

DAILY BULL

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Thursday, September 14, 2006

"I envy people who drink -- at least they know what to blame everything on. I envy people who drink -- at least they know what to blame everything on."

~Oscar Levant

Shaft Hunting in the Keweenaw

By Tim Kotula ~ Daily Bull

Welcome (or welcome back!) to MTU, for another 14 weeks of long classes, chilly weather, depressingly short days and a world famous male-to-female ratio which guarantees that you will likely never get a date. In spite of all this, we love what the greater Houghton/Hancock metropolitan area has to offer us and so we return. In fact, I love it so much that I was crazy enough to spend the summer up here.

I know that most of you are probably wondering what the hell must've possessed me to spend most of my summer here in Houghton, taking classes, surrounded by rocky beaches with 40° water and getting snow well into May (yes, we did). But it was a rewarding experience which led me to dis-

...see Shaft on back



Little Things that Piss Me Off!

By Mark Cruth ~ Daily Bull

Have you ever heard the song "Little Things the Piss Me Off" by Rodney Carrington? If not you should because he talks about little things in life that really pisses him off. After hearing it today I began to think to myself... "What things piss me off?" All of a sudden a list came to mind. I will not bore you with my entire list of those things that piss me off, but I'll give you a couple to things that makes me hope to God the people who do them get hit by a logging truck while crossing US41.

Leaving Packing Tickets on Your Car

These people...wow, that's all I have to say. I'm not sure when it got cool to sport around a parking ticket on your window, but I'm glad I didn't join that bandwagon. I will admit that I like to make my car look cool by waxing it up and making it look sweet, but come on! A parking ticket only tells me that you were dumb enough to forget to put money in the meter and now you're the sorry ass hole that has to pay the University \$20. I'm glad you like to donate to MTU like this, but if you think it might bring your tuition down you have to rethink your business plan buddy.

Listening to Macy Gray

"I say goodbye and I chock...

. *cough* ... *cough*" You're telling me! It sounds like she has a carton of cigarettes every time before she sings. I won't be mean and say that she doesn't know how to write music, but honestly people, how did she ever get into the music industry? Every time she sings I think to myself... "Who lets this continue? And why?" Anyone who supports this kind of cruelty should seriously have his or her hearing checked.

Homework Assigned on the First Day of Classes

I experienced this terrible, terrible thing last week. I had 50 pages reading and 2 writing assignments after my last class last Tuesday. Though I did not do the homework, I was still felt burdened by the workload. I just sat around that night and played Halo, but in the back of my mind I thought, "Should I do my homework...Na." If I didn't have homework and I would have never even had to think about it. No professor should ever be so cruel as to assign homework on the first day of school.

Here are just some of the things that piss me off in and around the world around me. When more things come to mind I will make it my duty to inform all of you so you too can be pissed off. ☹

Getting Idiot is My Way of Releasing My Inner Drunk!



How To...Survive Hollywood Prison

By Melissa Masucci ~ Daily Bull

Hollywood loves to make movies about prisons. Some about innocent men going to prison and having to fight to not end up being "Bubba's bitch"; others with guilty men being sent there and getting exactly what's been coming to them for the last hour and a half of the movie.

Either way, there are a ton of movies out there about prisons, and they all seem to follow the same general theme of what prison life is like and how the protagonists manage to survive. I've taken the liberty of compiling some of Hollywood's greatest advice so that, if you do something stupid (or get blamed for doing something stupid) you'll know just what to do or not do.

Never, ever drop the soap. That's the biggest no-no in the book, and we all know what kind of unwell-

come activity that's just an invitation for. But, just in case you happen to have slippery hands, if you **always wear your anal bum cover**, it shouldn't be a problem!

Hide your holes well, and not just the ones you're digging in the cell walls. Gigantic posters of naked women are great for hiding that hole that you've been carving in the wall for the last twenty years or so. And as soon as you finish the hole and get to the other side of the wall, you find it is on the other side of the fence and you can escape with no difficulty at all

"Bitch" is not a cool or friendly term to be called by someone.

Being someone's bitch is like buying yourself a "Never Surviving Prison" Monopoly card, and having one of your own is just asking

...see How To on back

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...How To from front

for the smackdown from the lead protagonist-type when he goes on his spree of payback to every jerk in the place.

The guard is not your friend (even if he is). If you find out that you used to be good friends with one of the guards because you went to high school together or something, don't let any inmates know. But be sure to use it to your advantage when he becomes disenchanted with his job, so that you'll have help in planning your big escape!

No one is prison is really guilty of the crime they were sent there for, even if they did do it. The legal system is biased to always make the black guy and ghetto white guy and "corrupt" middle-aged white-collar fat white guy always look guilty. Even if they're all guilty as sin, it's always the system's fault that they're in prison, and not their own actions.

If you make an inmate football team, the large black guys are always great players, even if they've never played a day in their lives. Although they all play basketball every chance they can get.

Use your cigarettes and sexual favors wisely. You never know when either will be needed.

And last but not least, **make friends with the old dude.** There's always some old guy stuck in there for decades, who has been there so long that he doesn't even want to leave when his parole comes around. That dude can do *anything* and is usually on good terms with the guards and warden and so can get special treatment when all else fails. 🐸

...Shaft from front

cover a time-honored Tech tradition – shaft hunting.

There are many shafts here in the Copper Country, a byproduct of the peninsula's mining days. They are of varying ages and sizes, although I've found that the older ones are usually more interesting to explore. If you plan to locate some of the area's more remote shafts, protection will be necessary. I recommend study hiking boots, bug spray and long pants, at the least – what did you think I meant?

No shaft hunting experience is complete without going Copper Country Cruising to fully experience the various shafts of the area. Just pick some Saturday when you've got nothing to do, grab your friends, cross the Portage Lift Bridge and start

driving north. The Quincy Mining Co. complex is the first place to begin your search. The world's longest shaft was once located here and a guided tour will allow you to explore deep inside.

A word of caution – be careful when exploring areas where uncapped shafts exist. It is very easy to accidentally fall into an uncapped shaft, where any number of unknown critters and undiscovered diseases may lurk. Furthermore, many shafts can penetrate several thousand feet below the surface, at near vertical angles. That said, it's best to keep your distance from uncapped shafts.

No CCC would be complete without a stop at the Gay Bar in Gay, MI for an early dinner. Eat hearty – the specialty of the house is a foot-long chili-dog. I recommend washing it down with a cream soda. Don't forget to take a camera with you, as I'm sure the pictures will be memorable.

Thrilling Lunchtime Theatre

By Yusuke Hasegawa ~ Guest Writer

A conversation I had with my roommate Alex over a lovely Sunday afternoon lunch in D.H.H. dining hall:

"Don't you hate it when you have to take a shit, and you're already inside the cafeteria?"

"No, never happened to me"

"Well I thought I'd let you know"

"That's great, because I keep a detailed record of your shitting schedule... I was getting worried because Yusuke's about 3 hours over due for another shit."

"Should I go to the doctors and get an ultrasound?"

"Yes, you can know in advance whether it's going to be a sinker or a floater"

"We can name it "Honest Abe" if it's a floater and toss it in the sea if it's Chinese."

"I hope it grows up to be a Mechanical Engineer, she'd fit right in!"

"Maybe I should get tested to see where it came from, I have been eating around... without protection."

"You don't want to eat around so much; it could lead to something called a relationship."

"I have an announcement to make baby... please don't get mad when I tell you... It's not yours."

"Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!"

"So how long have you known that it was from somewhere else?"

"We just found out yesterday Jerry, but we still don't know where it came from."

"Well I got a surprise for you Alex, McNair Hall is here with us tonight, and he has something he would like to tell you."

"Yea, Yusuke ate in my dining hall, also we're madly in love."

"Oh please McNair, it was just a dinner... You have to understand Alex, everything was so perfect. The food, the scenery, it was all just so perfect."

"Let's see if the audience has anything to say about this"

"You know what McNair, you's' just gots to have respect. You can't go nowhere without respect. So who cares where it come from. As long as you flush in the end, the sinkers and floater ain't ho'i'n."

"SHUT UP WADS, SHUT YOUR FAT ASS UP. I KNOW YUSUKE'S BEEN EATING IN YOUR DINING HALL FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS."

"Everyone stop it! Stop fighting! There's no use fighting over little ol' me..."

"I'm sick of this! I'm sick of your disrespect, I'm sick of your face and I'm sick of your mouth! I want a divorce!"

"Oh baby no, I love you, please baby don't say that!"

"It's called tough love, you stupid slut."

...

"I don't think I can finish this salad..."

"Yea, I'm done eating too."

It turned out to be a healthy baby floater that was a little lighter color than the usual, weighing 0 lbs 12oz. 🐸



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