

# math NEWS

Volume 27, Number 1  
Friday, September 18, 1981

Usually, mathNEWS has a column called CSCFlash, in which upcoming events of the Computer Science Club are announced and past events reported on; this week, as there are no past events, it'll be a CSC Flicker.

Coming this term, we'll have our termly elections on September 24th, followed by a showing of a videotape or film, yet to be determined. Whatever it is, it will be from the BBC's series of productions that began with "The Chips

## CSC

are Down", a critical examination of the revolution in micro-electronics and its effect on society. These films caused a lot of uproar when they were first shown in Britain; this meeting is not to be missed! Later on in the term, we will have a concert of computer music, with Prof. William Buxton, of the University of Toronto. Other meetings (we usually have six a

## Photocopier

There now is an Xerox 3107 in mc 3038. This 3107 has 0k prom and many other useless features. The major useful feature is that it can photo-reduce copies by 62%! It only copies with black ink (we can't afford the \$100,000 for color).

You should understand that this photo copier is available to all students, faculty and staff at 5 cents a copy. The quality is even better than that of the Fed's copier in the CC.

D'Arcy A. Emery

term) will be announced as they are finalized.

By now, there should be posters around the Math building announcing the upcoming meeting and describing the rules for being elected to CSC office. We hope to see you at the meeting! And, of course, should you ever want to join the club, you can buy a membership at a meeting, or at our office, MC3037.

peter rowley

## Of Cabbages and Kings.

I have forgotten why I came to this appalling place. It could not have been the campus. Lacking the tradition or the finances of older universities, it makes do with rude clusters of buildings huddling together on an obscene amount of open space, occasionally grasping at the sky, but more often squatting obstinately like the Arts Library. The sole redeeming feature of the whole sorry mess is the Environmental Studies II building, but I cannot say whether I am pleased that the architects finally decided to display their vulgarity openly instead of cloaking it in tired functionality, or upset that I have to pass the eyesore every time I take the transit bus to the Village stop. At least it provides a convenient scapegoat for the students who need to blame their own miserable fortunes on something else.

It certainly could not be the social atmosphere. The few good people have no doubt been weeded out by whatever screening process is used to select Village residents. I have no idea how I escaped elimination, though it is beginning to look like several hours a day on that poor excuse of a transit system would have been a small price to pay to avoid living with such morons. My roommate is a good example. Coming through his room on the way to watch the sunrise one morning, he looked in such sorry shape that I took pity on him and invited him along. When he mumbled disinclination, I tried to inspire him by singing an aria from Rigoletto. This brought only several ungrateful racial remarks (fortunately, directed at a race of which I am not a member) and a threat to force-feed me my own shoes. It was just as well. Sunrises are wasted on

such as he.

The rest of my fellow freshmen (who insist on being addressed by the degenerate appellation 'frosch') are little better. When they are not busy pouring grain alcohol down their throats, they are discussing methods of seducing the giggling, gum-chewing creatures who inhabit the floor above (though I must admit that the thought of two such empty-headed collections of people in vigorous and mutual copulation would provide a certain degree of amusement were it not for the horrifying thought of the mongoloid children who would almost certainly be produced from such unions).

Perhaps part of the blame should go to an Orientation purposely designed to keep them as disoriented as possible, but I doubt it. For my part, I have managed to avoid their repeated calls to middle of the night rallies of destructive behaviour by sleeping on a couch in the Campus Centre. Once the last load of revellers have staggered out of the Bombshelter the only distraction comes from the occasional janitor attempting to buff-wax my feet to the floor. The turnkeys come by every so often to wake me up, but these gentle meek souls are usually in so deep a drug-induced stupor that it is difficult to say who is waking whom.

No, it must have been the rumours of academic excellence, though I realize now that they were probably started by alumni desperately trying to create a reputation where none existed before, and given credence by chartered accountants, life insurance salesmen, and the like. My first class was an eye-opener. A short, shabby, bespectacled man climbed onto the main

platform. Neither he nor the class acknowledged each other's presence, and when he started to rub off the blackboard I assumed he was a member of the janitorial staff. He turned out to be the professor, as I discovered when he started chalking unintelligible symbols on the blackboard while mumbling into it. At first I thought that the poor fellow had a speech impediment, but I soon realized that he was attempting a poor imitation of a Central European accent. This was no doubt affected to cover up the fact that the majority of his salary goes to support a colony of relatives in some godforsaken place like Botswana. Even sitting in the very front row, as is my wont, I could make out at most one word in four. The class did not take very well to my repeated requests for clearer enunciation, preferring to pass notes and gossip, and finally I stopped listening and started rereading my copy of Finnegans Wake for the third time that week. I shall have to get more books soon, or my brain will atrophy.

The one good thing arising from this experience is that I can tell my parents, who with their usual lack of faith expressed doubt in my ability to cope, that there is absolutely no way I will wash out of this place academically. I will be writing this column as often as my school-work permits, which, if present trends are any indication, should be every week. My main purpose is to improve this paper, and judging from the content of the issue that was mailed to me, I cannot see how this will fail to occur. So until next time, I remain

E. Siastes

## Bits 'n Bytes

This is a note that may be of interest to all those out there in computer programming land.

You may have heard of the TI Programmer, which is a calculator (you know, one of those miniature pseudo-computers) that will do its thing in three number bases -- decimal, hexadecimal, or octal! You may have also heard that the price tag is about \$85 Cdn. Well fear not! Herein we divulge a secret (but not for long), legal, method to have your own TI Programmer for the paltry sum of \$9.03, plus shipping, etc.

First, some background information. Several of TI's newest calculators share many common parts -- in fact the only thing that differentiates them is the chip (integrated circuit) inside them (there's only one). Well, I suppose it's fairly obvious what happens when you remove the chip and replace it with another. The calculator loses its previous personality and takes on the personality of the new chip. (Sort of an electronic version of schizophrenia.)

So, to have your very own TI Programmer, you take your favourite TI-30 calculator, which cost you about \$17.00, and convert it.

Do you hear you ask where to get the new chip? Easy -- you mail a nice letter to the TI calculator repair place in Toronto, and ask them for chip # 983-675, also known as part number 1501258.0001 (!), and you will have one. Their address is: Texas Instruments Inc., 41 Shelley Rd., Richmond Hill, Ontario, L4C 5G4. If you prefer, you can phone them and they will send your part COD (that's what I did). The chip will cost you \$9.03 plus \$0.63 tax, for a total of \$9.69.

When you receive your chip in the mail (ZZZzzzz), get your favourite hardware type guru to open your TI-30, remove its brain, and insert the new one. Then, you can make little stickers to put over the markings on the keyboard so you know what you're doing. To help you do this, here is the layout of the Programmer's keyboard:

|     |     |     |     |      |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|------|
| DEC | HEX | OCT | OFF | ON/C |
| STO | RCL | SUM | (   | )    |
| SHF | d   | E   | F   | K    |
| 1sC | A   | b   | C   | ÷    |
| OR  | 7   | 8   | 9   | x    |
| AND | 4   | 5   | 6   | -    |
| XOR | 1   | 2   | 3   | +    |
| CE  | 0   |     | +/- | =    |

One more thing -- the TI Programmer usually includes the rechargeable battery pack, but you do not get one with your TI-30. If you want one, they're available in the stores for about \$12.95.

Now you have your very own TI Programmer to help you program those nasty computer beasts in their own language.

Gerry Wheeler

## At The Movies

This is the first of what I hope to be many movie reviews. As an avid moviegoer (at least once per week), I feel that you will benefit from my experience (and mistakes!!). I will probably not be speaking in terms that you are used to if you read the reviews offered by some of the larger newspapers.

### Arthur

The movie opens with Dudley Moore (aka Arthur) in the back of a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce seemingly as drunk as one man could humanly be. As we are to later learn, this is not the case. After picking up a lady of the evening, going back to his apartment, and presumably doing what most people do, we get to meet the real star of the movie, Hobson the butler. This man of dry wit and high class is probably the only thing that saves this movie from the mediocre performances of Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli.

Liza Minnelli is introduced into the movie by doing something that is very believable -- she is shoplifting a tie from a high-class clothing store. As one might

imagine, Arthur happens by and saves Linda from the clutches of the anxious store security guard. As with all good movies, it's love at first sight for Arthur. The movie could go on to a happy, albeit boring, ending at this point. However, this is not to be. The source of Arthur's wealth is his rich family... a family that would very much like to see Arthur wed another girl... as a matter of fact, if he doesn't marry her, he will lose all of this beautiful money.

I won't tell you much more as I believe that this would detract from the enjoyment that comes from seeing the rest of the movie.

You will no doubt laugh, probably cry, and when you leave, you will be able to say you have seen a good movie.

**Rating: \*\*\*1/2**

Arthur is currently playing at the Waterloo Theatre.

R. W. Byrd

## Solipsism

Please sit down if you've got a minute, and let me tell you about Johnny Johnson. What's so special about Johnny Johnson, you might ask? Well, Johnny was a man with a special talent.

When Johnny was a little baby and he was hungry, he didn't need to cry and yell until he got his mother's attention; all he had to do was wave his hand and a reasonable facsimile of his mother would appear with the bottle ready and waiting. When he was finished, he just snapped his fingers and she disappeared. As a result of this constant satiation of his desire for food, Johnny grew up healthy and strong.

As a small child, Johnny always had lots of fun. Whenever he felt bored, he just waved his hand and some other little children appeared, bringing with them lots of neat little toys that Johnny could play with. And if Johnny broke their toys, or if they started to cry when Johnny threw sand in their faces or tied them to chairs - why, Johnny would just snap his fingers and they would disappear again.

When he grew older, Johnny only had to go to school when he felt like it. If he didn't feel like going, he merely waved his hand and an exact duplicate of himself would appear; Johnny would send *him* off to school, while he stayed at home and played. And if the neighbourhood bully tried to push Johnny around - well, all Johnny had to do was wave his hand, and the poor bully would suddenly be outnumbered ten to one! And when Johnny became interested in girls, he didn't have to worry about asking them out and risking being rejected; all he had to do was wave his hand and then (a few hours later) snap his fingers.

There was only one thing wrong with Johnny, however: he was always so *forgetful*. He would go around waving his hand and creating new people to play with and then forgetting to snap his fingers when he was finished. That's why there are so many people around nowadays - Johnny keeps forgetting to snap his fingers. Why, you or I might have been created by Johnny years and years ago without even realizing it!

Look - here comes Johnny now. Oh dear, he seems angry...

What's that funny look in your eye, Johnny?

Why are you taking your hands out of your pockets?

Oh no - help me, help me, HELP ME!!!

SNAP.

## CUSO

Are you graduating next year? Do you know what you'll do after graduation? Have you ever thought of working overseas and using the skills and knowledge you've acquired through four or more years of university to help in the development process of Third World countries? CUSO can give you that opportunity.

CUSO is an independent, non-profit agency that participates in the development process of some 40 countries in the Caribbean, Latin America, Africa, Asia and the South Pacific. CUSO recruits qualified Canadians in response to specific requests by overseas governments in the fields of Education, Agriculture, Technology, Business and Health. Since its founding in 1961, CUSO has placed more than 8,000 volunteers in 65 developing countries around the world. At present, there are 611 volunteers serving in 34 countries.

Are you a suitable candidate for CUSO? Do you have a skill that is needed by an overseas country? Are you flexible (could you manage to live without electricity)? Are you patient and tolerant of others' opinions and values? Are you concerned about inequalities in the world and interested in learning more about the differences between Canada and the Third World?

Many graduates with a Bachelor of Mathematics from the University of Waterloo have served overseas with CUSO over the years. In August 1981, Sandra Ogden, a graduate from the co-operative Mathematics Teaching programme, left for Nigeria where she will be teaching math in a secondary school. CUSO has openings for people with skills in farm management, mechanics, nutrition, home economics, library science and business management in addition to a need for people with training in Mathematics.

CUSO contracts are two years in duration. While overseas, CUSO volunteers are paid by the host country. The salary is low by Canadian standards, but is adequate to live comfortably. Accommodation, in some countries, is provided rent-free while in others, a minimal rental fee is charged. CUSO provides an orientation programme before departure to prepare candidates for life in a new culture, return airfare, medical and dental coverage while overseas and a resettlement allowance on return to Canada.

During the year, the local CUSO office holds a number of information meetings, both on and off campus. At these meetings, you can see slides or films showing CUSO at work, talk to Returned Volunteers and learn more about CUSO and the type of work it is involved in. Meetings are scheduled for:

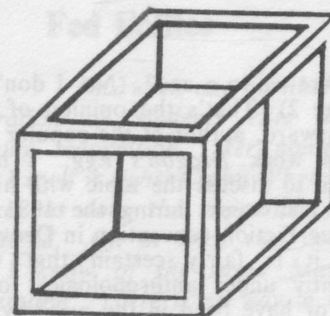
Monday, September 21, 8:00  
Kitchener Public Library  
85 Queen St. N.

Wednesday, October 21, 7:30  
MC 3009

In addition to recruitment of personnel, CUSO raises funds for development projects in Third World countries. These are projects that are initiated by local people to promote development and change. In Canada, CUSO is involved in development education, using the experience and knowledge of Returned Volunteers to raise awareness of Canadians to issues in Third World development. Locally, CUSO participates in the Southern Africa Education Committee, which is sponsoring a series of events for the fall of 1981.

If you would like more information about CUSO and its activities, come to one of the information meetings or contact the CUSO office:

234A South Campus Hall  
University of Waterloo  
885-1211 ext. 3144



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## Galumphing Gourmets

**Shantz Country Pork Family Restaurant** 210 King St. N., Waterloo.

Operating in a defunct Roy Rogers, this place is one of the better bargains in the immediate area. Specializing in pork dishes at family prices, we recommend it as a change from the Festival Room and/or the Village. Stand-up ordering is followed by tray service after you have chosen your table.

The boneless pork chop is a delectable viand served with a choice of things. We recommend the sauerkraut, but not the mashed potatoes. If you want potato with your meal, have the porky fries instead. We have also enjoyed the ham steak, pork sausages, and most of the other items on the menu.

Desserts are a problem here. The ice cream is good, but the pastries tend to be tough and the portions small. If you want a substantial sweet, there is a Dairy Queen nearby on Weber St. A full meal here will run about \$4.00 without dessert, and about \$5.00 with.

The restaurant is also open for breakfast.

Unlicensed, cash and carry.

**5 Bunnies** July 28, 1981.

## Previously Rated

**The Laurel Room** South Campus Hall.

An inexpensive buffet on campus run by Food Services. An example of institutional operation at its best. Fixed price of \$4.20 per person for the buffet. \$11.00 a couple with drinks. Lunch Monday to Friday, dinner Wednesday to Friday. Dinner reservations advised.

**5 bunnies** May 29, 1981.

**Marbles Restaurant** 8 William Street East, Waterloo.

A good place to eat in beautiful downtown Waterloo. Behind the Donut Castle (next to Ali Baba's), this cook-to-order hamburger and salad emporium is well worth a visit. Recommended are the various hamburgers (can be had **rare**); featured salads, especially the whole earth and caesar; avocado with crab louis and the quiches. Wide choice of beverages from beer and wine to selected teas. An outstanding large milk. Meal for two without drinks \$15.00. Visa, Amex.

**7 Bunnies** June 12, 1981.

**Mathsoc C+D Mathematics Student Lounge**, Math and Computer Centre.

Operating Monday through Friday during day class hours, a supplier of coffee, donuts, subs, bunwiches, salads, and soft drinks at a reasonable price.

**4 Bunnies** June 23, 1981.

## Visited Once

**The Texas Steakhouse** Waterloo Square.

jcwinterton et al

## Monologue -with Brad Templeton

*"There's always somebody bigger than you. This is true for all but one person."*

Are we in a zoo? (No, I don't mean Village 2) That's the opinion of Robert L. Forward, author of the popular science fiction work *Dragon's Egg*. I had the chance to discuss the topic with him at a party last week during the 1981 World Science Fiction convention in Denver. He feels it is fairly certain that we are currently under anthropological observation (or have been in the past) by intelligent aliens.

Many readers will be familiar with the numerical arguments put forward by various science popularizers concerning the existence of other intelligent series in the universe. As Carl Sagan would say, with all the *billions* and *billions* of stars out there, even if only a very small fraction of them have planets, and only a small fraction of those have life, and further if only a smaller fraction of those have intelligent life, we are still left with lots of intelligent life. Thus if one believes that mankind is not some colossal fluke, the probability that there is lots of intelligent life out there is pretty high.

We are, of course, only making conjectures about the fractions of planets that might have such life. We really know almost nothing about the real situations. Those making these suggestions feel that their fractions are very small - undoubtedly on the conservative side. These conservative estimates give a high probability that there is another race of intelligent beings within a radius of approximately 100 light years. If you consider how many stars there are in that radius, it is perhaps not hard to believe. Forward takes this conclusion as the basis for his arguments.

The common question that arises from this conclusion is of course, "With all those aliens around, why haven't we been contacted yet?" There are several well known answers to this question. The first answer is simply that these aliens haven't been flying around the Earth.

Perhaps we are out in the Galactic boondocks and nobody passes this way. Perhaps the concentration of exploring races is much lower than we think. Another common answer is that we already have been visited and contacted. Such theories are espoused in books like *Chariots of the Gods*, but without a great deal of credibility. At any rate, if we have been visited in the past, the question still remains as to why such visits have not continued, and why only scattered records were left.

The third answer suggests that the Aliens are here, but simply do not wish to show themselves. Forward argues in the following way: Assume we have a race capable of crossing interstellar distances. Their technology would have to be much greater than ours. One can thus assume that they have nothing to gain technologically from direct contact with the human race. Although it is possible that an alien race might travel around the universe just to benevolently grant advanced technology to primitive cultures, (It's unsure that such granting would be benevolent, anyway) it is more likely that they would travel the cosmos for some form of personal gain. What can they gain from Earth then?

Some would suggest that our artistic endeavors might be of interest to them. Human music, painting and literature might be of value. Unfortunately, they can get all these things without directly contacting us. We broadcast many of our art forms directly to them, and what we don't send, they can easily pick up. Even the current declassified information about detection equipment suggests that little can be hidden from human detection devices. What can be hidden is stuff that we would not tell aliens in direct contact anyway. Spy satellites can pick up newspaper headlines and a truck 300 feet away can pick up what is being typed on an electric typewriter. It is certain that the

aliens could do even better than that.

If anything, the value of the human race to these aliens might be anthropological. They may wish to study us in our natural habitat. Contact with us would ruin such a study, since we are intelligent enough to realize the implications of the contact. Undoubtedly an advanced race would already have had plenty of opportunities to try contact with other races, some perhaps even humanoid, to observe what the effects of contact are. Thus they probably don't need the human race as a testing ground for such experiments, but would rather observe the untouched results.

Before one feels certain that the aliens are keeping us in a zoo, however, one must be sure that they are out there. Forward argues that a highly advanced race would be capable of exponential expansion, with each exploratory mission sending out more, and thus having no choice but to run into Earth. Personally, I don't think this is a valid conclusion, for we have no facts concerning the cost of interstellar transport to even an advanced race. If we are indeed limited by the speed of light in space, then the cost in time for such travel could never be reduced no matter how advanced the people may be. Even fuel costs may be impossible to completely reduce. Naturally, not having been contacted, we really know nothing about interstellar travel.

So if we are being watched, what will be the result? Will they look for a while and then go away? Will they wait until we build our own ships and then offer us membership in the Galactic Club? If we launch the big nukes, will they stop them and take us under their protective wing? Or will they perhaps just let us destroy the planet and move on their own paths? Do they use their detection equipment to read **Monologue** every week?

He had been living off tinned food for months now, going into the city with a crowbar in one hand to pry open doors and a shotgun in the other to ward off the packs of wild dogs that seemingly became more and more hungry as the weeks passed. He did not know how he had survived the explosion - he vaguely recalled being caught in some hole in the ground, unable to sleep because of the fierce heat - all he knew was that he was still here, alone in the world, and that he was lonely.

Lonely! True, it might have been possible before to be lonely, lost in a crowd of uncaring strangers - but when there was no one at all left on the world

but him...! He had tried going to the Metropolitan Library and reading old books in an attempt to try and recapture some of the order that was lost forever when the mushroom cloud went up, but it was no good, no good at all. As he walked along, he stared blindly at the soot-encased buildings, the corpse-ridden streets (the smell was unbearable now, but there were just too many of them to bury) and the forever-grey sky and tried as best he could to stave off the feelings of despair that threatened to overwhelm him once and for all...

Then she appeared.

Whether she was real or just an ethe-

real fever-dream - it didn't matter in the least; for she was the woman of his dreams, and she was waiting there for him. He took a few hesitant steps forward, blinking every so often to see whether this apparition would vanish before his eyes even as he approached it; however, nothing changed. In fact, she hardly seemed to move; she just stood there with open arms, her garments swaying in the wind. He sighed in relief as he lost himself in her loving embrace; in fact, he was so lost in his utter joy that he didn't notice her claw-like hands reach back behind him and with gentle strength snap his neck in two and extinguish his life...

## FASDRR

You are travelling into another dimension, a dimension not only of sight and sound but of mind. You'll take a journey to the wondrous land of imagination, a place that conquers all man's hopes and fears. Turn left, red light up ahead, next stop: the 'FASDRR Zone'.

This summer, a group of University students, some who gather each week and call themselves the Flinstones, will leave the earth and find the middle ground, a place we call the 'FASDRR Zone'.

On Monday July 13th, the Flinstones finished their regular season in fine fashion by defeating the Watballers by the score of 22 to 21. Once again, the Flinstones received a strong effort from the cast of regulars.

After a slow start, the Flinstones tightened the screws on defence and got their offence rolling. Trailing by three runs in the final inning, the Flinstones erupted for four markers to take the checkered flag.

The Flinstones finished their season with 5 wins, one loss and 2 ties. This set the stage for the Fun Tournament held Saturday July 18th.

Fortunately for feeble freakish fiends, the famous flabbergasting fast flying Flinstones faltered. Few frenzied fans foresaw failure for the ferocious frantically-feared fab fourteen. Fittingly, the fully festive Flinstones finally found their fighting form with a fierce flurry of fine fielding in the fourth. Fluky final figures favouring the fickle frivolous foes failed to force the fascinating Flinstones from forging forward to find friendly fun.

The Flinstones are now history. They will shortly be inducted into the FASDRR Sports Hall of Fame, alongside such great teams as Broomball's Fighting Frenchmen and Basketball's One-Eyed Snakes. A special thanks to all the Flinstones: Pebbles, Wilma, Barney, Dino, Bam Bam, Betty, Delima, Caillou, Vanderock, Brontosaurus, Kazoo, Hoppy, Rock Rogers, Gladstone, Arnold, Saber Tooth and even Dodo Egg.

In other news, FASDRR congratulates Line Ouellette and Philomena Hughes on being accepted in the Agnew School of Windsurfing. In upcoming events, filming will begin the weekend of August 22nd for the movie: 'FASDRR

goes to Deep River'. Today is the last day to enter our 'Name the Famous Person Contest'. Here is the final clue: 'Has Ron mixed up?'. Winner will receive a water dunking at the location of his or her choice.

In the final lecture of the term, FASDRR welcomes Constable B. Maher (criminologist - frosh division), co-author with Constable D. Agnew of the bestselling detective novels: 'Partners in Crime', 'Pass the Buckeye' and the sequel 'The Buckeye stops here'.

Const. Maher (pronounced Ma-arde), will discuss the three psychological stages of the frosh criminal mind. One might argue the apparent contradiction in terms by using the word mind and frosh in the same sentence.

After the crime, the frosh quickly enters the Denial stage (I claim no knowledge...). After unsuccessful brainstorming, the frosh continues to the Martyr stage (yes, I did it, but I was alone...). Then, once cornered he falls into the Submission and Altruism stage (yes, I wasn't alone, he's in the kitchen...). This stage is usually followed by an overabundance of free verbalization by the frosh.

Const. Maher is also collaborating with Const. D. Cornish in two soon to be released mystery novels: 'Doug and the Slugs' and 'The Hounds of 527-c'.

The FASDRR lectures will resume in the fall. Slated for the first week of September is Dr. R. Millar (astronomer), author of the book: '34-A, The Stah'. Dr. Millar will talk about his discovery of two fascinating asteroids situated north of the 34th parallel.

FASDRR would like to thank all the guest lecturers who donated their time and expertise during this past term.

The sun is sleeping longer hours, signalling the end of our journey. These University students, some mentioned above, will continue their lives in the hope that one day they will hear the cry of the butterfly.

So if it's late at night and you're walking on a lonely road, if someone should come up to you, beer in hand, and softly whisper: 'I am not mad. I am interested in freedom', beware for you have once again entered the 'FASDRR Zone'.

M. Adman

## Fed Follies

*This week one member of the Federation of Students elite deserves amazing recognition. Her name is (I hope I spell it right) Cathy Whyte. Miss Whyte has done the impossible for the ungrateful. On at least two occasions that I know of she saved MathSoc's Orientation. There is no way in the paper that I can fully express how much Cathy is deserving of our thanks. Let me just put it this way: Thanks*

*Miss Whyte has been working for at least four months on this year's orientation. At the next council meeting I shall bring up a motion to give her a sizeable gift. (Now, If Wimbleton the Simpleton would call a council meeting.)*

D'Arcy A. Emery

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

**AUTOMOBILE:** A device which runs up hills and down pedestrians.

(Attributed to R.W. Byrd)

## FINALEXAM - CCiv384

πκδμςζ λγγ,γμ εθ ,θχγλ λπγ ρξλε λεθθμ  
επγδγ βηεπ θιγω κδ,λϒ πγδ οκδ,γωελ λβκζ≈  
ηω ηω επγ βηωμC Εγ ληοπγμ ηω δγσηγν κλ πγ  
σθλε πη,λγνν ηω πγδ σθχηωο γ,ψδκφγλ ηω υκφεϒ  
πγ βκλ λθ σθλε ηω πηλ ξεεγδ ρθξ επκε πγ  
μημω ε ωθηεφγ πγδ φσκβ≈σηογ πκωμλ δγκφπ  
ψκφσ ψγπηωμ πη, κωμ βηεπ ογωεσγ λεδγωοεπ  
λωκι πηλ ωγφσ ηω εβθ κωμ γυεηωοξηλπ πηλ  
σηνγC C C C

ISSN 0705 0410

A weekly (sometimes biweekly) publication of the University of Waterloo Mathematics Society. It is funded by, but independent of, MathSoc, and is the only weekly newspaper on campus with an all-volunteer staff. Content is the responsibility of mathNEWS staff and editors. mathNEWS, MC 3035, University of Waterloo, 200 University Ave. West, Waterloo, Ontario, N2L 3G1.

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**QUESTIONNAIRE**

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It has come to our attention that all of the people (or almost all of us) want a more active MathSoc. Presently MathSoc is the largest society on campus, but rarely does one find a pub with more than a hundred bodies. [Obviously, this was written before the frosh Wine and Cheese! - ed] We would appreciate it if you could answer the following questions so that we can find out exactly what you want out of your society.

What do you think is the worst thing about MathSoc?

What is the best thing about MathSoc?

Do you ever go to a MathSoc social event?

Do you care about mathNEWS?

Would you be willing to pay something more than \$2.50 for a society fee? (Presently MathSoc's fee is the lowest on campus)

Do you think that the faculty lounge is large enough for MathSoc events?

Do you care about the Federation of Students? What do you think our relationship with the Feds should be?

Do you think that MathSoc should hold its pubs off campus?

Would you care to see an Anti-Cal for this year?

I can't tell you how important it is that you fill out this and bring it back. If you do not, the rest of the faculty shall ignore you and you shall not get a voice in what you are paying money for.

Please place in the mathNEWS box across from the 3rd floor lounge and make any other comments you wish to make. MathSoc may also be reached on VM (see help mail) and on Honeywell (see expl mail).

Andrew P. Welch  
President  
MathSoc

Dave L. Wilkie  
Math Co-op Rep  
Federation of Students

D'Arcy A. Emery  
Math Regular Rep  
Federation of Students

William P. Hughes  
Math Regular Rep  
Federation of Students

HA! I FINALLY GOT HOLD OF THE TYPEWRITER!!! This won't mean anything to you unless you happen to have read the frosh issue, but no matter - who says I have to be relevant or even coherent? After all, this is the masthead - the place in which the editor babbles on self-indulgently until they come and take him away.... Anyhow - welcome to this, the first issue of the fall term. A horrible, unspeakable thing has happened - people have actually shown up at a mathNEWS meeting! These unfortunate ~~x~~ souls saw a bunch of crazy people running around hurling foul oaths at the Honeywell and deduced (correctly) ~~xxx~~ that we are a group of raving lunatics. Anyway - the credits. (Hand me the envelope, please....) We had a lot of new contributors this week - first~~x~~ off, Richard Cleve, who drew a nice graphic that we lost (sorry) and did lots of layout. Then there's somebody named David, whose last name was written on the sheet that I lost. (Some organization, eh He ~~xxx~~ learned how to use TROFF or something. Jim Jordan did an orientation article which should appear next week - and Hugh Williams did something (he's on my list, he must have.) E. Siastes occupied most of the front page and Gerry Wheeler gave us some inside info. Okay, that's that - now the old hands: D'Arcy A. Emery (photocopier, layout, FED FOLLIES IN ITALICS, DAMMIT!); Robert Byrd (movie reviews, graphic, layout, great stories, crazy driving); William Hughes, the editor last term (photonning, valuable advice - you're lucky we didn't reprint his Alcohol Song!); Ashok Patel (advice and interference) (He helped Gerry out); Gerry Wheeler (whoops, already mentioned him); Brad Templeton (monologue); jcwinterton, the man from B.U.N. (galumphing gourmets); peter 'lowercase' rowley (CSC); Dave Wilkie and Andrew Weldh from mathSOC; M.Adman for a left over FASDRR from last term; and lastly, me, the duly elected editor, David Till (I can be held responsible for 'Solipsism' and the thing with no title). WAIT! A LAST MINUTE CONTRIBUTION FROM WATSFIC! STOP THE PRESSES!!! (those are rabbit's feet, not exclamation marks) -- WATSFIC (your science fiction club) meets next Wednesday, September 3 23, 1981. We cover: books, films, games including Dungeons and Dragons, Traveller, Diplomacy, Risk, Divine Right... Office in MC 3036 - usually open every day. That was David Sweeney; this is D.T. fading away...

(Susan Isaac - Curser)