

POWER!

Standings & Promotions Committee

At the last faculty council meeting we were invited as guests to attend the next meeting of the Standings and Promotion Committee (S&P). In main it consists of the associate deans, undergraduate officers, someone from co-ordinations and the assistant to the registrar. They decide the policies that make co-op co-op, regular, regular, honours, general, the name and kind of degree you get, programmes, courses, requirements allowing you to be what you are and stay there or allowing you to stay at UW and you appeal to them if you have a good reason why you shouldn't be removed from your programme or UW altogether.

At this meeting the following was discussed:

1) letters of permission- in order to take a course at another university you must obtain a letter of permission which allows you to approach that university to

take a course (meeting their acceptance requirements) with the understanding that you inform the registrar if you were accepted and the marks you received in that course. You are unable to get this letter if you are on probation. However there is no such thing as probation in math any more due to the fact that your failures don't count in your math average on which probation was based. The committee wishes to change this to a required 60% overall average and a math average of 60%. Failures are counted in your overall average. C.A. students should not be allowed to break up a sequence of courses being offered at another university. You must take all the courses in the sequence not just the one you want. This is because it is hard to compare other university courses to ours and to judge what you have taken towards your degree. By taking the entire sequence the problem is eliminated.

2) requirements-to-stay-in-co-op Committee- they would like to change the requirements to something like the following: in order for a student to remain in the co-op programme he/she must have (a) an overall average greater than or equal to 55% and (b) no more than 2 half-course failures in any full-time term and (c) no more than 3 half-course failures in any consecutive 2 full-time terms and (d) no more than 8 academic half-course failures in total.

3) motion 2 parts 1 and 3 that were presented to faculty council from this committee were sent back for further consideration. So they will get their thoughts together and present these again at a S&P meeting at which we will be again invited as guests.

NOTE- This committee presents its recommendations to Faculty Council. The above changes do not exist until approved by Faculty Council, which meets every third Tues. of each month at 3:30 in room mc5158.

Friday, February 25, 1977.

ISSUE XIII,5

math

NEWS

NEW PREZ SPEAKS

As Mathsoc president to be, I have been told that I should make an introductory submission to **mathNEWS**. Therefore I submit.

Probably what I am supposed to say is what I've submitted myself for. So I shall proceed in story fashion.

Once upon a time, back in the fall of '74 to be exact, a frosh came upon this building in the big sea of post-secondary education to spend his next few years in trying to obtain a degree. Being a fun-loving, ambitious student, he decided to seek out social activities and shortly came upon the 'BIG' office on the third floor of the building, that is MC 3038, upon entering this office, he immediately was questioned if he required any assistance. In this friendly and helpful environment, he pulled up a chair, and stated that his reason for coming to this land was to have a good time along with doing some school work, and he was wondering where a good place would be to go to get involved. Upon which time the group had greatly increased as the question was being presented. This frosh was then subjected, much to his satisfaction, to a barage of answers. The final conclusion was that for a good time

where one can enjoy the charm, wit, and knowledge of other people, one should become involved in the **MATHEMATICS SOCIETY** because basically this fun loving, close working group that shares the fun and work in dealing with the governing of math students.

The student being impressed and awed by this vast organization, decided to become a 1st year rep and enjoyed himself so much that he became a 2nd year rep and upon the conclusion of his second term he decided to become vice-president of the glorious office. It was during his tenure in this position that he found out exactly what was meant by the answers given nearly 2&1/2 years earlier. Now being so greatly enthused this person ran for the position of president.

This is were our story ends, and the supposed moral is:

'Anybody can become president'

That is my 'political' career to this date, a personal fairy tale of sorts.

Now for those who may have been inspired (or completely confused) please come to the office and find out for yourselves. In this matter many positions

do exist on mathsoc council:

DIRECTORS OF
SOCIAL
EDUCATION
INTERNAL AFFAIRS
MATHLETICS
(MALE&FEMALE)
ADMINISTRATOR
SPEAKER

plus people for class representatives and people to sit on the numerous external committees.

This group of governing people, remember, is dedicated to helping people and having a good time while doing it. Also this group has control of a budget that exceeds \$10,000 a year.

I therefore rest my case and my typing finger.

THE BATTLE

An Actuarial Aptitude Test is to be held on Tuesday, March 1st in M&C1056 from 12:30 to 1:30pm. Test consists of 25 math questions and 40 english questions. If you would like more information contact R.L. Brown (MC5043) at ext. 2697.

UNCLASSIFIED

Entertainment: Come to the WATSFIC meeting in MC5158. Every Monday at 7:30 pm.

For sale: 400mm telephoto lens. Pentax screw mount. Focus: 8m to infinity. f6.3 Made by Hanimax. For information phone 884-7499 or contact djmullin on TSS.

For Sale: Realistic Lab 37 turntable, hardly used. Originally \$130, will take any reasonable offer. Call 884-7240 or 745-3079.

WANTED TO SUBLET: Two bedroom apartment available May 1st to September 1st. Rent is \$160 per month. Close to both universities. Phone 743-2250.

WANTED: Someone out there who knows how to play JOTTO! Contact jbsullivan on TSS.

That time again: Income tax help. Will make house calls. Prices variable. Phone 745-3079.

Wanted: A townhouse near the university for occupancy this fall. If you do not expect to renew your lease and could arrange for us to take it over, we would be willing to pay you \$100 for your help. Please call Rick, Doug, Pete, or Mike at 886-0673 for more details.

To Sublet: for May to August a 3 bedroom townhouse with sunroof. At Sunnyside Place. Rent \$300 per month. Call 886-3105.

To Sublet: extra large 2 bedrom apartment for may to august. Fits 4 or 5. Includes furniture, 2 beds, chesterfield & chair, stereo & TV. \$220 a month with last month free. Phone Gary at 886-0510 or Kandry at 578-1597.

To Sublet: a 2 bedroom apartment for May-August. Very spacious. Close to Westmount Shopping Centre and only a 20 minute walk to campus. 317 Erb St. W, Apt #3. Call Marilyn at 742-8739. Rent is \$166 a month.

LOST: Gold id bracelet. Brushed gold on top with inscription on bottom. 884-7240.

Housing Available: Spacious, beautifully furnished, 2-bedroom apartment for rent or share, May to August. Large livingroom, kitchen, laundry, parking, five minutes to bus, quiet neighbourhood. Rent \$195 a month (if share, negotiable). Including hydro & electricity. For more information phone 745-5088.

For Sale: Harman/Kardon A401 stereo control amplifier. 20+20 watts rms min. Serious enquires should be sent to jcmacnair via TSS

QUESTIONNAIRE RESULTS

We had 218 responses to our questionnaire last week. Only the breakdowns for math undergraduates are given.

MALE 148 (76%)
FEMALE 46 (24%)

YEAR:

1st 16(8%)

2nd 45(23%)

3rd 85(44%)

4th 48(25%)

REGULAR 77(40%)

CO-OP 117(60%)

Asking for personal information was too much for some people. We had 5 complaints that one of the items was sexist (male OR female). It is interesting to note that only one refused to circle a choice. (For those who are curious, the sex ratio of the 4 who circled was the same as that for the entire questionnaire). The reason for asking the question was to give us some idea of who was answering our questionnaire. You may note that first year students are underrepresented (probably because they don't know that the math building has a third floor. However, we will drop the question for the next questionnaire (unless we have opposing objections).

Should math students be able to take correspondence courses and have them

count towards their degree?

YES 168(87%)

NO 5(3%)

YES, with restrictions 19(10%)

Should math students be able to withdraw from University and NOT have that term count against them?

YES, (current situation) 155(80%)

YES, (proposed) 30(15%)

OTHER 9(5%)

A number of comments indicate that many math students (myself included) about our faculty.

All rules in the math faculty which contain the word *normally* (or equivalent) can have exceptions made to them. If you feel that your case is *not normal* you can appeal to the Standings and Promotions Committee.

Also this past September major new rules were introduced with regard to the way in which you get a degree in math. For more information you can go to MC5115 and ask the smiling occupants for a FREE copy of the new regulations. Be sure and read them, because if you don't then you can easily find yourself being screwed by default.

BERT ROCK

(a new comic strip)



SWAN SONG

Four score and seven years ago minus four score 1 year ago, I came to this university of W. For those slow people in the crowd this is six years ago or 1971. Little did I know then that in the land of ducks, trees and ring road parking lots I was never to find true happiness in the Math faculty. I was a bright, young, ambitious student (not necessarily in that order) fresh from the mines, commonly known as highschool. This green tadpole soon found that the courses were made for better people than himself. Foolish, as most people knew I was, I started out in the honours programme after being rejected from joining the co-op programme due to limited numbers. Five years, nine and a half failures later there was no chance left to obtain a pass degree. It was all over, I was out. I should have taken the hint when one of my reports read "may proceed on probation. You should register in arts.", but who wants an easy degree especially one you can't use.

Other activities helped to take my mind off school work. In first year television was the biggy. In my second year the music groups I was involved in convinced me that pubbing and parties were indeed my salvation. I spent 5 years with the music groups of which 4 was spent as the stage manager for their concerts.

During my fourth year I became ambitious (I was in need of money) so I approached the Math Society for the first time ever and applied for the position of manager for the Coffee and Donut stand. Amazingly enough they selected me, a nobody, and in the winter of '75 I began my career with Mathsoc. I received \$25 a week for the 5-6 hours a day headache (a possible 10 for the length of time the stand was open). I added an extra half hour to the C&D day, tea to the list of hot drinks, extended the days it was open into the examination period rather than closing on the last day of classes and saved enough money in the term to save Mathsoc from debt. Their debt arising from the semi-formal they had LIGHTHOUSE play at.

It was now summer '75 and a common ailment had hit Mathsoc; everyone was graduating or getting out with what they could get. My recent association with the office made me a potential candidate for the next Vice-president, a position to which I was acclaimed. Gary Dryden became president. The double Gary was born and the society saw new life. Now if you think that running a society is easy I dare you to try the Math Society. An annual budget of over \$15,000 makes Mathsoc more than just 2 offices on the third floor and if you didn't know this you better come to see us so we can tell you. I devoted quite a bit of time to the society which in no way was reflected in my rate of failures since most of my courses I had failed in the previous three years. My major project was lockers and it continued to be my headache for 6 consecutive terms.

Well VP Mathsoc was not enough. The

Federation was desperate and I had experience in the music groups so I became Chairman of the Creative Arts Board (a 12 month position like VP). The purpose of the board is to give the students a vehicle by which to participate in cultural programmes already planned or to organize their own, the board supplying the money and anything necessary to stage a production or concert. Because of this board's particular situation I was the only member of the board. My job was just to authorize the spending of the federation's money. Everything else was handled by the university. The university hired a director for each of the dance, drama and music programmes who were responsible however to me (these people could be fired on recommendation from the board). Each director was in charge of their own money within the budget and the organization of their productions or concerts. This was a lot of fun since I never got the bills until one month after the money was spent so trying not to go over budget with three different people spending was very hard. One particular music concert cost over \$6,000 but there was only 800 in the budget and this included an estimate of the income from tickets. With a Canadian Arts Council grant and luck we only lost a thousand which was made up in drama. Along with these directors there were 4 secretaries to deal with, each with a different aspect of the theatres (Humanities and Arts): bookings, tickets, publicity and accounting; 2 theatre technicians and the director of the Arts Centre.

Indeed a heavy experience but not enough. In the winter of '76 besides the Creative Arts Board and the Math Society I participated in FASS. It was 2 weeks of solid rehearsal and 5 performances but the social activities made it all worthwhile. It was around the same time that I started the three week job of running a Federation Presidential Election, I was Chief Returning Officer (CRO). However I was greatly awarded with all these experiences

With the coming of summer '76 I signed up with Mathsoc for another 12 months as President (again acclaimed). Nothing exciting but my most recent escapades have been widely told by both chevrons. I was CRO for the paper referendum, presidential elections and council elections. Enough to give anyone a headache since it all happened within two months. However a lesson is never learned, so I participated in FASS '77 and opening night was the day of the presidential elections. Yet I am still reaping the social satisfactions.

Within our society we have just held elections for a third of Mathsoc. On Feb 28 I bid farewell to 2 years of Mathsoc I have enjoyed and will not give up easily. I only regret not having got involved earlier. I would like to thank everyone for their help, support and their friendship. I'll never forget these years or you. My final project for Mathsoc will be the completion of an idea of my predecessor, Gary Dryden, a handbook describing in detail the operation of the society and its description, a guide to help future councils to grow and be efficient and a history of the

society most can remember.

I therefore give you my successor and your present vice-president of Mathsoc, Kevin Willis, as well as a recent federation rep and avid faculty council member fighting to protect your rights. I feel there is no better person for the job and if there was, no one came forward. Presently he spends as much as 5 hours a day doing Mathsoc business. A devotion that receives my praise and appreciation. I hope he gets yours too.

Gary Prudence

ODDS and ENDS

Pre-registration for the fall/77 & winter/78 terms will be held during the week March 7 to 11. In an effort to provide students, particularly those in years 2 and 3, with an advanced opportunity to ask questions about the programmes available in various departments, the Math Faculty has scheduled a series of Information Sessions for Math undergrad during the week February 28 to March 4. Faculty members from each department will be available at the times listed below to chat informally with students about programmes, courses, career opportunities, etc. on a casual basis prior to the rush period of the pre-registration. All Math students are most welcome to attend any or all of these sessions.

Pure Mathematics

Monday, February 28

MC 5158 1:30-3:30

Applied Mathematics

Tuesday, March 1

MC 5158 1:00-3:00

Computer Science

Wednesday, March 2

MC 5158 1:00-3:00

Statistics & Actuarial Science

Thursday, March 3

MC 5158 1:30-3:30

Combinatorics & Optimization

Friday, March 4

MC 5158A 1:30-3:30

Sliding along

This term's slide rule contest will be held on Thurs. Mar. 3 at 2:30pm somewhere near the third floor lounge. The contest is for teams of four since we use 6 foot slide rules its a little too much for one person. Each team participates in elimination rounds with the winners receiving lunch at the Laurel room, t-shirts and the glorious slide rule trophy. Sign up your team in the Mathsoc office (mc3038) or sign up as a single and we will try to find you a team.

THE BATTLE FOR WATERLOO FIELD

or the young student in university

by Edwin Dodgson

It was a quiet fall morning in the middle of September. The air hung about with its slightly chilly edge begging one to remember of warmer days. The University campus seemed almost empty outside, as most found the buildings a comfortable refuge. Coming along Ring Road, across from Needles Hall, and towards the Campus Centre, was a young man with a large gathering of books under his right arm. Dressed in jeans and a black jacket he seemed, with that not-knowing-what-to-expect-next look, like the typical University student. The Weeping Willows by the creek hung down, as if saddened by the approach of winter. The young student noted, as he passed the trees, how still it seemed outside. Crossing over the barren road, he came around by the corner of the Biology building, and looked towards his upcoming destination. The Math building stood like a fortress in the mist of nowhere. In the fields around the building there was not a soul in sight.

About half way to the looming building the young man glanced to his right and caught some movement. Surprised, he stopped and watched as a four male students ran past trying to catch a small frisbee-shaped disc. The green disc sparkled as it floated by, though the fall clouds hide the morning sun. The disc spun round and round, and as it revolved it slowly descended, settling gracefully to the ground in the middle of the field, quite close to him.

Just as the group of students were about to catch up to the disc, another group of students rushed by on his left, and both groups confronted each other around the green disc.

One of the students in the first group said, "It's ours."

One in the other said, "You'll do nothing with it." The first replied, "So will you."

Another of the second group spoke up forcefully. "No," he said, "We will exercise." "By exercise one keeps physically fit and lets one lead a longer and more satisfying life," he continued as if he knew it all by heart. With this pronouncement the young student became aware of something he had not noticed before: all the second group wore adidas shirts, adidas track pants and adidas running shoes. Each one was continually in motion, popping up and down, running back and forth like they had something they had to shake off. Both groups stared at each other silently, all with fists clenched.

Just as it looked like the groups were going to take to more conclusive methods of settlement there appeared, on the stairs between the Chemistry and Biology buildings, another group which headed, at a run, for the centre of the field. They were about ten males, and from this group as they ran up, the young student heard laughing. The groups arrived to face the others, and looking over them the young student concluded they were students too.

"We want it," said one in the third.

"Get lost, you perverts," said one in the second group.

At this the young student noticed one in the back of the third group had what looked like a blown up plastic female model with black lace lingerie.

Another in the back said to the one holding it, "My turn to pet it," and quickly snatched the model out of the other's hands. Meanwhile up front both the first two groups were shouting for the third to leave, and were wearing very angry faces.

One in the third shouted back, "You get lost, or we'll beat you with our rigid tools," and all the third

group burst out laughing. This mystified the young student for he could see no rigid tools, nor could he see anything to laugh at.

All the groups proceeded to yell and insult each other with great abandon. The voices and laughter of the groups rose, and neither the young student nor the groups noticed the approach of yet another group until they were close by. Eight marched towards the three groups led by a handsome young male. They marched up to the groups, watched carefully by the others. The groups stared angrily at the new arrivals. The leader of the new group smiled back at them. The groups still stared.

The leader stopped smiling.

"We get it," he said, and he commandingly looked over the crowd as if they were peasants. The rest of the new group nodded their heads in agreement.

One in the first group asked timidly, "Why you?"

"We represent you," replied the leader, matter of factly, as if all knew this. All the rest of the new group nodded their heads in agreement.

"I don't remember seeing you before, how did you come to represent us?" the first asked.

"You voted," said the leader.

"I don't remember voting," said the first. Then as everyone mumbled something about whether they voted or if they had seen this guy before the first said, "Everyone who voted put their right hand up." Everyone looked at each other but no one except the leader put their right hand up.

"I still represent you," said the leader who was not so commanding now, but still the group behind him nodded their heads in agreement.

The first carried the attack forward. "Do you know what we like, what we dislike, or even who we are?" he said.

The leader looked at everyone carefully, trying to see if he knew just one of the crowd, but was unable to spot anyone he knew. Then he replied, "I represent you," as if this was this and nothing could change it.

All the groups suddenly looked towards the young student and it was not until an upcoming male voice spoke out that he realized they were not staring at him but behind him at another group. "Hi there." The young student turned and noticed four young men, all grinning like mad. "We were just looking around and we saw our possession lying there. We were looking for it for a long time," said one.

"It's not yours," said the leader and he appeared angry now. "I say it's not yours."

The first grinned back at the leader. "Come on now, it's cool, right guys?" he said, and waited for acknowledgement from his friends but it did not come for they were arguing among themselves.

"I don't want to go to her party," said one, "She doesn't even look good, and her friends, ha!"

"Well if we go to the other there is going to be more competition," another said.

"Look, she's under 18, I don't like it, I say we crash something soon, okay?" said another.

The first said, "Let's go to T.O.," but the others replied, "Nothing last time." They continued to argue as the young student glanced back at the others and noticed them staring at five new arrivals.

"Please stop arguing," said one in the middle, who had a head of curly hair and a strange t-shirt with a rainbow and a pyramid. "Arguing is a sign of not being okay." "The object here is ours, you know," he continued with a crazy smile.

"Go away, you freaks," said the student with the plastic female model, "Get lost."

"Come to our free introductory lecture and we will cure you of your troubles," said the one who also had a pyramid on his belt. But the young man still held on to his toy obviously not wishing to be cured of his "troubles".

"Get out of here, freaks," shouted the leader who was becoming quite perturbed now.

"I can see evil in your mind," said the curly haired man to the leader. The young student did not know whether the leader had evil on his mind or not but he certainly had evil intentions with fists clenched and an angry look.

"Get lost," the leader shouted, "Frigging freaks."

Suddenly the leader looked towards the young student and said, "I see that you have arrived to report this." Looking to his left, the young student saw that this was addressed to two short guys, each holding a writing pad and a wooden pencil. Both had written something down, and by leaning over the young student could see what the one on the far left had written on his pad. "Imperialist leader shouts, rants, and swears at students, telling them they don't belong here," the first had written. The young student read what the second had written. "Leader smartly tells freaks, who have been bothering peaceful students, to leave," it said.

The one on the far left looked to his right and said, to the other, "I see you are copying me again."

The other one said, "No, you are copying me." As

both hurriedly scribbled down something on their pads the young student read what the one on the far left had written. "Pretenders steal from Free," he had written. The young student read from the one closest to him. "Captives steal from Real," it said. This confused the young student for not only did it appear to him that these guys, who thought they were reporters, wrote down the opposite, but also what they said, was somewhat incomprehensible.

Looking up from reading the pads the young student heard a noise. It was coming by a crowd of people, who were slowly making their way over to the centre of the field, from the Math building. They were all talking to each other, and as they walked closer the young student could see that each was holding something. As they came up to the other groups the young student saw that each was holding a hand of cards. Listening to the bunch he caught some what they were saying: "It's a short club", "Grand-slam bid", "forced up one, but it turned out good", "120 and honours!" It must be some sort of game, thought the young student, for he noticed now that the crowd were in groups of four.

A young chap in the front of the crowd said, "Shhhh! Be quiet!" and after a few seconds quiet prevailed over the mass.

"I think that, perhaps, we should receive it," said the guy. "No way," said the leader, who seemed to speak for all the groups now, "No way at all!"

"Oh" said, the man in the front of the crowd. The crowd appeared to be not disappointed at this result, and quickly resumed their conversations with each other. One of them sat down on the field, and soon all had followed. There they sat, playing their card game, completely ignoring everyone else on the field.

Looking to his left over the heads of the reporters the young student saw some students who were staggering their way over from the Campus Centre. One wondered up to the gathering and said, very slowly "Hey, what's happening, man?" to no one in particular. No one replied. Several of the ones who were staggering were now lying on the grass staring up into the sky at the clouds. One, who was still standing, spread his arms, and, by waving his arms, 'flew' up to the gathering.

"Like, mothers, it's ours," he said.

"No it isn't," said the leader.

"No hassle, mother, no hassle, all right?" replied the first. With this he turned, and, waving his arms, he 'flew' back to his companions who were now all lying on the grass. Looking past the groups towards the Campus centre the young student say a large group of about 20 approaching the other groups. Stepping over the ones lying on the grass they came up to the gathering, making considerable noise as they talked to each other.

One, in front, read aloud from a little red book as he walked up. "Fools, scared by lions around them, are happy to believe that the next lion is a cat."

"What does that mean?" whispered a girl beside the one with the little red book.

"That the scaracrow does not eat the lion," he said back.

"Oh," said the girl, "I wish I could understand what we talk about."

The group marched up to the gathering and stopped. The one with the book spoke out: "Bloody fascists, you have stolen the people's property, showing yourselves to be Imperialists. Give it back to the people!" All the new group cheered, ranted, and raved, shouting such things as "Fascists", "Imperialists", and "Capitilists", sounding like 2000 instead of the 20 that they were.

The leader said loudly, "Get lost, you idiots," to the group.

The man with the little red book shouted back, "You fascists pig, go back to your capitalist games."

The leader shouted "You babbling fools, with your silly names, carrying on and on."

The man raised his voice even more. "Imperialist dog, slave of the Israeli aggressor, fascists oppressor."

The leader shouted back, "Silly shiteheads, friggng turkeys, damm zits."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah"

"Well that's that, I had enough."

"Same with me."

Both faced each other with fists clenched. Then they starting pushing and shoving each other, begging the other to "Come on." This continued on for a while, and then one, quickly, swung a punch at the other. It missed. The other swung back. He missed. Both stared at each other breathing fast, as both were simultaneously aware that they were being watched by the whole gathering.

The two reporters were scribbling down like mad, and the young student looked down to see what they had written. One had written, "The leader was viciously attacked by Them, substaining greivous injuries." The other had written, "The leader viciously attacked Them, dealing out greivous injuries, to those who stood up for the students."

Looking back up, the young man could see the exchange combined with the gathering's tension had produced several other fights. Two were fighting over the plastic female doll. One addais clothed man was fighting with someone else. Many were pushing and shoving each other back and forth. A great din was arising from the field as people shouted and swore. While this was taking place, the crowd by the math building continued to play their card game, paying no attention to what was happening. Near the Campus centre, another group were lying back on the grass, describing to each other the shape of the clouds. The confusion got worse as people were streaming out of the building onto the field to see what was going on. The young student looked around at the huge mass, amazed at how much it had grown in the space of a few minutes. About half the field was completely packed, and the mass was growing rapidly with each passing moment.

As the fights continued, a group of people marched out to the centre of the field. Each one wore a pink

tie, and some sort of t-shirt, thought these were of different colours. Walking behind this group, the young student spotted a young man moving in the same direction as the group with pink ties, but he did not seem to be a member of the group for as they stopped he continued walking past them. He stopped close by the right of the young student, and turned around to watch the proceedings at the center of the field. One with a pink tie demanded of the leader, "What have you done to help us, to help the students, to improve services?" The one to the right of the young student who had followed the group out pulled out a writing pad and scribbled down "Leader asked what has he done to help students and improve services." This was quite a change, thought the young student, compared to those on his left. The leader answered back, "I have tried to help the students by keeping in contact with them, helping with a problem when they come to me with one, and looking out for their interests." The one on the right wrote furiously. The young student read what he had written. "The I.B.M. minicomputer that might come out soon, is supposed to have a 16K+ memory, with 16 bit words, and a similar instruction set as the 370," the pad said. The young student could not make head or tail of this, and thought it must be in some sort of code. The man in the pink tie said to the leader, "What have you done about the pub then?" The man on the young student's right scribbled down "Leader also asked about action concerning the pub." The leader replied "We are studing the matter in detail." THE young man wrote on his pad "Rumors have it, that some hacks are planting popcorn kernels in the microwaves." The young man found this confusing. Maybe, he thought, everything the leader says must be taken down in code.

Then, suddenly, from right behind the young student's back, came a great sound of music, that so startled the young student that he dropped his books. It sounded like a mass of violins playing and when he turned around he was even more surprised. There, sitting in chairs, was 20 musicians playing violins. They seemed not bothered at all by the noise around them, or the terrible fighting. Watching them play, the young student was unable to follow the music well, and so he turned back to see what was happening in the center of the field. Most of the ones with the pink ties were running around like chickens with their heads cut off. At first they seemed to be accomplishing a lot, but after following them for a bit he noticed they weren't doing a thing.

One with a pink tie was shouting at the group with the little red books. "Don't give us this hiding in the enemies camp jazz," he shouted, "If the rich should pay, starting paying."

"Gasp!" groaned the whole group as if taken by a terrible blow. "There is only one thing we can do for this sick splittist," said, one in front, who appeared sadden by the thought of the other's fate. The whole group nodded sadly in agreement, though the young student thought he detected a hint of smile here and there. "One, two, three," counted the man in front. "We denounce you," shouted the group at the man with the pink tie, staring at him as if he was supposed to disappear in front of their eyes. But instead of disappearing the man instead, smiling, accept the congratulations from others with pink ties.

It was now very hard to follow a conversation for more than a few seconds because of the din, and the swelling and ebb of the violins. Looking to his right, the young student saw, beside the young man who wrote in code, an older man, who was scribbling down something as he stared in the direction of the violin players. Turning, to find what was so interesting, the young student saw a battle going on between two groups of people. One, viciously, gave a knee to another, who went down moaning. The man on his far

right scribbled some more, and the young student leaned over to see what he had written. "Starting with Song of Joy, done with equistite taste, they quickly moved on to Mozart." He was writing about the music with all this fighting going on, thought the young student, but perhaps I am wrong. Another man was kicking the one who went down in the head, and the young student thought this was worth writing about. But he was disappointed when he read what the man had written next. "Ode to Toad was played just as it was meant to be played; the music is sitting softly for a period, then jumping loudly about for a period." The young student found this hard to believe that while fighting raged the man was writing music reviews.

Turning around, mostly to stop looking at the terrible fighting between the two groups, the young student tried to catch what else was going on. He could here some records being played but was unable to see where the music was coming from because of the crowd. Over by the Math building he noticed a very old man, wearing one of those black outfits graduates wear, with one of those funny hats with the flat roof. He looked like the dean of something, thought the young student. Behind him stood other men, some older and some younger, some with beards.

The music became soft and over the din and fighting the young student could hear the man speak. "I sure hope none of them fail," he said. The young student could not hear anymore because of the sudden swelling of the music, but he could see the ones behind the man nod in agreement. Then the music became soft again and the young student could pick up some more of what he said. "...must increase the standards of the University by increasing course loads" he was saying. All those behind him nodded in agreement. "I'll send a memo out," he said, "announcing the start of a new program." Everyone behind him again nodded in agreement. "I'll need an administrator for this program, have one come forward," he demanded. But where one administrator was called, there came six, each with their arms full with manuals. Just as this happen, the music began to grow loudly, and the young student's view became blocked by two guys in front of him.

The two guys both had little pyramids pinned on their shirts, so the young student thought they must be from the same group as the one with the curly hair. He tried to follow their conversations as best as possible, but the sound of violins, records, and the fighting made it quite hard.

"Look," one said, "I'm O.K., you're O.K., everyone else is O.K., right?"

The other replied, "Right."

The first continued, "Ok, but they think we're not O.K., so they're not O.K., right?"

The second answered, "Yes, they are not O.K. because their pig parents made them think that way."

The second one said, "Ok, but if we think they're not O.K., we're not O.K., right?"

The first replied, "Well, we know they're not O.K., but we believe that they're O.K., so we're O.K."

The second said, "Ok, but what if...", and his voice faded as the two walked towards the Chemistry building.

The way clear now, the young student could see towards where the records were playing. A big stereo system was set up, being run by a disc jockey, who was looking through this large record collection. Nearby many people were dancing to the music he played. Coming from the math buildings front door came a bunch of guys, all who talked very quickly at the same time. The bunch, each looking stranger than the other, approached the disc jockey. One of the group presented the disc jockey with a record album, as if they wanted him to play. The young student

wondered why the disc jockey did not already have the record in his large collection. At first the disc jockey refused to play the album, but after the group begged for a few minutes, he relented. As he played it all those who were dancing found that they were unable to adapt to the music, which sounded like what you get if you combined a bassoon with an electric guitar. But all the bunch, who had forced the record to be played, just stood there, and smiled at former dancers, as if happy to see them not dancing. After a minute of the album, with no improvement in the music, the disc jockey replaced the record with another. Everyone, who had been dancing, started again, and the bunch received their record back to their annoyance. They protested to the disc jockey, but luckily, thought the young student, he had learned his lesson.

All the field was a mess now with people running, fighting, shouting, and swearing. Over by the biology building there was a group, all dressed in black, who seemed to be choir singers, for they held what looked like hymn books. It was hard to hear any of what they were adding to noise. Over by the Campus centre some others were trying to pull a sailboat around the field. The young student was unable to guess the reason they did it, no matter how hard he tried. Whole groups were involved with vicious fighting with each other. Other groups were almost fighting; pointing fingers, swearing, taunting, and suggesting frightening fates for their enemies. As the young student looked over this mess something caught his eye. There, sparkling on the field, lay the green disc. And as the young student stared at it, something stirred within his mind, and he knew what he must do. He walked over to the green disc, and slowly leaned over, and, with a steady motion, picked it up. Everyone froze around him, stopping what ever they were doing, and stared at him. All was silent: the records had stopped, the violins were not played, the choir had stopped singing. Not a word was spoken. Then, with a graceful throw, the young student floated the disc, towards the Math building. All followed the disc with their eyes, as if flew toward the fountain with the cracked egg in the middle. It float gently into the egg, shattering completely into little green pieces, which fell into the water. And, at the same time, the field was empty; all except the young student had vanished. The young student looked around, stunned by what had happened. Then, he collected himself, and walked over to pick up his books. With the books under his arm, and a determined look on his face, he turned and walked towards the Math building. Perhaps he would be able to do some work now, he thought.

ELECTIONS!!!!

Nominations are being re-opened for 2 yr. reg. reps, 4 yr. reg. reps and 4 yr. co-op "B" stream reps Mar. 1 and close Mar. 7 with elections being Mar. 15.

Vice-presidential election will be held Mar. 15. This means that for the first time in three years math students will be going to the polls to elect someone to office. We are trying to co-ordinate an off-campus mail-out but this new experience is difficult but we shall prevail.

A by-election is being held for 2 yr. co-op "B" stream reps. Nominations open Mar. 1 and close Mar. 7 with the election Mar. 15.

WATSFIC on the move? mathShock Council

This past Monday WATSFIC showed the movie *No Blade of Grass* to an audience of approximately 60 people (2 showings). The movie was a great success (except financially) and as a result WATSFIC will be bringing in 2 more movies during the month of March. The movies will most likely be *THEM* and *Day of the Trifids*.

The next 2 WATSFIC meetings will be held on Feb 28th and March 7th in M&C5158 in the evening. To let you know a bit more about some club activities we convinced a member to write about some wanderings he had recently.....

WATSFIC WANDERINGS (or) OFF WITH A TROB

On Wednesday Feb. 9, four daring members of WATSFIC set out to boldly go where no Trob had gone before... the Trob had never been to Now and Then Books (known to the Few as "Harry's") and we were going to show him to it—show it to him—whatever! We left the Village around 1:30. (mention had been made of leaving around 12:30, but that's another story.) We took a detour through the second floor of the math building. We were going to go up to the third floor, but that too is another story. Through the slush-filled railway yards we trudged, entertained only by the antics of loyal member Wall-flowers as he attempted to drive away an attack on the party by an unknown beastie (the Trob in matching scarf and mitts). We made a much appreciated rest-stop at the comics oasis (Randall's room), but stayed only long enough to let the Trob know that there is an entire world outside he knows nothing about. (The real world, of course! Fandom he knows.) ("You mean Logan's Run is in a comic book?!")

Then we were off again. (We must have been off from the start, to walk all the way to downtown Kitchener.) The murderous pace soon proved too much for the softer members of our expedition after the false comfort of Randall's house. And so the Trob and Wall-flower boarded the magic dragon of the KW transit, while Randall and I bravely struggled ahead on foot. As it happened, we still managed to beat them to Harry's.

The Trob was much amazed, and demonstrated the book hoarding techniques that have made his name a household word almost nowhere by buying as many books as he could carry without falling over. As well, many comics were bought, and the great Conan purchase of the year (would you believe the week?) was agreed to. Then we went downstairs for more comics, and to show the Trob the legendary bootlegs.

Then, with a sad mood upon us, and an empty spot in our wallets, we said farewell till the next time to Harry and his mother, and left, carrying our treasures with us, to disappear silently into the sunset.

MathSoc held a meeting on February 14th. The local Greenpeace chapter was promised some financial support. On February 21st another mathSoc Council meeting was held. Richard Fuch (?) was appointed AntiCal co-ordinator. A broom-ball tournament is to be organized. A suggestion that mathSoc sponsor a scholarship was considered. A number of other items were considered at these meetings, but since we have no one to write about them, this is all you'll learn about them. Next meeting is to be held on February 28th in M&C5158 at 4:30pm.



SIR R?????

Ha! Finally the elections are over with and I'm allowed to talk again. And I've got a lot to say. I think I'll handle this with a random approach: that is I'll just throw out thoughts as they come into my mind, in no sensible order. (as usual—ed)

* * * * *

Let's start with some memories of the presidential election. Such as one of the nights going through Village1 singing the beautiful sounds of Mickey Maoist, (you know how it goes: Who's the leader of the guard who thinks for you and me? A-I-A, C-P-C M-A-O-S-T, Mickey Maoist, Mickey Maoist, forever we will hold our red flags high! high! high! So come along and join the party for purge and anarchy. A-I-A, C-P-C, M-A-O-S-T.) and also that other song that we kind of stole from FASS (Old McDocherty had a paper. A-I-A-I-A. And on that paper he had a staff. A-I-A-I-A.... it goes on but a lot of it's not fit to print.) Or how about the night before the presidential election. Was Thompson's crack campaign team out scrambling for every possible vote in those last few desperate hours? Were they campaigning through the villages reminding students to vote the next day? Were they telephoning around trying to drum up more support in what was to be a desperately close election? Nope, they were goofing off in the Integrated Studies lounge. Thompson appeared upset with the collapse of his team, but what the heck, we were too tired to bother. I suggested that we head up to Village1 and finish our campaigning there. But instead the opinion prevailed that we order a couple of pizzas and spend the evening playing a game of Diplomacy. Thompson played that hot bed of communism, Russia. As his white Russian hords came pouring across Europe, Thompson wheeled and dealt with everyone, and stabbed everyone in the back. I tell you that man can't be trusted..... Or how about the night we travelled over to Village 2 in the terrible snow storm. It felt more like Napoleon's retreat from Russia. I think that we were lucky to make it.

(Ed: In case you haven't guessed Risto is a Thompson man).

* * * * *

High school, (for those of you not on the inside, that's the nickname of one of the idiot fools who is a mathsoc rep and hangs around the office), suggested a good one to me a couple of weeks back but I wasn't able to print it as I haven't written this column for a few weeks. The free chevron staff (you remember them, they're the guys who run around wearing those funny buttons Remonstrate!!! Instigate!!!), keeps telling us that you don't convict a person until you have a trial. (ie. there should have been a complete investigation before they were closed down). Well, suppose some lunatic goes out onto the street and machine guns to death 25

people. Does that mean that we can't arrest him and put him behind bars (i.e. close him down), until after he has had a trial. Gosh darn he could go on shooting people indefinitely and if a trial came along he could shoot the judge and jury before they declared him guilty. Great system eh?

* * * * *

I have a question of the free chevron staff that I never quite get answered. It goes like this. They're always telling us that the chevron was closed illegally, and that the referendum was slanted, and that the referendum isn't legally binding, and blah, blah, blah... Well I ask them, if the students of this university are overwhelmingly against them (hypothetically speaking of course), do they feel that they have the right to occupy those offices? And do they deny that this is in fact the case? Forget the referendum if you want. Everyone just about is against the chevron staff. Heck, half of the time in my discussions with other students I find myself actually having to defend the free chevron staff. I have to tell them that they really aren't as bad as people think, that they aren't all a bunch of communists, that my opponents in the last election aren't AIA leaders. Let's face it, everyone's against them. So instead of moaning, why don't they take this episode for what it is: an expression of wide spread dissatisfaction with the chevron by students. Why don't they put their own house in order and start producing a paper that we like? Instead they continue to operate in defiance of the students.

* * * * *

The recent federation council elections were rather interesting in some ways. I was quite upset with what my opponents, Dennis Rekuta and Lorne Gershuny had to say about me in their submissions to the chevrons and **mathNEWS**. In particular Dennis' submission to the real chevron was filled with misquotes, misrepresentations, false insinuations, and was basically just plain garbage. I felt rather frustrated when I read it, but didn't issue a rebuttal as I felt few people would have read it anyways, and also I think Mathies have enough intelligence to take it for what it's worth, which isn't much. However, the point is that this is exactly the type of irresponsible journalism that we're trying to put an end to in our student newspaper. I realise that you're all tired and sick of the chevron affair and want to put an end to it. So am I. I don't for a moment want to write this kind of political article. Nor do I want to see the chevron filled with garbage politics which are basically trivialities that very few people care about. Half the time I have a hard time keeping a straight face during my arguments because it is rather funny the way everyone takes themselves so seriously. But I feel that this current dispute might finally give us a paper that we can be satisfied with. If this turns out the way everyone wants it to we might just be happy that we went through all this.

In the last six or seven weeks I've met a lot of the members of the free chevron

staff. A lot of them are quite reasonable people who really believe in what they're

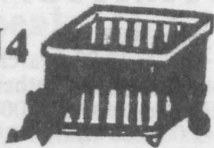
doing. There seems to be so much potential there, if only they would orientate themselves in the right direction. A lot of the problem is obviously the AIA influence on the staff. But this isn't all. A basic reorganization of the goals of the newspaper is necessary. Like the cutting out of all this political garbage that nobody cares about, instead priorities should be shifted to more entertainment coverage, more sports coverage, to add some humour to the newspaper, and to add some half decent coverage of what's happening on campus.

One of the other problems seem to be in the way a reporter is supposed to cover a story. It seems that they mix the reporter's opinion with the hard news. So what seems to happen is that the reporter only brings out the facts which support his or her opinion. One of the examples of this that I'm familiar with is coverage in the past of mathSoc meetings. Also many of you may remember the run in I had with the chevron last summer over their coverage of the library's plans to install an electronic security system. At that time I felt the reporter set out to show that the system was an invasion of privacy and was a sign that 1984 was already upon us, despite all the evidence to the contrary. Most of the system's benefits were ignored. I think that this is typical, especially now that the chevron is under attack from all sides, as their coverage tends to be quite one sided no matter what event is being covered. If they feel that opinion should be printed they should have regular columnists like **mathNEWS** does. This system allows us to separate our opinions from the hard news. (this the editor again: what news?) An example of this was our coverage of the referendum. Many people thought that my column which analysed the results was biased (it should be noted that these were free chevron supporters mostly). Now although I disagree I feel that it's okay since they're entitled to their own opinions. At the same time, though, many of these same people thought that our front page lead story was fair and objective. I wrote them both. But I was able to report fairly each side's views of the election (even though I thought that one side's views were utter nonsense), as I had my own column where I could present my own opinions.

* * * * *

Well I can't think of anything else I'd like to say, even though there is plenty that I'm sure I forgot. I'd like to thank everyone who helped in my election (I won't name names as I'm sure I'd leave somebody out), and also those who remembered to show up to vote. ie—not you Paul. Aside—I knew that I shouldn't have voted for Hipfner, I would have come first instead of just tying if I hadn't. Second aside—how do I know if that **CENSORED** voted for me? Well anyways, that's all for this week—let's just hope that we can get a responsible student newspaper soon.

PLAYPEN4



You are given a piece of paper which is a billionth of a billionth of a billionth of a micron thick. (Note: This is 10⁻³⁰ millimeters.) An atom is about 10⁻⁷ millimeters in diameter, so this is very thin paper we're talking about. What will be the resulting thickness after folding the paper roughly in half 200 times? The area of the paper can be as large as you like.

While you're thinking about that, here are the solutions to last week's puzzles.

Puzzle I**** The clue to the word scramble was "Source of concern to U of W students." Most people were able to get one answer:

EWRNE → RENEW
 HEROC → OCHRE → CHEVRON
 HASBC → CHASE
 OVERT → VOTER

However the second one eluded all but one person:

EWRNE → NEWER
 HEROC → OCHRE → WEATHER
 HASBC → ACHES
 OVERT → TROVE

Puzzle II** was the droodle:



There was a large variety of solutions but perhaps the most interesting one was: "The view out of a square porthole watching a ship on the Nile R. pass the pyramid of Cheops." The correct answer of course was a **BOAT ARRIVING TOO LATE TO SAVE SINKING WITCH.**

Puzzle III* had two parts: 1) Can you name an eight letter word that contains just one vowel? A lot of people got the answer to this part but on the second one they didn't read closely enough. 2) What's a five-letter word with four *distinct* non-"y" vowels. **QUEUE** and **EERIE** were commonly submitted answers but are incorrect since all four vowels are not distinct. The correct answers are, for the first part: **STRENGTH**, and for the second part: **AUDIO**.

Puzzle IV***** was the crossnumber puzzle. It is interesting to note, as Herb Whitney points out, that if clue 3-down is changed from "Reads same upside down" to "Reads same backwards," you get one of these solutions:

4639	4339
1008	1308
8100	8100
1331	1331

No more than two squares in either of the above are the same as in the solution to the

original problem. Many people did in fact have 3003 as the solution to 3-down. When you turn 3003 upside down you get 0003; when you turn 6889 upside down you still have 6889 as shown here in the correct solution:

2	2	6	9
5	6	8	2
8	2	8	1
4	0	9	6

This is the list of people who sent in solutions to last week's puzzles. No one correctly answered all of them.

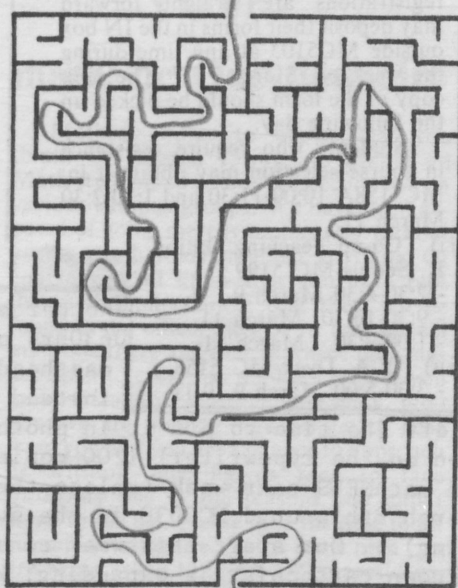
James Hodges (1a), {Gord Britton, Mike Moran, Dave Newell} (1a,2,3), James H. Spence (1a,2,3a), Sheilah Hogg (1a,2,3), Paul H. Kristensen (1a,2,3a), Herb Whitney (1a,2,3a,4), Doug McInroy with no (other) human help (1,3a,4), jrmiller (1a,2,3a), jhbuccino (1a,2,3a).

* Problem challenge rating courtesy of Paul Kristensen.

Back to the paper folding problem. If you can find a piece of paper that is thin enough and fold it in half once every two or three seconds, you should be finished after about ten minutes. Then you can just measure the finished product. But somehow I think you'll have a bit of trouble. The final thickness will be approximately 1,699,697,995 light centuries! Thanks to Ron Beck for this interesting fact.

Now for those of you who are fortunate enough to have the time to do them, here are a few more puzzles to exercise your brain.

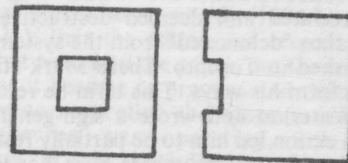
Puzzle I: Mazes are always fun. Can you thread this one?



Puzzle II: Thanks to Doug Holmes for this puzzle. A farmer died leaving 17 cows to his three sons, 1/2 to Tom, 1/3 to Dick, and 1/9 to Harold. Since the cows were dairy cows and none of the sons butchers, they were reluctant to start carving. A neighbour (mathie turned farmer) came

by, listened to the problem and solved it without bloodshed. How?

Puzzle III: These two drawings show what an object looks like from the front and from one side. Can you suggest what it might look like from above?



Puzzle IV: Each letter in this alphabetic addition stands for a distinct digit 0 thru 9. All you have to do is figure out which letters stand for which digits.

UNITED
 STATES
 CANADA

This column wouldn't be complete without a final mathJOKE:

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FEEDBACK

Dear **mathNEWS**:

I hope you're going to cut out all this political crap that's been dominating **mathNEWS** lately. One might suspect that you've been taken over by some reactionary clique (as opposed to the revolutionary group which has been rumoured to have taken over the chevron). Nobody reads **mathNEWS** to get more campus politics.

Paul Lear

Editor's Comment: We take what we can get. Sigh.....

COMP. SCI. CLASS OF 80 T-SHIRTS??

If you are interested in getting a class of 80 C.S. T-Shirt, this message is for you. We are trying to gauge interest in this, and would appreciate hearing from eligible persons. If you are in math/cs, are graduating in 80 and on the co-op programme, then you are eligible: This includes both streams that started in fall of 75. Send tss mail to mfsargent and tell me what is your preference in colour, how many you might want, etc. Also, please indicate how much you consider to be the limit you are willing to pay for one. The more people we get, the lower the price will be. This is not a commitment. If you have

any suggestions for designs (we already have one) please send it on. Hard copy (designs) can be sent by on campus mail to:

M.F.Sargent
 Rm. 312 N1 Village 1

This column returns (though I never really left the paper) after a short absence. The hack of the week is the one and only Mark "MORK" Niemiec. Mark is known for his past work in discovering faults on the Honeywell system. As Burloaf pointed out last week, his work was not appreciated and deemed destructive. He was thus "delmassed" from the system and banished to Toronto. There Mark started to reform his ways. This term he returned to Waterloo and wrote a sign-generator. This action led him to be partially restored to the Honeywell, where it is hoped his constructive abilities will continue and his large potential will be realized.

Despite his pledge to uphold the referendum results, president-elect Doug Thompson proposed a partial reinstatement of the free chevron. If he is afraid of recall by the AIA or free chevron, he should realize that there are other groups that can recall him with more disastrous results. It does seem that the free chevron will reject his plan anyhow. This does not mean we should not have an investigation. One should be held without reinstatement, with the results published and acted upon.

This coming Tuesday, the Federation will hold its Annual General Meeting. Each student is allowed to vote at this meeting. Also a person may hold a proxy for ONE other person. A number of bylaws have been presented for approval, some of them by myself. While I have said that bylaw reform is needed, I have reconsidered the advisability of passing bylaws at such a meeting. I would support a move to refer most of the bylaws to committee. Many people are going to try to stack the meeting for their own purposes. It is important that you show up, if you don't want to be dictated to by Niel Docherty or the feds. The meeting time is 8 p.m. at Engineering Lecture 101.

In closing I would like to give thanks to those responsible for my re-election who include the following: my running-mate Bruce Mills and the voters in Math Regular; Sir R, JL Lee, and Hilary for helping at the table; ARWHITE, DJBURLOAF, Johann and the CSC gang; Maddog, Sam, Spy, and Trob for the postering; Randall Ciaran (better late than never), and V.P. Ron (even though you sat on your ass); Douglas for the mug shots; and my friends in Mathsoc, mathNEWS, and the C.R.G. Apologies to those not mentioned, and condolences to my opponents. I will work to get the Federation back on its feet.

material unfortunately had to be left (no time to put it in photonable shape)... this issue will have (just had to change the ribbon on the typewriter) 1200 copies. Funded by mathSoc....yawn... THERE will be NO regular issue of mathNEWS next week (unless the other editors get energetic)... Next production meeting will be March 8th around MC3038 in the evening... (Kandry has just informed us that outside is great for skating)... Our staff this week consisted of (some of whom managed to SUBmerge their hunger)... our unknown cartoonist is expanding; Wil managed a few comments about MACAULAY; STEVE unleashed RISTO; J.J.LONG unexpectedly useful; a productive GARY PRUDENCE; a very long and small GLEN ASHTON; a number of other nameless souls lost in the fog of time; TOM picking up on proff KEITH; KEVIN an-all-nite-mathNEWS-rookie WILLIS; and lastly your friendly(snarl), carboncovered masthead creator DENNIS toothache MULLIN... Not much space left... unfortunately mathNEWS is not reporting an number of items...(Fed elections; Faculty Council results; the fires which were set in the math building last week; questionnaire comments(maybe next issue); booksale)... Better read the chevron(either one will do)for information... Winter Carnival next week(read previous issues of mathNEWS for details. Hope you enjoy our feature story... logging out at 0726am.....

ALL REGULAR AND CO-OP MATH STUDENTS WHO PLAN TO CONTINUE THEIR STUDIES IN THE FALL/77 AND/OR WINTER/78 TERMS SHOULD PRE-REGISTER DURING THE WEEK OF MARCH 7-11/77. SPECIFIC ADVISORS, TIMES & ROOMS ARE LISTED BELOW.

- (1) All students pre-registering for year 2 Regular (except St. Jerome's College), 2A Co-op (except those selecting the Co-op Teaching Option), 2B Co-op and year 3 of a Pass programme should pre-register at one of the times listed below. (Pre-registrants for 2A of the Co-op Teaching Option should see R. Scoins at the times listed in (3) (ii). Pre-registrants for year 2 Regular at St. Jerome's should check (2) below.)
 - March 9, 10 and 11
 - 9:30-11:30; 1:30-3:30
 - MC 5158

- (2) All students pre-registering for year 2 Regular at St. Jerome's College should contact one of Professors D. Mowat and S. Vanstone any day during the period March 7-11 at the times listed below.
 - D. Mowat SJ1 9:30-10:30 and 1:30-3:30
 - S. Vanstone SJ1 10:30-12:00 and 3:30-4:30

- (3) All students pre-registering for years 3 and 4 (Regular and Co-op) of an Honours or General programme should pre-register with the appropriate Undergraduate Officer.
 - (i) Co-op Chartered Accountancy, Management Accounting & Business Administration Options
 - R.G. Dunkley:
 - Students who require no advice in course selection and whose pre-registrations are straight forward may deposit their forms in the IN box outside MC5103 at any time during the week of March 7/77. The pink copy of the form should be picked up the following day.
 - Students who require assistance in course selection may obtain it in: MC5158A 10:00-11:30 and 1:30-2:30 March 11.

- (ii) Co-op Teaching Option
- R. Scoins-MC 5199
- 2:30-4:30 March 9
- 9:30-10:30 March 11
- 1:00-2:30 March 11

- (iii) V.A. Dyck-MC 5158
- 3:30-5:00 March 9,10,11

- MC 3009
- 10:00-12:00 March 10
- (iv) Applied Mathematics
- M. Snyder-MC 5007
- 2:00-4:00 March 8,9,10
- (v) Combinatorics & Optimization
- C. Haff-MC 5025
- 2:00-5:00 March 10
- 3:00-5:00 March 11
- (vi) Statistics
- C. Springer-MC 5039
- 10:00-11:00 March 8
- 2:30- 3:30 March 9
- 10:30-12:00 March 10
- 9:30-10:15 March 11
- 11:30-12:15 March 11
- (vii) Actuarial Science
- F. Reynolds-MC 6092B
- 1:00- 4:00 March 10
- 10:00- 1:00 March 11
- (viii) Pure Mathematics
- D. Higgs-MC 5084
- 10:30-12:00 March 7,8,9,11

SPORTS (of a sort)

It was close for a while there but they came through. After a lackluster first half, in which Waterloo and McMaster ended up tied at 36, the Warriors led by the great outside shooting of Mike Visser gained the victory. The final score of the contest of 95-87 for Waterloo, guaranteed the Warrior a berth in tonight's Ontario Western Final. It is recommended that people come early to this game, as it is not expected that the upper tier will be half empty as it was on Tuesday.

One of the most interesting aspects of the game involved the fans. For a change the opposition sent a large contingent to a Warrior home game. A couple of hundred Mac fans came prepared with a sign and a fleet of cheerleaders. In the first half they tried to compete with the Warrior fan songs (such as "Gang Bang", "the Engineers", "Take It Off", and the "Warriors Fight Song"), by yelling "Go Mac Go". The Mac fans made the mistake of sitting in front of the Warrior Band. By the second half the Band, as well as the famous rhythmic clapping by the Warrior fans combined to make it hard for their cheerleaders to do their routines, let alone hear their own voices. In the end it was a victory in the stands as well as on the court for the Waterloo team.

another masthead... another day... it's now 0630hrs on weds am... this will be a small masthead since we decided to go with 10 instead of 12 pages... a fair amount of