

DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like joyless joysticks.

Friday, September 22, 2006

"An intellectual is someone who has found something more interesting than sex."
~Edgar Wallace

The Ph.D. Paradox

By Andrew McInnes ~ Daily Bull

It occurred to us here at the DB Blotter that there is something horrifically wrong within our beloved academic institution known as Michigan Technological University; specifically, with our most revered, venerable, and appreciated Ph.D.-holding professors, whose classes we have come to enjoy and adore, even by this most early date in the third week of the semester. It is a fact that, in order to receive a Ph.D. in any given subject under the sun, this most sought-after document must be conferred upon the worthy recipient by a jury of esteemed individuals who themselves possess Ph.D.s in the subject in question. This system has been perpetuating itself for centuries! We know it

...see Ph.D. on back



Cultural Reform

By Nicholas Jimenez ~ Daily Bull

After attending the annual Parade of Nations ceremony, pit full of 50+ nations each with their own unique style, language, and foods; it made me really reflect on how American culture is pretty much the most bland. Thus, I have come to look for some cultural reform and fixes from our buddy the Federal Government with my own list of cultural demands.

Culture Fix 1: Presidential Apparel

It's a shame that the world's most powerful leader is still wearing a humbling business suit and slacks. With a quick fix of attaching an American flag as a cape onto the President's attire, this would send the short but sweet message that Americans are pretty much amazing, styling, and that they are not afraid to express their freedom of speech.

Culture Fix 2: Reinstate the Pony Express

Have you seen our postal workers lately? They wear the tasteless two shaded blues and casual wear of button up shirt and shorts. That's a big no-no in terms of culture. In reinstating the Pony Express, two things would

happen. The first would be new uniforms, complete with the belt buckle, ten-gallon hat and cowboy boots. The second and most important aspect would involve horses (the ponies) returning to the mail system. These horses would run freely around towns at rapid speeds to deliver Americans ever so precious mail, at least on the local distribution level. Just the thought of seeing these horse riders delivering personal mail to my address, makes me weep a tear of happiness.

Culture Fix 3: Nuclear Fireworks

July 4th is pretty lame given Americans are at the forefront of technology and still cities merely go out and blast fireworks as they traditionally do, the more wealthy ones having far more spectacular shows than per se – Houghton. Yet, the radius from where you see these fireworks is so small. Hold on a second though, imagine if the Federal Government stepped in and sent a couple of nuclear bombs into space and then detonated them to provide the world's ultimate show of patriotism. This is simple math folks: Dismantling stockpile of deadly weapons + global light show = American

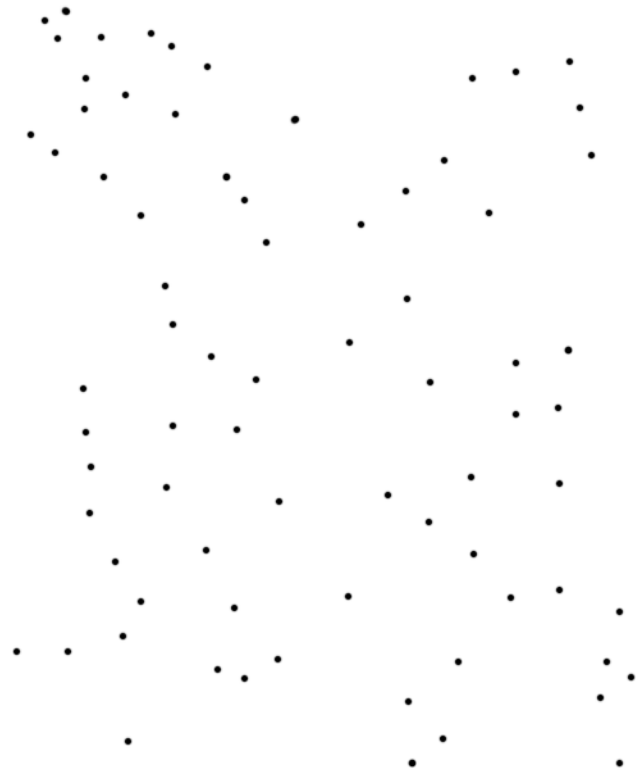
...see Cultural Reform on back

Racist Survivor is the best Survivor yet!



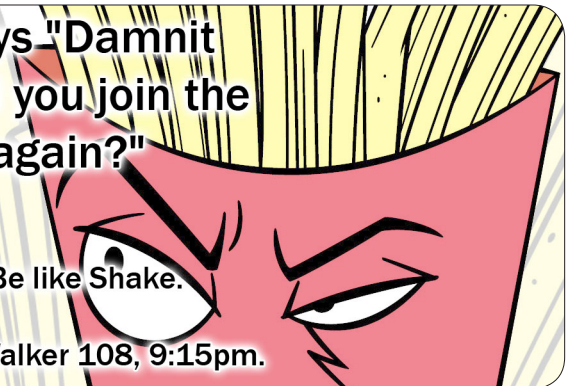
Dave's Corner: Connect the Dots!

By David Klemens ~ Daily Bull



Frylock says "Damn it Shake, did you join the Daily Bull again?"

Screw Frylock. Be like Shake.
Join the Bull.
Wednesdays, Walker 108, 9:15pm.



...Cultural Reform from front

pride!

Culture Fix 4: English Language

We good.

Culture Fix 5: New National Anthem

The national anthem we have now is fine – if you’re living in 1800’s America, but the fact of the matter is that the ‘times are a changing’ and if we ever want to influence the youth, we’re going to have to morph the anthem to their type of music. The simplest fix for the national anthem is to simply replace it with a classic rock song, and frankly, Queen’s “We Will Rock You” would easily fulfill that position. Let’s see kids resist the urge to not get excited about their country once that happens.

These fixes are only the peak of the iceberg towards that beautiful yet nonexistent thing called American culture. Until then, dream on. 🙄



Daily Bull

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...Ph.D. from front

works!

Or, perhaps, so we thought.

Let us examine this situation a little more closely, and not just accept it as “what we should do.” Now, it is another proven fact that one, with sufficient research, can trace the lineage of just about anything back through time, sometimes to the first of its archetype (a good example of this is how the Archbishop Usher calculated the Date of Creation to be October the 23rd, 4004 B.C. at about nine o’clock in the morning... just after breakfast, really). Since this technique of chronological dating is so evidently well-established, and has scientifically proven results, let us take to the matter at hand: if each new Ph.D. holder requires X number of existing Ph.D.-holding individuals, then it should stand to reason that we could trace the entire system of Ph.D.-granting back to the first person that possessed a Ph.D. Let us henceforth refer to this person as “Lucy.”

The question arises therein: what if Lucy was a stark raving utter looney? Who, exactly, gave her her Ph.D.?? God????/?????//R?/R/?/???/???? No, but seriously, if there were no other Ph.D.s during her time, then who really did give her a Ph.D.? If one could stomach to contemplate such a horrific travesty of academic malfeasance, perhaps it was a large number of Masters-holders that bestowed upon her the first Ph.D.? Even more frightening, did Lucy simply give herself a Ph.D., without any oversight from

a jury of her peers to insure that academic integrity was maintained intact and unsullied? In any case, since it is readily apparent that Lucy did not undergo the proper academic procedure and review in her procural of a Ph.D., then her degree is, in fact, completely and utterly bogus. Following from that little revelation, we must now confess that all the Ph.D.s she bestowed were also as bogus as her own, as proper academic procedure was again ignored. What followed from there was an absolute glut of debauchment of the hallowed auspices of the Ph.D., as more and more people were unknowingly granted Ph.D.s by individuals whose own Ph.D. were utterly and undeniably fraudulent. This most distressing chain of abominations has eventually, over centuries of perpetuity, given rise to the counterfeit Ph.D.s now in the hands of your esteemed professors.

So, the next time your professor snobbily insists upon being addressed as “Doctor,” you may have a well-earned giggle at their expense. 🙄

Mmmm... Starbursts

By Alyse Heikkinen ~ Daily Bull

I don’t know about you, but when I eat Starbursts it drive me nuts to unwrap each piece. My mouth starts to water in sweet anticipation of their artificial fruity

goodness, only to be not completely satisfied by their way too little bites of chewy yummy.

So one day I decided to unwrap a handful of them and eat them like popcorn at my discretion to satisfy my little sugary craving. Well, I opened one, tried not to eat it, but ended up eating it anyway. By the time I unwrapped the next I was craving more so bad I ate that one! and then again...

A single person just can’t open them fast enough! I understand why they must wrap them individually, but why must they glue down the flaps? It’s like being in prison with big, strong metal bars. The prisoner aching for salvation on the other side and then making the bars electric too, just in case. It’s just unnecessary and makes everything more difficult for everyone involved.

But I keep eating them and eating them and am never satisfied! All I want was a little satisfaction! JUST A LITTLE! From the Starbursts that is.

Next thing I know, I’ve eaten nearly half the bag. Not a little bag, but a very large bag the size of three or four stacked laptops, and I keep going. Had they not been wrapped, a small handful would’ve done. However, this delay of satisfaction only makes my mouth water more. It’s like a trail of bread crumbs to the end of the bag, except these bread crumbs are a slow, gooey trickle of false fruit flavor going down

ones throat. Each new bite tricks the mind into thinking *one more Starburst will do it!*

But no. Can’t open them fast enough. Need more Starbursts. If only I could open them faster than I eat them, but I can’t! I have no nails because I bite them, which only makes it more difficult. Perhaps I could eat the wrapper. I want to! I bet I wouldn’t even taste it, but that’s probably a bad idea.

HELPMEORILLEATTHEWHOLEBAG.

Damnit. Those Mars Inc. people really know what they’re doing.

*Editor’s Note – I recommend learning how to unwrap them with your tongue. It’s a win-win situation.




Copper Country Color Tour



Copper Country Cycling Club

Saturday, Sept. 23 @ 8:00 AM

The Tour starts by the MUB. Registration is from 7 - 8 AM. Food stops are included along all routes. Your \$20 entry fee includes a T-shirt. Helmets are required!

<http://cycling.students.mtu.edu/>