

DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like the last day of classes!

Friday, December 12, 2008

"Love is the difficult realization that something other than oneself is real."

~Iris Murdoch

Snow Monkeys!

By Liz Fujita ~ Daily Bull

I was minding my own business, enjoying some silly television a couple days ago when the weather gurus decided to interrupt – blizzard warning! Blizzard warning! Everyone run in circles and scream! I can't, Mr. Disembodied Scrolling Bar, it's quiet hours! Oh. Well... run in circles anyway because there's a blizzard warning! Whatever, Mr. DSB. I'm from Michigan. I can deal with it.

False.

I settled back into my refrigerator – err, room... - expecting the usual onslaught of wind and flurries. Something very large flew past my window. Then another. And another. But, somehow, when I ventured out into the tundra the next morning, all I could see was large piles of snow. That's odd, I thought to myself. I could have sworn I saw a flying monkey out there last night.

So here is my theory. You

...see Tundra Primates on back

In Memoriam: Dr. Bill Gregg

By Jeremy Mr. Sunshine Loucks ~ Daily Bull

On Saturday, December 6th, tragedy struck Michigan Tech. One of its most beloved professors, Dr. Bill Gregg, perished in a mine accident.

While most of campus might not know what's going on, those of us in the tight-knit Geology department know we have lost someone special. A Mentor, a Teacher, and a Friend.

Mentor

Bill was a mentor for hundreds of students. You could always approach him for advice, no matter what the subject. I know one time I went into his office for a slight advising question and exited an hour and a half later with answers on girl trouble, how to deal with morons, a book on understanding advanced calculus, and some new views on academia as a whole. Everyone I know has a story about his advice, since he gave it so freely and so accurately. He was the kind of guy that, hearing about a trouble you had, would drop everything (including being late for class on more than one

occasion) to help you with your problem until you had reached a solution. His advice on what classes to take, when to take them, and what to watch for has helped me (and many others) through the years here at tech.

Teacher

Bill was the best teacher I've ever had. Hands down. The man had a fire, a passion about it. He'd do whatever it took to get us to understand stress and strain, mechanical contouring, and mapping those dang faults of his. He'd spend hours laboring away so we could get his labs and say "oh gee, I get it!"

I think the biggest thing he taught me wasn't the right way to map things, it was the WRONG way to do things. He'd constantly bring us examples of people in the industry and academia screwing things up and explain with his characteristic wit and smirk exactly why they were wrong, then go on to explain what the correct

...see Tragedy =(on back



I hope everyone does well on their finals so they can come back next semester and continue reading the Daily Bull. May the Force be with you.



A Letter to an Old Chum

Dear Santa,

Hi! In case you didn't read the return address on my letter, I'm Nathan Invincible. I live right next door! We're practically neighbors! Not really, it just seems like that sometimes. Except we don't have any reindeer or mooses living on my block. Border Patrol deported them all to Isle Royale.

Anyway, how's it been? I've been doing alright, pretty bored a lot of the time. Being a Social Scientist is too easy! Maybe I can study your operation sometime. I bet you've got some super-advanced labor policies that modern industries would die for! Get those elves to work, haha!

But yeah. I wish I wasn't so bored all the time. Now that broomball is right around the corner, I'll finally have something to live for. Hey,

I've got an idea though. You still give out cool stuff, right? I've actually been looking for some neat things to help pass my days. You know, the usual stuff that people like me ask for, such as:

- A Tank
- A Flamethrower
- Cars like in Mad Max
- A hidden bunker full of supplies for Nuclear War
- Somebody who falls for hopeless romantics
- A Genie with unlimited wishes, and
- The chance to fight in a Gladiatorial Showdown

I even put them in a list so when you get them for me you can cross them off and feel accomplished! Hooray! See, anyone can get you cookies. Only the truly appreciative try and make your job easier. Happy Holidays Santa!

Nathan

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But you gotta ask for it & show us your Tech ID as you pay, because we won't remember. Discount only on pizza and no extra discount on specials or with coupon.
Oh yeah, no discounts if you piss us off!

...Tragedy =(from front answer was and why it was right. He covered all bases, not just the material. Leaving his classes you didn't just know what you had to do, you knew what other folks would do and to be skeptical of all the people out there who don't know what they're doing.

And who could forget his classic rants? "So easy a caveman could do it!" or "Who the hell maps linears?" Or one of my personal favorites, his tearing apart of folks who were seeing "sixth and seventh stage folding in gneisses." Just the way he would dismiss the notions as utterly absurd while backing up his statements with real experience was worth being in class for.

Personally, I wasn't the best at his class. But whenever I'd look at the class schedule and see his name, I'd sign up. A fun conversation with another geo went something like "Hey, whatcha taking next semester?" "Rock Mechanics." "What's that?"

"No clue."
 "Then why are you taking it?"
 "Bill Gregg's teaching it."
 "Oh, should have said that! I'll go register for it right away!"
 People would take his class not as much for the content (which was very thorough and interesting), but for HIM. Just to see him teach. He really was a miracle worker in the classroom and he will be sorely missed on cold winter mornings in Dillman.

Friend
 My definition of friendship is: someone who's willing to drop everything to help someone in need regardless of the circumstances. He definitely qualified as one of the best friends I've ever had, and I'm sure a lot of the other students can agree. Bill was the kind of guy you would go out of your way to say hi to. Even though he was a teacher, most of the time it felt like hanging out with one of the guys. He was just so...likeable. And his quick wit would catch you off guard more than once and have you thinking, "He said what? And he's a teacher?" Another time he needed to get rid of some old records, so he asked around. One of his students, Matt, said he'd take them. So Bill unloads on him a few hundred quality albums just like that. I mean, the guy just CARED for us. As students and as individuals. I know all of us are luckier today having known Dr. Gregg for as long as we did.

People throw around the word "great" these days so much it's almost lost its meaning. Things like "that was a great salad," or, "great game!" But Dr. Gregg was great in the true meaning. He changed our lives for the better. He made us better people for just knowing him. He showed us a light on some of the darkest days in college, and in life. I know I'll never forget him,

his mannerisms, and his wisdom. My one consolation in his death is that he died doing what he loved. Would we all be as lucky.

Dr. Gregg, you will be sorely missed and fondly remembered.

Your Student always,
 Jeremy Loucks

Editor's Note: There are times when we at the Daily Bull write about serious or tragic matters. This is one of those times. No chance in hell we're going to tarnish Bill Gregg's amazing person just for the sake of a few bland jokes. We, too, mourn his passing. 🌹

...Tundra Primates from front

know the enormous snow mountains that have been accumulating in various spots around campus?

They're monkey bunkers. It makes sense.

Deep inside the snow drifts, the monkeys are carving out safe houses

to rival the Pentagon's most fantastic daydreams. The snow provides excellent insulation (ask an Eskimo), but for the extremely cold nights they tap into sources like DHH. I knew something was wrong when I woke up with icicles in my eyelashes and a fish popsicle instead of a temperamental Betta. For sustenance, the monkeys have taken to late-night Café runs disguised as students - it's been much more crowded there than usual.

Don't trust those fuzzy little banana burglars. When your socks go missing in the laundry, it was them. When your internet randomly freezes, it was them! When you wake up in the middle of the night, seized with fear that you're going to fail your calc final!!! - you need to settle down. You'll be fine.

Rumors have begun to circulate that this is all part of a secret government operative. They parachute the monkeys in during storms to make the process more discrete, and it's happening all over the country! The little primates hold down fort in our snowdrifts until the codeword is ut-

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Special showing right before finals!
 See it this Sunday only in Fisher 135!
 Tickets are **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**
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tered and then! Then they do the unthinkable.

They rewrite the Constitution and allow third terms. They're bringing back their brother.

Brace yourselves for... Bush 2012.

Have a good break, Michigan Tech. Just don't forget to climb on, dig into, and make snowmen out of the monkey bunkers. Our fun could save the country! 🌹



Daily Bull

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