ask me again how da weightroom up here is, I's gonna tell 'em, "Dudes, dis weightroom rocks!"

## Editorial: "I am an army of one"

by Billy Miller



Hey American chums! Long time no hear. You've probably been wondering where I was, cuz I haven't been around campus or writing or anything. Don't fret, fellow WELSians, I'm okay! I've put higher learning on hold for a little while, and, as the phrase goes, I'm in the army now. That's right, Knights, Private 1st Class William B. Miller has signed up for

his tour of duty with the United States Army. No more old Billy Miller, average college student and part-time Cassanova who wrote stupid little articles for a subversive, mutinous, socialist campus newspaper. Enter the new improved Private William: a lean, mean, fighting machine dedicated to Uncle Sam (it's weird cuz I already had an Uncle Sam) and the people of America.

Whoever thought anyone would let a 5'10", 125-pound bookworm with raging allergies into the army? Well, other than my crazy Uncle George who's always seeing some guy named Charlie, I don't think anyone. But they did. Here's the story: This summer, I was at my job (I

babysit for these two kids that are so darling--the little one looks just like Herbert Hoover!) and I see this ad on TV for this ab machine, and I was thinking, man that's stupid. But then this other ad came on for the Army. It was awesome! It showed all these shots of these big, tough, soldier types jumping out of helicopters into the mist with big guns and camo and camo make-up on and, man, it looked so awesome. So the graphic came up and they said they were looking for, like, one person, and I thought I could be their "army of one." And the night before I just got done watching Pearl Harbor for, like, the tenth time. Moving. The war muse had shot me straight through the viscera with her inspirational hollow-point bullet.

So I went home and asked my Mom if I could be in the army, and she told me to ask my father. He asked me if my mother said it was all right and I told her that she said to ask him and he said it was all right cuz we never get in wars anymore anyway and then I could pay for my own college. So then I went down to the recruitment office and asked them if I could be in the army, but he said I was in the Navy recruitment office. So I said I didn't want to be in the Navy unless I could be a Seal and he started laughing so I left.

I eventually found the army recruitment office and signed up. They said it was no problem that I am only 125 pounds, severely near-sighted, have an extremely low blood-platelet

count, don't have my appendix, am allergic to nearly everything, haven't ever killed anybody, am addicted to cough syrup, have sports asthma, am scared of guns, and didn't vote for President Bush. He said they had to let everyone in these days.

On August 15 I started boot camp in Arizona. It's hot in Arizona in August. I must've lost, like, 5 pounds in two weeks. After that I got transferred to where I am now. I can't tell you where, or I'd have to kill you. Just kidding! I'm in Virginia! It's great here. I've got my own "band of brothers." They're the greatest guys in the whole world. We even have our own Private Ryan. His last name is Sipowicz, though, and every time I pretend to save him from things he gets really angry with me. Everybody's got a nickname here, like Iceman, or Juice, or Boston. Mine's BM (for Billy Miller). The guys are always like, "Hey BM, you got a smoke?" or "BM, gimme your ration!" I love those guys.

On Sunday we got orders to pack up, cuz we're moving out. Since September 11, BM's got a new duty in life--to kill Osama and his pals. So watch out Mr. Laden and the rest of you Tallyban guys. Here comes BM!

Talk to you soon, MLC civilians. Just leave everything up to your good friend Billy. Ladies, don't despair--a bigger, stronger (but possibly sterile) Billy Miller will be back. So see ya lata, alligataz!