

# Mathsoc Meets GODZILLA

The Math Society Council had quorum once again at its regularly scheduled meeting on Monday, a feat which has become the exception not the rule, in the past few weeks. The major item of business was, oddly enough, the plight of the chevron club in their battle against the federation.

There were three types of people present at the meeting, those that disliked the chevron and therefore disliked the chevron club, those that were hesitant to agree with the chevron club because of their history and those who were members of the chevron club. During the discussion of this issue, it was pointed out by several councillors that the constitution of the chevron club had several minor flaws in it. It was also mentioned that certain councillors would have overlooked these flaws had it been any other club but the chevron club. They reasoned that because of the questionable past of the chevron, they could not be totally assured that the chevron truly had good intentions in mind and not some devious scheme as seen in the past.

One councillor went as far as to mention that he would never recognize the chevron club after the way he was "discriminated" against when a letter rebutting an article which offended him greatly was refused on the grounds that letter had alleged racial comments. A representative of the computer science club defended the chevron's right to existance by stating that no matter how few people believe in the articles printed in the chevron, those people should be allowed to read them. He further mentioned that given a good constitution, one that would further protect the rights of the student members of the chevron, he could see no good reason why the chevron club should not be recognized.

The sole representative of the chevron club tried to minimize the discussion on the constitution and spent a good deal of time trying to impress on the council that all they wanted was support of their stand in this struggle. All his pleas for support were in vain as the math society council past a motion which stated that the math society would not support the struggle of the chevron club as it is presently constituted. Another motion was passed that urged the chevron club to correct their constitution and represent it to council for additional debate.

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## Blood Donor Clinic

November 29, 1979

Third floor Math lounge. The clinic will be open from 10-12 am and 1:30-4 pm. The RED CROSS needs your blood, so take an hour off school and donate.

Please eat before donating.

## Win Win Win

Tickets are still available for the MGB's record raffle. \$1.00 gives you a chance to win 50 lp's of your choice from Records on Wheels. Every ticket is worth a 10% discount on an album at Records on Wheels, after the draw.

Draw to be held at 10:30 pm on Friday, November 30 during MGB's "Evening in Los Vegas". Come on out and have a good time. Raffle tickets can be purchased from the mathsoc office.

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MATH

ISSN 0768-0410 --A weekly (sometimes biweekly) publication of the University of Waterloo Mathematics Society. 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 staff and editors.

## Ass't Editor Rambles Profusely

Warning: the following article is highly opinionated and these opinions are those of the author and not necessarily those of any other person living today.

Any resemblance of the following story to any person living or dead is strictly co-incidental unless that person is also the author of this story, or one of the other pawns in this scenario. The following story is true.

Here I am sitting in the Math Society Office at 3:30 a.m. thinking solemnly about the activities of this day, wondering whether or not any of the things I do are really worth the effort any more. Today I have been given #\$\$& for another one of my mathNEWS articles, told that I can not play against the faculty in the up-coming broomball game, accused of putting words in other people's mouths and, to top it all off with, removed from my place of abode, by my room-mate, for no reason.

Now I am sitting in the same office at the same time (+5 min) and I am straining to think of all the good things that have come my way on this very same day. Well, after a lengthy period of time, the only things I could come up with were a good round of D&D and the way one person was very nice to me earlier in the day.

*(ass't ed: if you aren't bored by now, you can read on about all the fine things that the author has mentioned in the first paragraph [not the disclaimer]).*

Ahhhh....the mathNEWS article. So far this term I have written three news articles [non-athletic] for mathNEWS and every one of them

has been criticized for its contents. The major criticism of all of these articles is that they were too opinionated to be "news" articles, yet all the other articles that I have written have been highly opinionated and none of them have ever been criticized. You may ask why I am complaining about this phenomenon. That is a good question. The answer lies in the fact that I quoted people on things that they had mentioned at one time or another and they did not feel that such quotes were not favourable to them when they appeared in print. C'est la vie.

The broomball game.....another fine point. In the past three years, the math society has held a broomball game that pitted the math faculty against the math society and in all of the past encounters, the math society has asked one or more of their past presidents to play on the team. This year, though, the math society, lead by a certain mathletics director who has continually spited me, decided that there would not be a re-occurrence of this. A few minor inconsistencies in the picking of the team have also cropped up, but I shall not deal with these in this article. Oh well, Walter it looks like I will not be able to score that goal I promised you.

Let's see what is next...the false accusation. Last week I attended a meeting of the math society council in which a controversial matter was presented and during and after that meeting the majority of the members of the council had stated or implied a certain position on the matter. I mentioned publicly that the math society council therefore felt this way and wouldn't you know it, but several members of council said this was not true and that I was trying to put words in their mouths. I guess they will never learn, because if I

was to put words in their mouths, I would make sure they were words of praise and not anger.

And now the biggie (biggy, biggie, bigy.....) ..... getting kicked out of the apartment I found for me to live in..... **IF ANY BODY CAN FIGURE THIS ONE OUT PLEASE LET ME KNOW FOR I AM AS BEWILDERED AS YOU ARE ON THIS TOPIC!!!!!!**

*(ass't ed: if you ae still not bored and you would like a little refreshing news, then in all means, read on...)*

The D&D game I played earlier today went great. We trashed everything in sight. I went up another level and I received many thousand gold pieces. If you aren't into D&D this will mean nothing to you but the next item will not mean much more either.

Finally, to the person who, unlike most of the rest of the people I met today, was overly nice to me to-day, Thanks a million. It made today seem barable.

P.S. I have been working close to thirty hours this week on something important to the society and I strongly doubt that I will receive any thanks for this either (I never have and it will surprise me if I do this time).

**DENUOEMENT:** I know none of this would have happened if I had not done anything at all to do with the math society but then again I am foolish enough to help them out knowing all the time that the only gratification I shall receive is from myself. Therefore I shall be a total hypocrite and personally thank myself for all the work I have done.

## Evening in Las Vegas

Are you ready for an evening of music, dancing and games of chance? Well then don't miss an "Evening in Las Vegas" on Friday, November 30, 1979. There will be a disk-jockey, cash bar, door prizes and auctions for other great prizes throughout the evening. See you there.

Friday, November 30  
8:00 pm to 1:00 am

MC 5136

Admission: \$1.00

## Erratum

In last week's mathNEWS the broomball results were slightly incorrect. We erroneously mentioned that Scrooge had scored two goals when in fact he had only scored one. The other goal was scored by Dave Spencer. We also forgot to place Dave in th list of Scoring leaders as he now has one goal and two assists.

## Mathletics Banquet

All you athletic Mathies, don't forget about the Mathletics Banquet. It will be held on December 3, 1979 at around 5:30 or 6:00. There will be a buffet supper and MVP trophies awarded afterwards. YOU can get all this for only \$3.00. Tickets available at Mathsoc (ask for Mathletics Director).

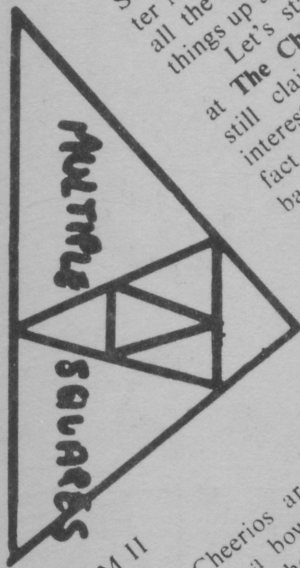
PRETEND THAT YOU SEE A  
GRID COMMENT  
HEADLINE  
HERE.

BERMUDA TRIANGLE

CRC Bulletin

Look, we've tried to be nice. Reactionary Clique has remained silent. We have given every moron on campus over a year to prove that he/she is not, in fact, a moron. But so, enough has not been forthcoming. Let's start with our old friends at **The Chevron**. I see that they're still claiming to defend the basic interests of the students when, in fact, they are still defending the basic interests of the Chevries. Apparently they have not yet recognized the difference. And this latest move as a Federation club, is nothing more than part of a feebleminded ploy to reinstate **The Chevron** as the official student newspaper. Of course, the existence of such a ploy is loudly denied by their noble editor. I guess the editorial in the November 15 issue of **The Chevron** which calls for "full reinstatement as a misprint. This same editorial also denounces supposed anti-democratic actions by Engsoc and the Federation. Seeing as the Chevron Club constitution is the sweetest bit of fascist literature I've seen in another misprint. Either **The Chevron** needs new proofreaders, or Burt Matthews is still up to his old tricks.

Our last Great Gridword produced an overwhelming response. To Gillian Teichert, Kathryn & Tom Tippet and Lynn Marshall & Michael Albert. IBMs abortions are NOT Kevin's amends! To Malcolm & Julie Hawkins, Mike Williams & Druggie, and John Malton. Dwarves didn't have seven "range". To Steve Maulsby & Mark Edelson. To Steve Edelson, who completed the Gridword without error. Kevin Li-brach & Spiny Norman, Pam Galloway, and The Wizards of Id (Andrew Peggogolek, lance corey, those coins...watch them flip...and the winner is... Pam Galloway. Drop by at Mathsoc and pick up your tee-blouse.



MIDTERM II

Two fresh(!) Cheerios are placed near each other in a bowl of milk. They rapidly pull together. Why?

NOTE: The bowl is fixed, the milk is level, the surroundings are at 20 °C and standard pressure. There are no unusual outside forces, etc...etc..etc.

REAL WORLD 100 - An Introductory Course

ASSIGNMENT #5 - Solution

Suppose the sand is running on one particular grain velocity. No matter how the forces act, slides, falls freely, and then hits the net change in momentum is zero. Since it starts and ends at rest. Thus, the time average of the net force on each grain is zero. Therefore, the time average of the net force exerted by each grain is just its own weight. Assuming a relatively large number of grains are falling at any one time, the weight of the hour-glass is the same as if no sand were falling.

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PRETEND THAT YOU DO  
SEE A GRID  
COMMENT  
HEADLINE  
HERE!

TRIANGLE OF  
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CHOICE

- 1 This 94 16 34 80 9 26 36 48  
 2 Unsameness D I F F E R E N C E  
 70 59 65 85 47 1 37 50 30 88  
 3 "We are ----" 64 41 53 73 58 19  
 4 Soap globe 62 21 5 28 74 66  
 5 Gay flower P A N S Y  
 23 68 91 4 12  
 6 Beast of burden 55 46 90 77 51  
 7 Mechanism 8 20 42 61 84  
 8 Execute command file 45 22 14 81  
 9 Exam 11 49 17 78 56  
 10 Deadly Chemical 32 76 86 3 13 38  
 11 Hare's friend T O R T O L S E  
 39 83 27 75 93 10 52 66  
 12 Weekend planet 92 29 35 63 6 60  
 13 Herve Vilechaise 79 72 18 43 2 82  
 14 Shrimp like 23 89 54 15 69  
 15 maul 71 24 33 57  
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Official SPROUTS AREA

No, ROSS not BRUSSEL SPROUTS.

\*Once upon a time there was an idealistic young frosh who wanted to write. He desired to make his ethical, philosophical and socio-political views known to those around him.

So he went on to become a chevronite and I ended up writing for mathNEWS The column I wrote was entitled, as this one is, NOTEPAD and was essentially a core dump of points which I found particularly annoying and/or humourous. Before long the fame of NOTEPAD had spread nowhere and NOTEPAD began to evolve into something not much different from what is was (ie stagnation).

But that was long ago and, after several months of silence, I am back once again to bore you.

\*INTELLIGENT COMMENT OF THE WEEK goes to a certain CS prof who had to be shown that  $\log_2(2^x) = x$ . Upon grasping this new comment he wittily replied: "Hey I gues that means it goes the other way too!"

\*Just in case any of you used to read these chronicles from times gone by, it is time for the COMPUTER UPDATE.

When last we left our smiling hero he was sitting nervously by the phone waiting for Eatons to call and inform him that his PET microcomputer had arrived.

I'd just about given up hope and was preparing to take a trip into Toronto that evening (to visit a competitor) when they finally called.

"HellomisterEdmondsyourpackagehasfinallyarrivedbutthestorewillbeclosingintenminutes. (\*\*click\*\* brrrrr!)."

Grabbing my father by the **\*\*censored\*\*** we hauled ass down to the store, used a credit card and a diamond tipped cutter as credentials and finally retrieved my COMPUTER!!

If any of you are at all familiar with micros (microcomputers) then you are no doubt aware of the wealth of information supplied with them. The PET had the usual amount. The most instructive one was called: "An Introduction to Your PET". This magnificent tome spends its first five pages showing how to move the cursor around on the screen and draw a pretty rocket

ship. The next two pages tell you how to print it using PRINT statements. This one I placed in the circular file under "G".

I went on to introduce myself to my PET by first telling it my name, a few of my interests and inviting it to tea. While it sipped tea through the input ports I cracked my knuckles and sat down for some heavy programming.

Weeks of waiting had given my fertile mind ample time to thing of hundreds of grandiose projects: compilers, interpreters language parsers... Sure enough, as I sat before the glowing screen, I couldn't think of a damn thing to write. My fingers caressed the keys with gentle strokes of longing, producing spurious syntax errors as a result. Being so vexed I naturally wrote an editor.

You know, when at a loss for ideas, writing an editor can be a great way of thinking of something else you'd rather do. One append, list, and change substring command later I was off and running.

Having written a program to play tic-tac-toe (I know, I know) it then became necessary to save the little bugger on mass storage, being as it was 3 am and I had to get up for work in 4 more hours. Ah yes. Mass storage on the PET consists of a little tape recorder running at an effective 500 baud. You get to watch the little critter turning and turning away and after a while you begin to wonder if it has forgotten about you. A simple tap of the STOP key (that's right, not break.

not attention but stop!) informs you that you are still on the air, but incidentally turns a well organized file into such a mess of magnetic bit patterns that if you try and load it tomorrow morning it might well blow your machine off into boolean limbo!

As an owner of a MICRO you must learn to accept your machine's little foibles. If it decides, of its own accord, to go away for a while or erase an unsaved program from memory, well then you must simply learn to accept this with a chuckle and a well placed kick, or else install a cooling system in the damn thing.

NOTE PAD

You must learn not to argue with it when it decides that there is an end-of-file marker halfway through your only copy of a 23K program. Or perhaps the CPU reset that destructively tests memory bothers you. Learn to cope. The keyword for happy relations between you and your micro is servitude. You must learn to press the record then the play buttons when the computer tells you to press record then play. You must learn to rewind the tape when using "random" access files. You must learn to accept the fact that the human finger is capable of hitting no fewer than 9 keys at once.

If you can learn to accept all of this then you will become an excellent slave...err owner of a micro as when as a mindless vegetable.

\*Mekaczmarczyk is alive and no longer living in AJAX.

\*In case you are getting bored, remember that this column once won the Oreo Cookie Award as defender of the basic interests of pre-frosh (gad! Sounds like the chevron).

\*As Treasurer of WATSFIC the University of Waterloo Science Fiction and fantasy (and d&d (and cosmic encounter (and coffe and doughnuts (and other assorted pastimes)))) Club I guess I should put in some sort of crass materialistic plug here somewhere (and there's enough holes in this articles to need a few good plugs).

The club is good, the club is nice, drink scotch with rye, but hold the ice. I mean really what the hell do you want from me anyway??? I only became treasurer to get my hands on some easily liquidatable assets. So far the good club

CON'T ...

Imitation Masthead ... seeing as this week we have only an imitation mathNEWS, it is only appropriate that we have an imitation MASTHEAD. So this is the imitation editor typing it. Even at three in the morning, there are five people in the office (although this counts the person delivering the pizza.) Actually, this masthead is the easiest job confronting all of us this week so far. My greatest accomplishment this week was causing the loss of five marks on a computer assignment. I had this great idea for a section of code that bombed. OVER TO THE (or AN) OTHER ASS ED.: Since the previous ASS. ed couldn't think of any creative bull sh\*t to print in this vast open space, I was celled in to use my aquired talents. I don't know why I am still up?!!!! I have been up since seven thirty on MONDAY morning. That makes about 40 hours solid so far and at this rate I will probaly be up until 3 o'clock to morrow morn. For sooth, the other person hath cometh up with an idea that we shalt attempmeth to create several lines of intelegant prose but since we have about the intelegence of a pack rat we don't spend much of a chance. My mind is slowly oozing out of my crannd. ...cwrand....skull till I shall be left as a piece of babbling plasmatic form If oyu (YOU) can make any sence of this masthead you should seek professional help right away. Have you noticed that I have limited the number of large words I have used. This is because at the moment I would have problems spelling my own name. It is time for the

over at this machine..... . Ross (almost)..... a h\*ll of a lot to say but i'll told me that they saw a poster about something really inter- what it was...so if you see any there let me know. so i can it. another fried friend of didnt tell me antyhing interest- somebody just rushed into the some enjinear just tried to off the bridge over sick bay. most boring masthead you ever lp me think of stuff to type so as this page is full i can go quick. well i guess i get to put this thing together, lets Oh ya he dropped by too, bnut and here to the poor ass ed THANKSTHANKSTHANKSTHANKSTHANKSTHANK there are you happy now?! mention that there was a and the other team defaulted the math team donated three and then guess who won! and the most amazing thing w played defence and the goal out...so to the person who the other team, this is for you

(for full details of that last word...consult the Coleco Dictionary of Profanity) ... aren't dots cute? heres one . Now just look at that, it's such a cute little thing, hey look at this one ' he has a tail, boy those dots(dots) are really really cute, look at these : those ~~XX~~ two have been together all their life, and they look so cute together... (Back to the first ass ed. again..) I finally have been taught how to write one of these idiotic things: just sit and type with no apparent regard for spelling or content. Well, it appears as if we've spent the better part of an hour spewing drivel on to this page. Here comes the obligatory plea for help: This issue will probably get a lot of complaints. I've got a better idea -- Instead of complaining, write something. You will probably say that you don't know how.. WHO CARES! Write the first thing that comes into your head. Drop it off in the office on the way to class. (or even write it in class if you are bored) If we got enough submissions, we might get some quality stuff in the next issue instead of having to put in everything that we could possibly lay our hands on like we did this time. Artwork, poetry, articles, anything. We like receiving this more than destructive criticism.AAArrrgggggggg

members have bought my groceries for a month, my squash racket, three escorts, a couple of floppies (diskettes, not escorts), etc.

Our meetings are held alternate Mondays and Tuesdays at 7:30 in alternating rooms attended by alternate executive members. Notices of meetings are posted on alternate weeks and it's up to you to figure out where we are hiding. Our office is on the third floor, MC 3036 but we probably won't be there when you want us to be anyway so why not just give up, go home and quit bitching to me about office hours. For f\*\*\*s sake I only took the job in order to have some place to keep damp gym shorts after sweating my b\*\*\*s off trying to win a game of squash. But come on by, we don't bite.

\*Well that's all for now, I've written enough links to fill out a few blank spots in the paper. So see ya later and remember, he who sucks up to a prof ends up with an assignment rolled up between his lips.

-dthedmonds

REAL ASS of an ed to take

So HERES..... well they didnt leave me it anyway. Some one on the wall in the foyer esting...but i forget interesting posters out tell me friends all about mine (boy arent i popular) ing...FLASH!!!!!!! office to tell us that commit suicide..he jumped boy is this ever the read. this office looks a sleep spell. come on he- i can go home...as soom so think of tsomething thank all the pelpe who see there was me and him. he didn't stay very long. who nobody ever thanks.

ANKSTHANKSTHANKSTHANKSTHANKSTHANKS

Some goof asked me to broomball game last friday so the math team won...BUT players to the other team Your right the ohter team. as that the donated mathies and that team got a shut donated these players to BBBLLLEEEAAAHHHH!!!!!!