On Thursday, June 29, in the afternoon, the Mathsoc council met, and in an unprecedented display of rhetoric and obstructionism, finally decided to accept, for the present, an agreement between the president and the editor of the free mathNEWS. The agreement, which returns funding to the paper, removed over a week before by the vice-president, who is in charge of publications, was signed in a private meeting. At the meeting, the president would not agree to return funding retroactively stating that council would have to do that separately.

The agreement ends, for the present time, growing animosity between the editor and the acting vice-president. This animosity was culminated on June 19, when the editor attempted to enter the office and found that his key would not work. The vice-president and other members of the Mathsoc executive parrotted a story stating that someone had attempted to break into the office. He produced broken staples alledgedly used in the attempt. Later in the morning, key control was seen working on the lock of the Society office, but
they would not say if they were changing the lock.

The agreement states, in part, that the Math Society Council and Executive will not attempt to interfere with the running of mathNEWS and that both sides will agree to follow the recommendations of a commission to determine who was at fault. The commission will be set up by having both sides select two persons and have them approved by the other side. If, after a week, there are still objections to some members on the commission, then each side will select one person to represent them and the other side will have no veto power. In either case, the commission members will select another member, as chairperson, (it is rumoured that Frank Epp will be asked to head the commission) and then hold public meetings to determine who is to blame. They will then write a report to submit to council.

The quick settlement shows the power of the newly invented slogan of staff; namely: Defend The Basic Interests Of The students
john ellis

## Feds Meet July 12

The much anticipated Fed General Meeting will take place next Wednesday, July 12, at 7 p.m. in El101 All fee-paying Federaton full members are eligible to vote.

The agenda concerns the Chevron and has the following items: a) a motion by EngSoc calling for a refundable Chevron fee for September b) a bylaw from J.J.Long concerning alternate student newspapers and certification and decertification of the "official" student newspapers c) a bylaw from Ernst von Bezold, a chevron staffer and a motion from chevron editor Carter. A motion by R. Smit to immediately decertify the paper and cut off funds and its office space, was withdrawn by Smit.

Though both Rick Smit and chevron staff have asked for a C.U.P. investigation commission into the chevron, the C.U.P. may not start one until next week. The results of the commission will probably not be available until August, so the C.U.P. will not be discussed at the General Meeting.

## Volume 17, Number 7

Monday, July 10, 1978

## C\&D Applications Open

Applications are now being accepted for the position of Math Society Coffee and Donuts Assistant Manager for the fall term. Applications are also being accepted for the positions of C\&D Mananger and Assistant Manager for the Winter 1979 term. It is desirable, but not mandatory that applicants have some knowledge of the workings of C\&D and MathSoc.

The fall assistant manager will be selected by MathSoc Council late this term or early next term. The manager and assistant manager for Winter 1979 will not be selected until November.

All those interested in any of these positions are asked to send a written application to:
The Manager,
MathSoc C\&D,
c/o Math Society,

## M\&C 3038 ,

University of Waterloo,
Waterloo, Ont. N2L 3G1
-jjlong

Free math NEWS or not, this article is going to get to you, so read it, pay close attention, and don't forget to write to your mother.

## help!

The feds are going all out with Orientation this term, and so are we. The difference is that they need many many more people than we do. We need people to work the doors at pubs, organize pub crawls and staff the info booth in the circus tent the feds are renting for September.

The feds need people for multitudinous things, and I agreed to plug them here, so:

100 people are needed to wander around campus, going to their own classes, getting their library sticker done, whatever else they want to do, while wearing a T -shirt that displays the fact they know the campus and are not frosh. So a little lost frosh can come to you for help. A farcically easy job, and you can keep the T-shirt.

After that the jobs get a little less easy. There is a need for a few people to assist the Federation of Students in a a few slightly official positions. A Stage Manager to run the stage shows going
on, some people (pay for this one I believe) to act as security for the tent, clean up crew, Booth Co-ordinator, MC's for the stage shows, and cooks and others for a barbeque.

If you will be here in September and are interested in helping us or the feds, contact me here at MathSoc. Also for more information, and you don't have to be off-campus now to respond to our plea.

As an aside for you on-campus people who have read an article not really intended for you, if you are free some Wednesday afternoon there are fed orientation meetings in the campus centre. And any ideas for us (MathSoc) would be loved!! (This is to everyone reading this). Including for MathSoc T-shirt designs, new Math Symbol, whatever...

For those of you who are wanting to write to us,

Orientation Director
MathSoc
MC 3038
U of Waterloo
Waterloo

## Non Compos Mentis

We cross the still street and walk down the concrete stairs that end ten feet above the base of the hill, leaving a well-trod path parallel to the chain link fence down to the track. The slow spread of trampled weeds marks its decline during the recent teachers' strike; behind its looped flatness the high school rises mutely against the evening clouds over the river. Athos walks beside me, in a button-neck short-sleeve shirt and brown cutoff cords; I wear full-length uncool jeans, the ones with the green stitching down the seams, and a sickly yellow T-shirt with the cover picture from The Wild, The Innocent and the E street Shuffle on it that I picked up in Sears for a dollar. PR $\downarrow$ regards this place as his enemy, $\mathrm{PR} \uparrow$ as a challenge; and today we ride out to do battle with the silent flesh.
"Mile and a quarter today?" asks Athos
"Dunno if I can make a mile."
We've started cooking together, to avoid numerous leftovers in little plastic coffins. We also hang around the same places, which means either his room or my room. The track is crunchy beneath my loose shoes, which I am leaving alone because if I retie them, they will take it personally and come undone halfway through the third lap.
"Shall, we do some warmup exercises?"
"I don't know any warmup exercises."

And with that I swing into the rythmn: jogging comfortably, four paces on the intake, four paces on the output, eyes fixed twenty paces up the track. At the quarter-lap Athos comes into my field of vision, taking the inside while I run the centre. He is one of the few sane people in this ocean of neurotics.

Maple Lodge gets the co-ops, the female National Summer Students, the tour guides, and any leftovers to fill up the place, making it a microcosm of insecure beachcombers. Champlain House, the slum residence across the street, is almost exclusively male, and considerably less wrenching emotionally. I don't want to think about what that means.

First lap, and I try breathing $7 / 8$, give it up and go to three in, three out. I came out here the first time with D'Artagnan and Roxanne, one of the the two women he seems to be vainly pursuing. Her presence forced PR $\downarrow$ through a full mile, only the second I have ever made it through, though it nearly killed me. We are two-thirds of the way into summer (how far into summer can you go? Halfway, and then you're coming out) and the place is fissioning like the uranium twelve miles away. On one side are myself, Athos,

Porthos, Andrea and Lisa from London, the low-key people; on the other are D'Artagnan, Roxanne, Constance the tour guide, and the Duke of Buckingham, the high-key people; others float between. My feet pound the uneven surface; the cold air slices my lungs. Down one level a set of chords from an Alan Parsons album is reproducing itself while my mind interlaces a long involved guitar solo; down yet another is an awareness, a gestalt of the environment turning around me.

The last time I ran the mile it was with Milady deWinter. Paradoxically, she and I are now good friends after a gear-grinding reversal in which she poured out her problems on a nihilistic night when everone else had gone to the Orien, the stereotyped motor hotel out on Highway 17. She stopped just short of three-quarters of a mile, and was waiting impatiently when I came around again, or I might have done the extra lap back then. She oscillates desperately between the two groups, searching for a stable node to relax in while people pair off like nucleotides about her. Me, I'm young enough to be out of it all. It just makes me wonder what they did in the extra two years most of them have on me. It's all too easy for people to grow up superficially and remain three feet high inside.

My respiration rate has not increased in two laps, though the Alan Parsons tune has begun to manifest itself in my whistling breath. Seven furlongs have passed by and I must
decide whether to go that extra little bit. Once I did this in the rain, gasping in the saturated atmosphere while dodging puddles in a grotesque Brownian motion. What I was trying to prove still escapes me. Aw, hell, go for it; I redefine my goal, force the idea of stopping out of my mind.

And it starts to come; the stitch in my side, the clumsy leaden paces. The Alan Parsons tune takes on a desperate urgency as I grimace and bite at the suddenly-heavy air. I hate this body. It is responsible for all of my problems. I pull the me-within from the me-without, wielding the whip savagely, punishing it for its sins. It is PRx in full control now, watching the world blur through salt-water lenses. The gestalt is gone, and I focus on myself.

I will survive this summer of emptiness, and the fall thereafter. And it is a terrible lesson which I am doomed to learn over and over again for the rest of my life: that there will always be things I cannot have. But in this introspective place, perhaps it will stick a little longer than last time, and I may have time to gather all the fruits within reach.

Athos is with me, Springsteen rides my chest, and Mr. and Mrs. Rock'n'Roll America smile sardonically in defeat as I cross the imaginary line terminating the first mile and a quarter I have ever run without stopping. We slow to a walk, and the heat catches up, settling about our shoulders like a cloak of victory.
prabhakar ragde

## Engineers Show Less Apathy

There finally seems to be a decrease in Engineering apathy. This reporter saw evidence of this on the night of June 28th, when over fifty "juneers" descended upon the offices of the $\$ 15,300$ chevron to hold a capitalist rally. Accompanied by their fallic (sic) symbol the Ridgid Tool, they danced and cavorted through the office and sang the usual repertoire of Engineering songs.

A slight rearrangement of the furniture was implemented. Also pop and whipped cream was thrown around quite liberally. This reporter, after having interrupted some pop, left the office until the cream was used up. Notable casualties were EngSoc president Cutten and Fed head Rick Smit. However, there was no permanent damage to the office and the juneers cleaned up their mess before they left.

Though no chevron staff was pied or otherwise attacked, chevron leaders such as Carter, Docherty and Hannant seemed to have grim faces throughout the celebrations. At one point, all
staffers, except J.W.Bast (who was taking pictures) left the office and proceeded to have a conversation in front of the campus centre. For some strange reason they did not seem to enjoy the celebrations. Apparently, all other participants did.

One final comment: Congratulations must go out to Fraser Cutten and his crew for a successful, non-violent show. It was the best display I've seen from their faculty in a long time. Very vigorous. I am glad you woke up. Good luck! I also must comment on my nickname in engiNEWS. Since engineers look up to long things when discussing such areas, I must conclude that the engineers, in their own particular way, were complementing me by the use of that particular nickname.


## THE WANDERERS OF TUMINOR PART III

Tandor grunted as he pulled the stiff leather boots on over the equally leathery skin of his feet. The sun was not quite yet risen but through the window of the room he'd rented for the night, Tandor could make out the glimpse of yellow-gold crusting along the far horizon of the Aragus mountains in the east.

A quick, visual check of the room satisfied him that he'd forgotten nothing, then he pulled the door open and stomped downstairs.

Kladdenville was unusually quiet so early in the morning and the sparkle of dew and the soft hush of the wind added a special beauty to an otherwise agressive and ruthless little town. Watching the huge fighter stroll down the cobbled main street, a passerby would have thought that this was the reason for the pleasant smile on his face -- but they'd be wrong. After three days of waiting it was finally time to leave. Tandor was a man of action, and the chance now to begin doing something again was what was putting the spring into his step and the light smile on his face.

The little dwarf...Nimdon?...no, Nimidor, that was it....he'd asked for three days to try and gather together a more sizeable expeditionary force. Tandor had laughed at that and repeated an account at his own unsuccessful attempts at recruitment. The dwarf had merely smiled and said: "One does not beg for help in Kladdenville, one advertises.

Tandor snorted.
Well, he'd gotten his three days, now they'd see if advertisement was all it was claimed to be. He was to meet the dwarf at the stables where the Pters had been quartered.

Tandor smiled at that. The stable master had been quite nervous when they'd brought the Pters over, but a couple of gold pieces soon soothed away any fears the man might have had. This and other expenses over the past few days had caused Tandor's already meagre resources to dwindle pitifully.

Tandor turned a corner and found himself before the stables.
"Hellhounds!!" he cried. "Who are all these people?"

Indeed there were fully 9 people milling around in front of the stable, staying well out of reach of the snapping beaks of the Pters. Out of this crowd, the little magic-user Nimidor managed to pull himself free, and as he worked his way toward Tandor his face was beaming with pride.
"Good-day mighty sir, these people you see before you have all offered to accompany us on our expedition. As you can see they are all outfitted and ready to leave at your command."

Tandor seemed stunned.
"But how??? No! Never mind, I never understood my master's methods and I will most likely never understand yours. Introduce me to these people and we shall be off."
"Very good sir." Nimidor beckoned with a hand and two bearded, dark-robed figures stepped forward.
"These are wizards Mysticum and Lacdria... with their spells at your back there is little you need fear." The two magic-users accepted the praise with a nod, then stepped aside.
"Ah yes. This is Malight, a most lawful and righteous cleric. With his blessings, the gods may see fit to grant us a safe journey." Nimidor lowered his voice to a whisper. "Besides that, he's honest."

Tandor smiled then gave a slight start as the next figure stepped into view. He was human and stood a good two inches taller than Tandor himself. Obviously a fighter, he carried no magical armour such as Tandor had... just as obviously, he didn't need it. Tandor wondered if even he could defeat the mountain of flesh in a fair fight.
"This is Idris." Nimidor continued. "He is not too bright, but as you can see that is not his important feature." He slapped one of the fighter's powerful biceps and smiled.
"Idris can easily take on a pair of green dragons and still have enough energy left to swim home."

The giant moved aside to reveal the presence of two hobbits.
"Yes, Alcar you already have met, and the person with him...."
"I make my own introductions wizard!" the other cut in. "I am Braggan, master theif."
"We already have a theif." Tandor replied inhospitably.

Braggan threw a contemptuous glance in Alcar's direction.

Possibly...but you don't have Braggan!" and without waiting for a reply he turned on his heal and headed back intop the stable.

Nimidor coughed lightly.
' $\gamma$ 'es, well perhaps we'd best finish with the introductions and get on with our journey. This elf you now see before you is named Gabriel, he is quite good at detecting magical things and secret doors. And finally...ah, you of course remember Wandorf?"
"indeed." Tandor replied wryly.
Wandorf appeared a trifle less bold today and looked even a bit green.
"It seems kind sir," he said. "That I partook rather too freely of the Inkeeper's ale a few days past and found myself the next morn in the grips of a malady most woesome which only today showed signs of lessening.
"If, during my insobriety, I should have insulted you, I apologize."
"Then you no longer desire to come on this journey?" Tandor asked.

For a moment a hint of the braggart of a few nights before flashed in Wandorf's eyes, then died.
"Perhaps I deserved that. At any rate, yes, I still wish to come on this expedition."
"Good!" Tandor boomed. "Then let us quit this dallying and get on with it!" And without the slightest bit of fear that the rest of the group had shown, he strode casually over to the Pters birds and began to harness them up.

Lacdria stared down at the white-topped wavelets that flashed beneath his feet. Now visible in the distance were the twin towers of Tuminor standing like silent sentries, witness to a thousand spectacles which no man even dreamed existed.

A few yards to his left, the towering fighter Idris seemed to have been lulled to sleep my the rythmic beat of the Pter wings, but Lacdria found that the excitement building within him precluded any possibility of sleep.

As with most of the others, he'd originally feared the giant Pters until he saw how gently the reacted under Tandor's manipulations. Lacdria began to wonder how they would ever convince the giant birds to bring them home should Tandor die during the expedition. In fact he began to wonder about many things so that by the time the flock dipped toward the towers he was mentally rehearsing the strongest of his spells.

As his Pter took its turn in landing, Lacdria saw their destination point flash up before him. It was a cave carved out of the side of one of the towers, close to its peak. As the Pter stretched out its mighty talons for the ground, Lacdria was reminded of descriptions he'd read of the gates of ell.

Maybe they were headed for more danger than they could handle.

TO BE CONTINUED


## NOTEPAD

*Well, it seems I've finally gotten some mail on one of my articles...or possibly two of my articles. PDBROWN sent me a mail message (via mathNEWS, the way all good mathies can reach me) saying that he was thrilled, ecstatic, or at least marginally pleased with my two articles comparing the PET and TRS-80 microcomputers. I also received a message from one faculty member who is interested in purchasing one of the micros....so maybe $I^{\prime} \mathrm{m}$ going up in the world eh?
*I had planned to do a comparison of the 6502 (PET) processor versus the Z-80 (TRS-80) processor but I haven't had enough time to work with the 6502 and thus feel I would just be cheating you, my loyal audience, if I tried to bluff my way through just now. So, for those of you who are getting tired of seeing NOTEPAD take up an entire page each issue of mathNEWS, I'm not going to be too verbose this week.
*ANNOUNCING THE GREAT T-SHIRT GIVEAWAY! Well, not really but I am starting up a small contest which I'll let run for 2 weeks. All you have to do is write a science-fiction short-short story (1000 words or less) and send it in to me c/o mathNEWS. The winner will get his/her story in mathNEWS and a T-shirt of his/her choice. The deadline is noon, July 17.

Ahem! I haven't yet talked to mathNEWS about paying for the T-shirt, but if they won't then maybe WATSFIC will, and if WATSFIC won't then...aw hell, I'll pay for it myself! Runner up gets honourable mention and nothing else. (I know it's cheap, but what do you want? This ain't the New York Times!)
*Note to future mathNEWS writers: Do not ever place a criticism of your courses in a paper accessible by your profs. It can get sticky.

[^0]-dthedmonds

## unclassif iable ADS

For Sale: An assortment of games. Such as American Civil War(\$3); Cobra(\$3); Plot to Assasinate Hitler(\$3); Scrimmage(\$1); Leipzig(\$9); Dixie(\$3). If interested phone 743-9485 in the evening and ask for Dennis.
Back issues wanted. Copies of mathNEWS for 1973 are needed for the National Library in Ottawa. If you have some to donate or want more information contact djmullin on the 'bun or c/o mathNEWS.

## Wanted: Townhouse to Sublet

Pete Vroomen would like to know if anyone has a townhouse to sublet between September first and December thirty-first. The townhouse should have three or four bedrooms, and should be in the vicinity of the U of W. Anyone interested should call him at 578-0026, or contact him on the 'bun as userid phvroomen.
Apartment to Share -- Large one-bedroom apartment located at 485 Parkside Drive ( 20 minute walk to UW, 5 mniutes to plaza). Fully carpeted, T.V., appliances, utilities, and furnishings. For information call John Long at $886-2319$ or $886-0510$ (will return your call).

## continued from page 13

McMichael laughed and threw down another fish.
"I'm telling you, you're mad!!" I cried again, dodging it with a little more trouble this time, for the heap of cod slipped and floundered below me as I tried to move. There were perhaps a thousand of them now, piled below my feet in the tank.
"Hallowen, its all over. You can't dodge them forever. Then you and your cronies will be through, and I-I shall Rule the World!!" He tossed down another, staring blankly as it fell, and bounced about on its slimy comrades as it landed almost upon my head.

He was right, too. With his millions of baby clones even then growing to be duplicates of that one he had fought from the gulf stream so many years ago, the free world was doomed. I almost longed that I had not ever met

21 jan Sun Jun 251978 13:06
IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT THE "W" IN GWSCULLY'S USERID STANDS FOR, YOU ARE BEYOND HELP.

## Zap!

A column about books and whatif. This we take a look at a hodge-podge of stuff.

To Ride Pegasus by Anne McCaffery (\$1.95). This is a set of four related stories. Can be classified as sf or fantasy depending on whether you believe in predestination or not. I felt that this was some of the poorest stuff Anne has written. Overall rating: 69 (Not worth the price... a $\$ 1.25$ maybe...).
The City of the Sun by Brian M. Stableford $(\$ 1.50)$. This is the fourth book in the Daedalus series. The premise is that the Daedalus is a ship sent out by earth to see how well the colonists (who left over a 100 years ago) have fared. Based on this information the UN will decide whether the space colonization program should be reactivated.

This book is about the visit to the planet Arcadia. Problem: Is the growth which lives on the colonists a parasite, a companion, or is it the master of all? Rated: 86 RECOMMENDED (as are the rest of the books in the series).

The Amazing Mrs Polifax by Dorothy Gilman (\$1.25). A humourous spy story which takes place in Turkey in the early 70's. If you haven't met Mrs Polifax yet; you should. Rated: 82. Mindbridge by Joe Haldeman (\$1.95). This book was recommmended to me as worthy of review (and so here it is). The book is written as if you were doing research on a topic. Each chapter is an episode which builds the framework of the story. The story centres around one man at a time when earth is starting to explore space via "teleportation" devices which enable travel to nearby solar systems. The book contains many interesting ideas (some of the ideas are rather uncomfortable). Rated: 80 (Qualified RECOMMENDATION).

The used bookshop of the week is The Book Nook. It is located 1 block south of the bus terminal and 1 block north of Now and Then Books. It is open Monday thru Saturday. Limited quantity of science fiction (about 200 books) and records. Has plenty of the standard magazines and paperbacks.

As one of the first two people to discover what the ' c ' in lecarson stands for, I can tell you FREE of CHARGE upon receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope at:
P.L. Ragde

Room 7, Maple Lodge,
Deep River, Ont.
K0J IP0

## CSC Flash!

On Thursday 15th June the Computer Science Club's spectacular summer lecture series featured as guest speaker Frank Tompa, of our computer science department. He spoke on "Using Interactive Graphics for Data Structure Design"

Prof. Tompa began his talk by illustrating how a graphical approach is often much more natural than an algebraic one when dealing with data structures, and how it is a dominant informal technique. Many of us are familiar with scribbling pictures with boxes and arrows on blackboards, old envelopes, the backs of listings etc., and are easily convinced of this. However, it was pointed out that computer graphics hardware has reached a state where a graphical approach could be used directly. No such system has been fully implemented, nor perhaps even practically designed, but Prof. Tompa showed how a partially implemented system, AMBIT, might work. (It would require a graphics terminal and light pen and other elaborate hardware we settled for overhead projector slides.)

Debugging of complicated data structures was shown to be a separate possible use of interactive graphics from the initial design, and examples of its potential effectiveness were discussed.

Prof. Tompa concluded saying that it really is not quite clear if these graphics methods could be implemented well enough to be useful. He himself seemed intuitively convinced, but drew attention to the following appraisal of C.A.R. Hoare:
"A simple example with a picture is of great advantage in confirming our understanding of a complex problem, but as the sole means of developing and communicating such an understanding, it is woefully inadequate."1

An intended bonus to the talk was supposed to be the showing of one of the "L6" movies - a film concerning the L6 language and illustrating its use by means of graphics. The film is interesting, amusing, but neither it nor the projectionist showed up that evening. See it when you get the chance.

The meeting, the talk, and the tea and doughnuts were well attended and well received.

If all goes well, and with a bit of luck, the next CSC meeting will feature Joseph Weizenbaum (noted AI reseacher, author of Computer Power and Human Reason) speaking on the social implications of computer science (I think). This should be sometime in
mid-July (watch for posters) and should be an excellent talk - I urge everyone to attend.

## -RLBiddle

C.A.R.Hoare, "Data Structures," Current Trends in Programming Methodology, vol 4, R.T.Yeh (ed.), Prentice-Hall, 1978 (p.3)

## Quote of the Week

I don't really remember seeing this column before, but if it existed previously, then it's back, otherwise welcome to the brand new "Quote of the Week" column.

Both suggestions came from arwhite, the intrepid csc person himself, and I got elected to put a column around them. So here goes:

1) "Using fortran is like being kicked along the beach by a dead whale."
...misquoted from Steve Johnson
2) "Ashes to ashes,
dust to dust,
Let all FORTRAN compilers be purged..." misquoted from God

## Semi-Formal

Math-Science-Kin-Rec
CHELSEA MORNING Saturday, July 15 6pm Bingeman Par: Ballroom A

## Tickets

## $\$ 15$ per Couple available from the MathSoc Office MC 3038

mathNEWS ISSN 0705-0410 -- A weekly (sometimes biweekly) publication of the Math Society, University of Waterloo. mathNEWS is funded by, but independent of Mathsoc, and is the only weekly newspaper on campus with an all-volunteer staff. Editorial content is the responsibility of mathNEWS staff and editors. Circulation this issue: 800 copies.

## Lake Party

## Moderate Success

The Federation of Students held its lake party on Saturday, June 24 at Columbia Field. (Once again, dispite being told repeatedly that there is no sand on Columbia Lake, some Federation officials still referred to the event as a "beach" party.) The clear sunny skies and warm temperatures attracted a crowd of over 200 people to the free event. Crowds might have been larger, but advertising came out late. The posters for the event, though elegantly hand drawn, were not as eye catching as they should have been (Also the term "beach" was once again used).

Three bands, Mirth, Willow, and North of the Border, provided musical entertainment. Though there was some repetition of songs among the groups the crowd was generally satisfied with the music. The loudest applause went to Mirth and North of the Border.

Unfortunately, much of the crowd could not properly see, nor hear the play put on by the Echo-logical Theatre Group. For some strange reason the actors neglected to take advantage of the better sight lines (through elevation) and the sound system provided by the stage. They set up on the ground and tried to get the audience to sit in close quarters near their set. Since much of the crowd preferred to walk around, eat, drink, or play while listening to the entertainment, they were deprived of an opportunity to judge whether this theatre group was worth the $\$ 130.00$ of Federation money being used to finance their work.

The concert was organized by Nicole Delplace of the Board of Entertainment. Engineers and Campus Centre employees provided student supervision. A food and pop stand was set up by the Math Society. MathSoc sold leftover food for three days last week at a barbeque outside the Math building. In this way they helped reduce the subsidy required for the Lake Party.
-jilong

# ATFEEDR <br> N <br> 1 

I would like to comment on the

## Dear mathNEWS:

I address my remarks in particular to dsrekuta. I hear that Librium is good for people who over-react, try some. In your letter to mathNEWS (78.06.19) you seem to have the impression that CS is a dreamland of expensive toys without any useful application whatsoever, I, of course, disagree. Computer science is THE VERY FOUNDATION of accounting! All throughout history accountants made use of the latest inventions of computing, from the early days of crude adding machines to the modern high speed systems, in order to make the clumsy work (with all its arbitrary rules) of accounting a practice that produces results within a reasonable time.

I like to see ANY FAMOUS ACCOUNTANT with his head full of memorized arbitrary rules manage the accounting of a corporation the size of our Federal Government, or easier still, a small company like ITT. without the assistance of an expensive toy, 'programmed badly by dreamers'!!

You state in your letter that almost every CA knows about a Mr.Schapiro and you wonder if 50 people know about a Mr. Kernighan. Any real CS student knows about Kernighan!! Mr. Kernighan is the author of very good and useful CS books. (note: i have taken 8 months of accounting so far, and i haven't heard Schapiro's name mentioned yet!)

In another paragraph you state "...(never mind that it"s the only body of knowledge they possess)". HOW ABSURD!! some of the most cs-knowlegable people i know are either registered in science have engineering degrees and/or are skilled artists or writers (writers of non-cs material). Please tell me what great fields of knowledge your average CA possesses.

I find it most disturbing that a UofW student (ie:possesing some minimum intellect) resorts to irrational \& unfounded name calling a phrase coining because of a mathNEWS article that just happen to contain the QUESTION "Do you find this funny?". If a person can react so violently to a simple question he should seriously question how he is going to fit into society. If you must TYPE-CAST all of CS and the whole CSC because of this, let book-keepers type-cast ALL CA's as glorified book-keepers who THINK they know how to userfully interpret all those silly reports based on arbitrary rules. Of course, this letter is strictly my opinion and is not necesarily the official opinion of the UofW Computer Science Club.
kgdykes --treasurer of the CSC
remarks made in the last mathNEWS by Mr. Dennis Rekuta and Mr. John Long concerning accountancy and the Computer Science Club. Let me make it quite clear, however, that this is in no way an apology for, or a retraction of, my position. I consider accountancy a fit subject for ridicule, see accountants as humourous, and famous accountants even more so. Especially those with lion

Mr. Rekuta, I must first attempt defence of Brian Kernighan from your slighting references. Let me assure you that Dr. Kernighan is indeed a well-known computer scientist and widely read author. I trust that Morden Shapiro and Rosen are famous indeed, but I have not had the honour of hearing of either gentleman before. This may be unfortunate; it is not surprising.

Your statement of regret that MathSoc allows "CS freaks" publishing space is unfortunate and silly. Humourous, even.

I do not believe the sentence "Accountants and managers are the ones that had to deal with the abortions these cretins made in the 60 's." is correct. In any sense. Further, you attack and insult the CSC mentality, yet champion co-op students. Of course, a great many CSC members are co-op students - I myself was! This is not to say that computer science is never applied irresponsibly - it is. But to imply that I, or the CSC, or the "hacks", condone, co-operate with, or are even complacent about such scandal, is irresponsible itself.

A thread of complaint that seems to run throughout your letter, Mr. Rekuta, is that of the abstraction of computer science from the "real world". I fear that here you are correct. This is an aspect of computer science, and more particularly its application, that greatly disturbs me. However, I would like to point out that while the ills resultant from the abstraction of computer science from reality and humanity are novel, the ills resultant from the similar abstraction of accountancy from reality and humanity are classical. Read Dickens.

Mr . Long, I am pleased to hear that you know what a famous accountant is. Perhaps one day you will know what an editorial reply is.

Further, I think that your comments about "working together for the benefit of us all" were trite, hollow, and out of place. When presented with thesis and antithesis, your solution is to hush the whole thing up. There is no need for alarm, I am not about to throw hot chocolate at anyone.
My CSC article was written by a computer science student (me), about a computer science club meeting, for
computer science students. It pretended to nothing more.

Robert Lewis Biddle

## Dear Sirs,

Disinclined as i am to opine publicly, or to make the letters section of your paper a forum for extended debate, i feel that the wild cheap shots in a letter by D. S. Rekuta demand some response.

To put the discussion in context, one must recall that Mr. Rekuta's letter was prompted by a remark on the (im)plausibility of "famous accountants"'. Much to Mr. Rekuta's apparent distress, there is a pervasive image of accounting (i need not elaborate) which will raise a smile on most lips when juxtaposed with the concept of reknowned practitioners giving interesting and entertaining lectures on the subject. Presumably this image is exaggerated, and an accounting club might well succeed (where Mr. Rekuta has failed) in dispelling some misconceptions. In contrast, even Mr. Rekuta appreciates the interest and entertainment value of computers, to the rankest beginner.

Most CS students have encountered at least one of "The C Tutorial Guide", "Software Tools", "The Elements of Programming Style" (CS240 text), all authored or co-authored by B. W. Kernighan. It is certainly fair to say that rather more than 50 people have some conception of his work and influence in the field. Names like Aho, Gries, McCracken, Weizenbaum (all past or planned CSC speakers) are recognized anywhere in the world. If Mr. Rekuta fails to appreciate the impact of their work on the real world, i suggest it is due to the narrowness of his view.

I find it most curious to see remarks about the "typical CSC mentality (CS is the be all and end all...)" alongside statements like "our business world is where it counts, not in the dream-land of computer technology". Perhaps the writer has been asleep for the past two decades.

Mr. Rekuta misses the mark most widely in his analysis of business computing in the 60 's. The "abortions" to which he refers generally arose from newly computerized accounting departments, run by "accountants and managers" with little concept of the capabilities and limitations of their machines, and with the idea that programming was basically a clerical function. It often was left to the systems analysts (CS types) to bail out the operation.

Computers have demonstrated their superiority at "book-keeping" tasks. Could Mr. Rekuta's fanatical belittling of CS be an hysterical response to his sense of impending redundancy?

## A NEW DEGREE

Work has begun on a new Math degree. The degree would be aimed at the CA, MA and Business Administration programs, but would also be of interest to perhaps a few CS/C\&O/STATS people who are more interested in real-world applications vs. research and theory. The vast majority of students would come from co-op.

This would be a major step for the faculty as it would involve 800-1200 students, almost one-third of the current undergrad population. It is an attempt to solve the academic problems that the rise of the co-op programs have created.

Cynics and the chevron will harp on the economic advantages (which will be explained later), saying that they are the real reasons. In reality, the money crunch is only the catalyst that started the move to cleanse some fastering sore spots.

The academic argument is that a very large and increasing number of students in Math are not satisfied with the traditional research/theory orientation offered by the faculty. They have professional goals that could be augmented by tailoring a degree and courses to their needs. If the faculty is committed to these programs, they should move with the times.

The co-op business programs are very different in purpose from the traditional math programs. Students in them are mostly professional/career oriented. The math courses lead basically to an analytical (i.e. STATS/C\&O) background. The electives are usually selected or streamed to meet professional/career requirements. The electives are at least of equal importance as the maths, and often more so.

The combined effect should be a professional one with a strong background in reasoned, logical thinking and knowledge of analytical methods. Interestingly enough, that was the original goar winer the faculty and the ICAO started the CA program.

Of course, that goal is the ideal. Often, the analytical methods learned (if they are retained past the last day of exams) are more adaptable to research. No great effort has been made to tie them into inventory/production control, or analysing an audit sample to see if it makes sense. Students are naturally not that enthusiastic about facing cut and dried math courses after electives that deal with topics and issues that they see during their work-terms.

DSREKUTA


## Grad Photos Delayed?

Contrary to what was previously published in mathNEWS there were no Math Grad Photos taken on July 3rd, 4 th, or 5 th. Apparently we had some incorrect information. Our apologies We will try to keep you informed about any development in this area.

## MASTHEAD

...friday morning again, and the masthead isn't even started yet helping out this issue were medium person Jan Grey, who worked more than most people who go to this university do, including myself, and gwscully, little person, who verified for us, BEFORE i FORGET!!!!! In RLBiddle's letter to us, we missed what probably is a key(if you're into that sort of thing) line: ie. The last line of the first paragraph of the letter should read, and i quote "Especially those with lion tamer hats." to continue: pogo came down from Deep River to give us some stuff, the countess, who asked me not to mention the nasties she said this week, so i won't, wore her fingers to thebbnne typing and writing for us, dthedmonds, or something like that, former ed. dimullin, treasurer phil kelly, laid off, wrote away his dispair, rlbiddle, who flashed himself, the infamous jjlong, who always writes up a storm, photoned as per usual, and me?, at 9:30 AM after D\&Dtill 3, and up to open C\&D, (different things) at 7:30 or so,i'm quite fuzzy this morning, so pressing CTRL L


[^0]:    *MEKACZMARKCZYK is alive and well and calculating WESTERN elongations in SCI-238. I realize for most of you this is meaningless drivel, not meant to be read so I advise you to instead turn to the Wanderers of Tuminor, nearby and read it instead.

    Thus I end a very short column and bid you ado.

