

CSC Flash!

The Computer Science Club's meeting last Thursday featured well known author "and hack" Brian Kernighan (from Bell Labs), speaking on "Programmes to Connect Programmes". Many people in the (large) audience were familiar with Kernighan's recent books (*Elements of Programming Style* and *Software Tools* with P. J. Plauger, and lately *The C Programming Language* with Dennis Ritchie), and many were also familiar with his reputation as a UNIX hack (guru?). He was, in short, preaching to the converted.

Our glorious president, Johann George, introduced bwk, remarking that probably his greatest achievement was the development of the **1 true** brace style -- an honour he graciously accepted. This was also the cue for the coffee urn to sabotage the overhead projector, and for a few dozen people to mill about pretending to remedy the situation. The meeting was spontaneously reconvened in an adjacent room (complete with adjacent overhead projector) amid traditional CSC total confusion.

Bwk's actual talk centred around programme design, using UNIX as a reference. He began with the following epigram that he credits to S. C. Johnson: "Using TSO is like kicking a dead whale along the beach". This, as you can imagine (especially if you have ever used (or fought) TSO), brought much approving applause. This was not a talk for IBM enthusiasts.

He went on to describe how the facility to "connect" programmes (*a la* UNIX pipes) to other programmes, used with programmes designed with this facility in mind, can make their use, extension, and flexibility more simple and more elegant. He used many examples from UNIX to illustrate these remarks, from simple programmes like `grep` or `wc`, to more sophisticated ones, such as a lexical analyser generator.

Bwk was trapped into chatting for more than half an hour after the meeting concluded. This gave everyone a chance to say what they thought of his brace style, and catch up on the latest Bell Labs /UNIX gossip. An amusing observation he remarked on at that time was that a number of Ratfor

programmes from *Software Tools* had been implemented in BCPL; this completed the circle of influence from BCPL to B to C to Ratfor, back to BCPL. (There are other CPL languages, of course.)

The meeting was, as I mentioned earlier, very well attended, and much enjoyed. The next CSC meeting will be June 15th, when Frank Tompa will speak on "Using Interactive Graphics for Data Structure Design".

In closing I would like to draw your attention to an article in last week's **mathNEWS** concerning an accountancy students association; the article complimented the CSC, and said the new association would attempt to emulate our spectacular lecture series. They plan to feature *famous accountants*. Do you find this humorous?

-RLBiddle

Monday, June 12, 1978

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math NEWS

Conflict Again?

At the last Federation of Students Council meeting on Friday June 2, 1978, council voted to have the typesetter that was put into the offices of the **chevron** removed.

Although it is unclear just who owns the typesetter, and exactly to what use the typesetter would be put, council decided that it would be improper for the **chevron** to have it in their office.

For more details, see one of the Math reps on council. They are Steve L. Risto, Kate Cross and Brian J. (BJ) Gregory. Steve voted for the motion, while Kate and Brian voted against it.

Flash

CHEVRON EDITOR PIED!!!

Waterloo(mN)--Last Wednesday night in the Campus Centre **chevron** editor Dave Carter caught a pie with his nose.

---details on page 13---

FAMED BT!!

As countless thousands of well-informed students know (if you haven't heard, you know where you stand), the FAMED BT was held this week. What was the FAMED BT, you ask?? It was the **FIRST ANNUAL MATHSOC ELEVATOR DUPLICATE BRIDGE TOURNAMENT** of course!!

It all started when eight members of the **DBPA** -the Demented Bridge Players Association (Waterloo Branch) decided to have some fun and get some publicity by holding a Duplicate Bridge Tournament in the elevators. For those of you who don't know what duplicate bridge is, come into MathSoc. For those of you who don't know what an elevator is, go back to EngSoc.

The teams were as follows:

- 1) Fuzzy and Babysitter
- 2) BJ and Countess
- 3) your Prez and his First Lady
- 4) :boff and Herb

(the latter not to be confused with French grass).

The tournament went quite well, although all the players will agree it had its ups and downs. For those of you who read the **chevron** instead of

just reading about it, you may see a photograph of teams 1 and 4 in their next issue, especially if I can finish this article without making any shots in that direction.

Amid various looks of bewilderment and amusing comments from our spectators (and a nasty one from a not-too-pleased security guard) was the following from the ex-VP:

"It's not the stops and starts that get me, it's the jerks."

When it was all over, **AKFM** proved he can do a good job playing with Chris and they (team #3) placed first, with teams 1 and 4 tied for second. We're all looking forward to another game, especially since it's the only way we can make the contract when the hand goes down.

All demented and/or slightly demented bridge players are welcome to sign the list in MathSoc, and anyone who finds it easy to stay in Honours Co-op Math while playing bridge 30 hours a week and being on MathSoc Executive, I'd appreciate a lesson... as soon as I finish this hand.

vacarr

THE WANDERERS OF TUMINOR

The restless cawing of the Pters died down as Tandor entered. He was their keeper and they recognized him, which was well since not even Tandor's strength could have protected him from their massed attack.

He reached out and laid a gentle hand on Iwa's neck; the lead bird of the flock. It took him but a few minutes more before he had the Pters in harness and ready to fly. During that time, no sound had issued from below...but that was meaningless, the Black Wizard was very powerful indeed, he'd even captured the Master.

With a beat of its mighty wings, Iwa effortlessly lifted Tandor into the star sparkled nighttime sky, the rest of the flock following close behind in a tight Vee formation. Iwa knew the path to town well enough not to need any help from Tandor, and for the first time in over two days the massive warrior found himself with a chance to rest.

The Black Wizard! Even Tandor cringed at the thought. Tandor who could bend metal bars with ease. A six foot five inch behemoth of rippling muscles who had never before felt fear now shuddered at the thought of the Black Wizard. As the twin towers Tuminor fell away behind him, Tandor felt panic grip him.

What help could he find in Kladdenville? The Master had been powerful, yet even he had fallen before the Black Wizard. Was there any hope at all?

The Pter surged suddenly beneath him so that Tandor's hands gripped convulsively at the scaly folds of skin around the bird's neck. He stared thoughtfully down at those hands. They were human hands - strong, hard and sure. His gaze drifted up along his powerful biceps to the magical breastplate which glowed with an unearthly sheen. His master had given it to him in his last moments of freedom. That, the sword, and a final command: to escape the towers and seek help in the town of Kladdenville, just across the Silver Sea.

Tandor felt confidence return. Confidence and pride. The Master was depending on him, Tandor, for rescue. He would find help in town, he was sure of it now. And even failing that....

Tandor drew the sword, brighter than any steel ever fashioned. Even alone he would fight the Black Wizard -- and win!

The Pters drove steadily into the resolute night.

Nestled snugly in the bluffs of Nullinoor against the shores of the

Silver Sea lies the small town of Kladdenville. It was a restless town, lying as it did near the frontier of the enchanted land, and was home to many a wizard and adventurer, as well as those who wished to be.

Nimidor was a magic-user, first grade. This is essentially little better than a novice, but it did mean that Nimidor could throw a single spell of his choosing. Thus it is unwise to wrong even a first grade wizard.

Although Nimidor felt none of the spirit of adventure in his blood, he did pine for the time when he would become a full tenth grade wizard with dozens of spells at his disposal. But the lessons were long and tough and expensive. If he were to go on some noble adventure, perhaps he would find enough gold to buy better teachers, better ingredients for his potions! Often, when the fogs weren't around, Nimidor would stare out across the Silver Sea and dream about such riches. He would have been content to but dream as well were it not for Alcar.

Although no more experienced in his profession than Nimidor, Alcar carried about him some slyness, akin to being streetwise, that made him seem to be much more worldly than he really was.

Alcar's chosen profession was, to be blunt, that of a thief. Not all thieves are creatures of evil though, indeed in Kladdenville alone there were several highly respected practitioners of the trade. Alcar himself was neither good nor evil yet both. It depended on your viewpoint, and your situation.

Like Nimidor, Alcar dreamed about riches and adventure, but unlike Nimidor Alcar was prepared to do something about it.

"Pssst! Nimidor, over here!"

Nimidor gave a slight start then peered intently at the figure emerging from the shadows.

"Oh, it's you Alcar. Why must you constantly slink around in shadows scaring people half out of their wits?"

"I have to keep in practice, but never mind that. I came to tell you the news. There is human fighter in the square, he landed on a fearsome Pter bird. He tells a strange tale of the towers of Tuminor and asks for some hardy adventurers to accompany him on a quest to free his master!"

"And what has this to do with me?" Nimidor asked suspiciously. "Why, this is the chance we've been waiting for. Adventure! Fame! Fortune!"

Only at the last did Nimidor's dwarvish ears prick up.

"Fortune?" "Yes! He himself was wearing a breastplate of pure gold, which glowed even in the shade. And at his side he wore a sword of..." But Nimidor was no longer listening.

"It glowed you said? Even in the shade?"

"Why yes. But let me tell you of this sword..."

"Come," Nimidor commanded. "Let us go to the square. I would see this glowing armour...it speaks of magic. Very powerful magic."

And a few short minutes later the two young adventurers were climbing the long winding trail back up to town.

(TO BE CONTINUED.....)

Liverpool Pub Review

The Liverpool pub held last Friday night at the South Campus Hall was two-thirds of a great success. In other words Liverpool only played the Beatles music that they have become famous for interpreting for two of the three sets.

The first set was devoted to the early Beatles material and they played it as well as I have ever heard a live band perform Beatles material. They played such rock and roll classics as "I Saw Her Standing There" and "You Can't Do That" with every bit of the energy the Beatles ever put into their music. Brian Miessner, the John Lennon clone, (complete to Rickenbacker guitar), provided generally strong vocals, although in several places he made it painfully obvious that he doesn't quite have Paul McCartney's vocal range.

For the second set they donned the Sergeant Pepper uniforms and played music from that great album along with other selections from the Beatles' later period. The only piece that they failed to do justice to was a medley containing bits of "Get Back", "Happiness Is A Warm Gun", and "The End". Paul McCartney would have rolled over in his grave!

They finished off on a sour note by devoting their last set to their own atrocious music. Whichever of them writes the songs does not seem to have grasped the old platitude that one continuous power chord doth not a song make.

Mathsoc was selling advance tickets for two bucks to math students as part of Mathweek so I got in for about half of what people were paying at the door. I still ended up ahead by getting two-thirds of a good show for half price.

system?mail

12 fuzzy Wed Jun 7 1978 11:41
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT THE "C" IN THE DIVINE
LADY L'S USERID STANDS FOR,
SEND 25 CENTS TO FUZZY c/o
MATHSOC.

LAW AND DISORDER

Parkinson's Law : Work expands to fill the time available for its completion.

Murphy's Law : Anything that can go wrong will go wrong.

Murphy's Ninth Law : Nature always sides with the hidden flaw.

The Buttered Side Down Law : An object will fall as to do the most damage.

Johnson's Law of Auto Repair : Any tool dropped while being used to repair an automobile will roll on the floor to the exact geographic center of the vehicle's undercarriage.

The Harvard Law : Under the most rigorous controlled conditions of pressure, temperature, volume, humidity and other variables, the organism will do as it damn well pleases.

The Army General's Law : Nothing is impossible for the man who doesn't have to do it.

The First Two Rules of Work : The boss is always right. Rule two: When the boss is wrong, refer to rule one.

Adler's Law : Warranties cover only things that don't break down.

O'Brien's Principle (the \$357.73 theory): Auditors always reject any expense account with a bottom line divisible by five or ten. **Nienberg's Law** : Progress is made on alternate Fridays.

Cahn's Axiom : When all else fails, read the instructions.

Luce's Law : No good deed goes unpunished.

The Executive Umbrella Law : A businessman needs three umbrellas—one to leave at the office, one to leave at home and one to leave on the train.

Meyer's Law : If the facts don't conform to the theory, they must be disposed of.

Rowe's Rule : The odds are five to six that the light at the end of the tunnel is the headlight of an oncoming train.

Weaver's Law : When several reporters share a cab, the reporter in the front seat pays for all.

Doyle's Corollary : No matter how many reporters share a cab, and no matter who pays, each puts the full fare on his expense report.

Horner's Five Thumb Postulate : Experience gained is proportionate to the amount of equipment ruined.

Man's Law : No matter what happens, there is someone who knew it would.

lifted from playboy

Engineers - An Analysis

My long-awaited article on the engineering mentality finally appears. With a bit of historical background I will give my views of the UW engineers and their effects on this campus.

When engineering came into its own as a profession during the industrial revolution, engineers considered themselves as innovators. They were viewed as technological geniuses, who, through their knowledge would lead mankind to a better society. To a large extent this view was accurate. Engineers came to think of themselves as somewhat "special".

Engineering was popularized by the work of the British engineer Sir Sanford Fleming (Standard Time and the CPR). A mystique built up around the profession as did a set of rituals. Almost all engineers were male because of the field's technical nature (this is only slowly changing). Its fraternal nature was characterized by off-color humor and songs about Lady Godiva.

This "give'em hell" spirit was recaptured with the birth of Engineering at Waterloo. UW engineers developed their own rituals and this was culminated by their adoption of the Ridgid Tool. The Ridgid Tool spirit still permeates in the UW engineer of today.

In the early days of UW, engineers were to be seen everywhere. They ran the school and were proud of it. Athletics, culture, entertainment, education, and politics were dominated by engineers. They gave a damn. If they didn't like something, they'd unite and make changes. In fact, many of the educational reforms in the late 60's were brought on by engineering action. They'd shun the term "radical", but they were definitely progressive and activist.

Today engineers still retain some of their past rowdiness and are generally united. However, I notice things are not the same. Even in the last five years I've noticed a change.

Five or ten years ago EngSoc would not have allowed the chevron affair to drag on for as long as it did. They certainly wouldn't have let the AIA win. Maybe they don't care any more, perhaps politics doesn't interest them. On the other hand, the professional engineering association (APEO) has urged its members to get more involved in political issues. Perhaps the engineers here are more concerned with political issues outside the university.

To what do we attribute these changes? Maybe engineers have become more apathetic like the rest of us. Perhaps they feel that most technological frontiers have been conquered and have let complacency set in. I do agree that the presence of more

females in the profession may have toned down their hijinks, however this should not affect their activism in their matters.

I'll end on an upbeat note. This term I've noticed engineers becoming more involved on this campus than they have in the last three years. I see this as good for them and the campus. As a mathie I enjoy the traditional Math-Engineering rivalry, though I feel that the rivalry is not fun if your competition is unwilling, or unable to engage in healthy competition. Math has dominated things on campus for the last two years and I've enjoyed it, but I wouldn't mind losing sometimes. It's nice to win but only when you have someone to beat.

-jjlong

Zap!

A column about books and such. This week we take a peek at the future.

Dinosaur Planet by Anne McCaffery (british import \$2.25). This is the first book of a trilogy (parts 2 and 3 are still to be written). It is a story about a multi-species exploration of a newly discovered planet. Plenty of conflict and mystery through out the book. It rated as a 74 by itself and may do better (rating-wise) when the rest of the trilogy is appended.

The Mountains of the Sun by Christian Leourier (translated from the original french). This is a story about 300 years after much of the earth was destroyed by tidal wave & earthquake (the story is rather vague on this point). The story is about 2 tribes (earth survivors) and a martian expeditionary group (those people who were out in solar space at the time of the disaster). Makes for interesting reading. You can detect however, that it was written before the Viking landings on Mars, from the descriptions of Martian terrain. Rated: 77 (especially for those who have taken anthropology).

Deus Irae by Philip K. Dick & Roger Zelazny (\$1.75). It is a book that must be read several times to get to the heart of its contents. The story is about a painter who has been hired by the Sons of Wrath (S.O.W.) to paint a portrait of the person who caused the disastrous atomic war. This book could probably fit into the category of allegory. Rated: 80 (Recommended for those who like some meat in what they read.)

-djm

NOTEPAD

*Nimidor cowered behind the chain-mailed body before him, his sharp eyes following the blue-steel blade as it arced toward them. "Stop it, quick!" he shouted. But Wandorf's shield was already in place and with the sharp clang of metal on metal the dagger was turned harmlessly aside. Nimidor lept boldly from behind the towering human fighter, his arms raised, mouth open all ready to give the incantation...but no-one was in sight.

"He's gone." Wandorf grumbled. But Wandorf was merely a fighter while Nimidor was a magician...a very intelligent magician, he was not so easily fooled.

"He threw a dagger, and from the glimpse I had of him, I would feign say he wore but leather. It would seem foolish for one such as he to attack a party of our obvious strength!"

By this time Lacdria had come up beside him.

"He is a thief!" Nimidor triumphantly pronounced. "And an evil and most chaotic one at that."

"A thief?" Lacdria echoed. His words rippled hollowly through the maze of corridors stretching away from them in all directions. "If that be so then he could well be hidden in any of these shadows..."

"SHADOWS!!" Nimidor screamed, and as he did he whirled about, again raising his arms in preparation for an incantation. As he completed his turn he saw the thief halfway out of the shadows, a dagger drawn back for the throw.

*"Oh powers above
Take the mind of this knave
Bind it to mine
Make him my SLAVE!"*

Nimidor crumpled to the ground, spent and exhausted. He heard the sound of approaching footsteps and looked up to see the hobbit standing over him, dagger in hand.

"Alas, I have failed!" he sobbed in despair.

The thief dropped his weapon.

"Master, how may I aid you?" There was a note of sincere worry in his voice.

Nimidor gave a wan smile, and a feeble laugh. "Yes, re-arm yourself and stand by me. My life may now depend on you." He'd used up his only spell and was now defenseless except for the newly charmed hobbit before him. Glancing down the corridor at the main body of their expedition, he could easily make out the forms of Idrs, Wandorf, and Tandor. Each was a living six foot wall of human muscle, and if any of them should decide that he, Nimidor, was now just so much dead weight.....

"Yes...my life may now depend on you." he repeated quietly.

NOTEPAD

*Now just what the hell was that all about? is what you should be asking yourselves by now and if you're not, then your total lack of curiosity puts you somewhere with Diplodocus as far as frontal lobe development is concerned.

For those of you who still DO have some sense of the unknown, this is (in a fashion) another advertisement for WATSFIC - a group of malcontents that really need this kind of free PR.

A couple of meetings ago, a small group of us (i.e. half the club i.e. 4 people) started up a game of D&D (Dungeons and Dragons, not Dialing for Dollars!) with Dungeon Master Mark Kraatz (he's the guy you always see in the C&D with the shabby green backpack slung over one shoulder and the even shabbier red cap propped on his head, or possibly his knee) taking us on a tour of his multi-level dungeon and showing us just how many different ways a poor dwarf magic user can get killed. By the way, this issue should see the first part of the serialized story; "The Wanderers of Tuminor", of which my introduction is a part. But back to WATSFIC!

The game goes into its third round Thursday (past tense if this comes out after Thursday) and last week we even had a few new players suddenly appear from beneath a shining cross.

In fact, last week was even more memorable due to membership: we picked up a pair of bright (if noisy) high school kids, an electrical engineer, and a couple of others, giving the club one of its highest memberships, and attendances in a long time - and all of this in a summer term too!

Former mathNEWS editor and WATSFIC cheerleader Dennis Mullin was there also, trying to sell some of his dozens (hundreds?) of SF&F and war games. But even if you're not in a buying mood, it shouldn't take too much arm twisting to get him to bring some in for playing purposes.

WATSFIC isn't all wargaming either. Indeed not! Mike Gore and myself are even now writing up some computer library routines to keep track of authors, titles and descriptions of all of our SF&F (Science Fiction and Fantasy) books and who we have them loaned out to. Fairly soon we hope to be able to release our lists and start a loan-out service to club members. Then we will try and put the system on the 'bun and inveigle other members into adding their collections to the list. (Our very own editor has a Heinlein collection that would make your eyes water!)

WATSFIC has a sickly large pile of back issues of Analog magazine cluttering up two lockers. Come and

NOTEPAD

read them....make use of the club...become a member.

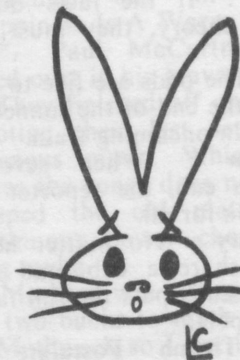
Dammit it's fun! And if your interests lie closer to writing the stuff than they do to reading it, well then that's even better! We need some stuff for Starsongs and for our contributions to the Canadian Amateur Press Association as well.

So come on out! Stroll over to Mathsoc or C&D and grab Fuzzy by the hair (he's easy to recognize - he's got wire rim glasses, funny beard, blinks a lot, and wears a fuzball on his head with a radius of about a foot. You can't miss him!)...grab him and ask when the next meeting is. Cancel your midterms or those boring CSC meetings or anything else that gets in your way for that matter and give us a call. We'll be waiting.

*Admittedly my column of late seems to be devoted to the grossest kind of commercialism and last week didn't appear at all. For those of you whom this annoys - I don't apologize. I have to write about something to keep sane, and pounding at little plastic keys is better than pounding on my own head. If mathNEWS is desperate enough to print whatever I write, well then I'm grateful. But even if it didn't, I'd probably still do it.

For those of you who like what I write, thank you but Health Services is just across the Laurel sewage system - in the low white building covered in duck shit.

I hope you have a good week. Enjoy the rest of the paper and, midterms permitting, I'll see you next week.



-dthedmonds

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GRID COMMENT

Once again the intrepid bunny rabbit and his faithful servant Dave have ventured into the land of scut-less people in a pathetic attempt to bring a little cheer into the gloom of Uniwat. (*ed - it means the jerk wrote another gridword.*)

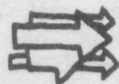
This gridword is another :boff effort. It contains the usual selection of obscure clues, incredibly sick puns, and poor taste that Mathies the world over have come to know and love?

BUT, there is another alternative.... As is usual, mathNEWS is fresh out of gridwords. If you feel you have a modicum of talent (a little over a litre for you metric fiends) for writing gridwords, we would be more than willing to boost you toward fame and fortune by publishing your gridword.

All gridwords should be at least 15 by 15 with no more than 40 percent of the squares blacked out. If you wish to be a little more original and try hexagonal "grids", I am quite sure that they would also be acceptable. Please note that the creator of a published gridword, as well as the person submitting a winning solution, wins a tee-shirt courtesy of MathSoc and mathNEWS.

ACROSS

- 1a a puzzler
- 1h what January is (2 wd)
- 2a take a cracker to lunch today
- 2h flea for example
- 3a don't want to (2 wd)
- 3k found at the river mouth
- 4a are you?
- 4f civil wrongs
- 4l spin
- 5c to the rear
- 5g make ready
- 5m re-elect Rick Smit
- 6a ruined
- 6i rabbits leave easy clues
- 7a isolated
- 7i ancient Greek province
- 7n that is (L)
- 8a stomach aid
- 8e Greek goddess
- 8i as good as a wink
- 8m inclusive
- 9a fulfill
- 9d rerucorp
- 9i Aquitaine
- 10d bay
- 10j one top after another
- 11a medical group
- 11e a girl's name
- 11k Scottish preposition
- 12a parents
- 12f turns
- 12n an interjective
- 13a english is french wheat
- 13g consider
- 14a clipping
- 14j dreaded breaded
- 15a bondsmen
- 15j french knockers



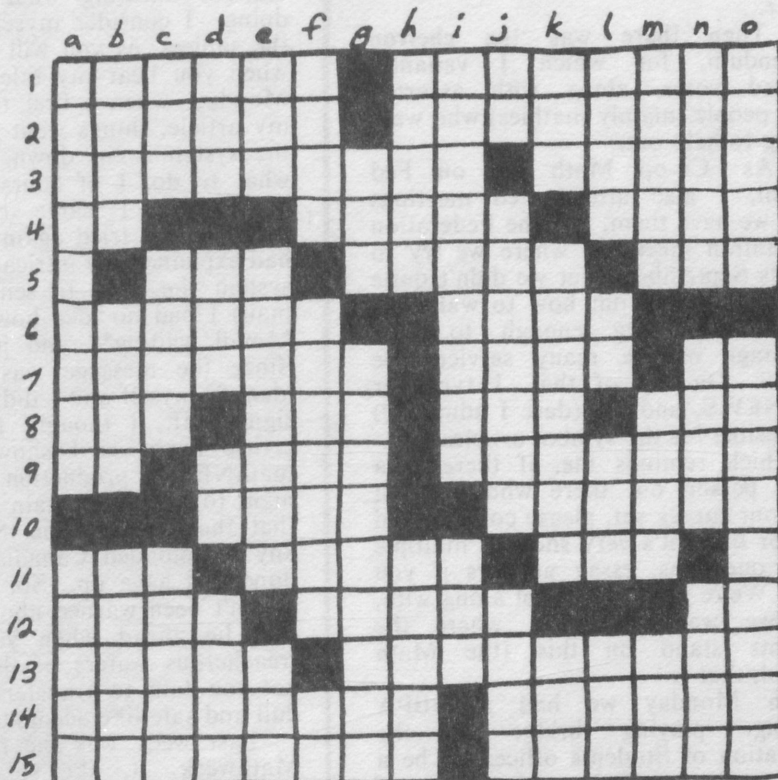
:boff

GRIDWORD CLUES

DOWN

- a1 horrified
- a11 erroneously
- b1 Jacob's brother
- b6 a Roman year
- b11 Israeli general
- c1 feign
- c5 likewise
- c11 fossil resin
- d1 note
- d5 bug
- d9 party
- d12 Wends, Croats, Moravians,...
- e1 air?
- e5 male pillar
- e13 age
- f1 artie Arty
- f6 aborigines
- f14 a preposition
- g3 your french and mine
- g7 repugnant

- h1 mutation
- h11 breathing apparatus
- i1 chattering
- i11 so far (knock on wood)
- j1 connective
- j4 betray
- j12 faction
- k1 you shot yours
- k5 french title of Dostoyevsky's work
- k13 french street of sorrow
- l1 french river
- l6 Egyptian soul
- l9 mileage estimates
- l13 tease
- m1 Euler
- m8 before the poker hand
- m13 computer part
- n1 complete
- n7 scrambled carnivore
- n12 claim
- o1 ducks
- o7 seldom lost, due to great size



1B¹-3

First, to explain the title of this column (?). It signifies that I am in 1B, the superscript denoting that this is the first time I have tried 1B, and the -3 meaning this is my third term since I started here. This does not count a regular student's summer terms, or indeed any term for which you are not registered with the University, the exception being Co-op work terms, which are wonderful and so should be counted. Always.

In other words, I'm Co-op and I haven't failed enough credits to leave myself in 1A, nor passed enough to skip into 2A. So academically, at least, I'm normal. But other than that...

Stay tuned for who is who as far as these characterizations...

The main reason behind writing this silly column was to note all the very silly things that have been going on recently. I don't particularly want to mention them, but if I don't give my (completely factual) account of what has transpired, I know some distorted version will appear in the masthead or elsewhere (sorry Fuzzy...), so here goes.

Let's see, Josephine (my car) got towed away the other week, and I was too late to stop that getting in, there was a vicious reference to my misfortune scribbled in at the last minute, and if you all go scurry scurry back to the office to demand an old copy you will see it.

The day after that I (or rather Josephine again) got a flat tire, thus spurring me to go and buy tires, which had been put off too long. Then I saw the bill, and wished I had put it off longer...

Then there was the chevron referendum, for which I valiantly counted votes, along with assorted other people (mainly mathies) who were willing to help out.

As Co-op Math rep on Fed council, I also attend Fed meetings when we have them, and the Federation Orientation meetings, where we try to do this September what we didn't quite do last fall - find out how to wake the students up long enough to take advantage of the many services we provide. On top of that, I type for mathNEWS, and am (dare I admit it?) responsible for the symbol articles.

Which reminds me, if there is a single person out there who has not done our survey yet, please come in and ask for one, it's very short, 2 multiple guess questions, essay answers if you want. We're not hard to get along with, and we want to know where the students stand on this (the Math symbol, that is.)

On Monday we had a DBPA meeting, playing bridge in the Federation of Students offices, to be a little more specific on the floor of Ricky's office, we gave up eventually as they were so boring and headed for the chevron offices downstairs, at least they noticed us, in fact we were even offered

a table although that was the last thing we wanted.

Back to the Math building for a while, and thus was spawned the FAMED BT. (See the article of the same name), temporarily interrupted when a random security guard objected to four people sitting around a table playing bridge in an elevator and later continued sans table. (the other elevator had no problems and kept their table throughout.)

A new club in the offing: the Wierd Thing A Day Club (WTADC), should be worth watching...

As soon as you finish reading this, go and read **Non Compos Mentis** because I wore my fingernails off typing it in. Then go away and think about a symbol for Math. **please!**

The rest of this column should be a shameless plug for Orientation, Watsfic, etc, but it won't be because if you are interested in these you can find out in the office from me

-the countess

Peter K II

Hello again folks. You probably didn't notice but my article did not make it into last week's mathNEWS. So, I'm going to bore you this week with the same leftovers I was going to bore you with last week. No, just kidding. I wouldn't be that cruel. This week, for the edification of the uninitiated, I am going to explain some of the dangers that the novice runs into when he or she attempts to use TSS without knowing what he or she is doing. I consider myself an expert on the subject, as you will probably agree when you hear my tale of woe. Last Monday, when I first tried to type in my article, things went just great until the system went down. Not knowing what to do, I of course lost my file. Undaunted, I came back the next morning and tried again. Since no-one had explained the intricacies of the mail system (i.e. how to send and receive mail) I had no idea how to reply to a **mail waiting** and just ignored it. Since the message was a request to identify myself and I didn't do so I was signed off. I thought I had lost my article again so I showed up at the mathNEWS production meeting that night to type it in again and discovered that there wasn't one. So I did what any red-blooded Canadian would have done and gave up. So, don't say you haven't been warned about the dangers that lie ahead when you plumb the treacherous waters of the 'bun. It is not too late to transfer to something dull and safe like accounting.

Last week was the much heralded Mathweek. I, like so many of my fellow mathies, felt the best way to celebrate this momentous occasion was to display my apathy and not go to any

MASTHEAD

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...there isn't much room for the masthead this week so I won't say that mathNEWS is funded by but independent of Mathsoc, or that there will be 1000 copies of this issue. Helping out this week were; kandry, who we missed last week, countess, with usual refreshing dirty words, babysitter, with an article, rlb, dthedmonds, the divine lady l,jllee, who we also missed last week, former editor djmullin, :boff&bunny, who we actually saw, looking tired, peter little people gwscully&jan gray, bjgregory, and those who offered too late, kim and sarah, not to mention (who would want to) our co-editor jjlong. Me, I'm a little fuzzy today and at 9:27AM on a Thursday morning, I think I'll say TTFNQ (what's the Q for. ...cp disconnect*

17 linda Mon June 5 1978 18:32
WHAT DOES THE "J" IN CUPCAKE'S
USERID STAND FOR?

of the planned events. So, if you want to know how the wine and cheese party or the slide rule contest or the monopoly contest or the buffet or the car rally went don't ask me because I didn't go. I did attend the Liverpool pub on Friday night. The place was packed and the band played the best music ever written (Beatles music) almost as well as the best band ever assembled (the Beatles). As you may have divined, I am a Beatles fanatic. High points were the authentic details such as the Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band uniforms and the fact that the John Lennon equivalent, Brian Miessner, was playing John Lennon's guitar, a Rickenbacker. The only songs that they didn't do justice to were the songs they included in their medley. (Get Back, Happiness Is A Warm Gun, The End, among others).

I will sign off here until next week. Important dates to note: June 18 - the late Paul McCartney's birthday... July 7- Ringo's birthday. Bake a cake, throw a party. Till next week.