Warriors Band Begins Halifax Odyssey III

Three seconds stretched over a two-minute period last Saturday afternoon made the difference for the University of Waterloo Warriors Band as Rob Froese sank two free throws and steal a 63-62 win from the Winnipeg Wesmen. With those free throws, the Warriors Band (and the basketball team) is going to Halifax for the CIAU Final Four tournament tonight and tomorrow.

The regional tournament held here last weekend was one of four across the country to determine the participants in the Final Four. Waterloo's regional featured the #14 Calgary Dinosaurs, the #8 Winnipeg Wesmen and the #7 McGill Redmen as well as the #3 Warriors. In the first game, the Wesmen upset the Redmen 85-75. In the important semifinal, the Warriors Band introduced a new weapon to the Calgary Dinosaurs: a song (sung, not played). The tune is the same as the Washington Redskins fight song; the lyrics are by Steve Hayman and Dave Waddington.

> Hail to the Warriors
> Beat Calgary
> Brains the size of walnuts
> Extinct for centuries!

With that, the Dinosaurs gave a tough fight, taking a 38-34 half time lead, but rolled over and played dead like their namesakes in an exciting second half featuring Waterloo's almost-patented comeback as the Warriors took an 81-72 victory to advance to Saturday's final.

Saturday's consolation game saw McGill bounce Calgary 85-78 in a not terribly hotly contested game. McGill took the lead late in the first half, controlled the game in the second half, and coasted to victory.

The final was another story. Winnipeg has come so close to playing in the Final Four, and never made it. Waterloo wanted another crack at Victoria. Winnipeg and Waterloo have a great basketball rivalry and always play an exciting game against each other. Never in recent history (as long as I've been here) has home court meant so much to the Warriors.

The crowd, led by the Warriors Band, started cheering the Warriors half an hour before the game began. They never let up, except for Waterloo free throws, until well after the game was over. The crowd almost refused to stop cheering for the awards ceremony. During the game, Peter Savich scored 28 points (20 in the first half to give the Warriors a 38-29 lead after 20 minutes), Randy Norris made 5 of 6 free throws, and Rob "Iceman" Froese scored the Warriors' championship-clinching points for the second year in succession.

The Warriors now travel 2000 kilometres to face, of all possible opponents, the Western Mustangs. (Loud boos and catcalls are appropriate here.) The other semifinal game in Halifax features the Victoria Vikings (more catcalls) and their conference nemesis Saskatchewan Huskies. The second-ranked Vikes trounced #5 Lethbridge 79-59 in the Far West regional final, while #12 Saskatchewan ousted top-ranked Manitoba 72-59 in the Midwest regional. How #11 Western got there is beyond me--they squeaked past #6 Prince Edward Island 78-74 in overtime, and then beat #15 Acadia 63-62 (sound familiar?) in the final. Acadia disposed of #4 York the previous night, but that was no surprise, as the Yeomen always lose their first regional game.

The Warriors Band, and the two basketball games, will be on TSN tonight at 5:00 and 7:30 local time. The final game, and the Warriors Band, will be televised on CTV tomorrow afternoon at 2:00. Tune in and listen to the Band play popular favourites like *Tiger Rag*, *Pennsylvania 65000*, *Ghostbusters* and *Waterloo, Waterloo*. Watch the games for entertainment between pieces.

One final note: The Band heartily thanks the fans who contributed a total of just over $300 to their trip after Saturday's victory. The money is buying fuel for the two vans carrying the Band to Halifax. Special thanks also go to MathSoc, which by contributing $200 to the Warriors Band, caused EngSoc to dig deeper to match the contribution, and to the University for the special rate on the one van they finally let us rent.

I'm not going to sign my real name until the Warriors win the championship or I graduate, whichever comes first.

dwarf

MATHSOC presents...

The BOX

Wednesday March 19   8 pm   Fed Hall

Feds: $6   Others: $8

NOTICE

Meetings with Candidates for Dean of Math

The Nominating Committee for the Dean of Mathematics has undertaken a valiant quest to find a new Dean to take over the helm of the U.S.S. Watmath. Three brave persons, all with The Right Stuff, have allowed their names to be considered by our valiant committee. They are:

Professor J.G. Kalbfleisch (Statistics and Actuarial Science)
Professor J.D. Lawson (Computer Science)
Professor W.B. Pulleyblank (Combinatorics and Optimization)

There will be six meetings scheduled for faculty, staff and students to meet our valiant heroes. Each hero will be available for two meetings, one for the 'fifth floor people', scheduled to suit their timetables, and one for the 'sixth floor people'. Both are open to any other life forms.

Our valiant candidates have agreed to have their c.v.'s, detailing their awesome deeds, distributed to their departments, where people can be held in awe as they read of their brave struggles.

Meeting times and places will be announced through the departments as soon as they can be arranged.

LookAhead

Math Events
18 Mar   St Patrick's Day++ at the Bombshelter
19 Mar   The Box end of term concert
22 Mar   Math Grad Ball
Co-Ops Only
Good luck, wherever you go!
17 Mar Employment Results Available
Fed Flix $1 Feds, $3 aliens
AL116 at 8 pm (extra shows at 10:30 pm on Fri, Sat)
14-16 Mar Jagged Edge
21-23 Mar Rocky Horror Picture Show
Cinema Gratis *9:30 in the CC—it's free!*
(with selected short feature)
19 Mar Falcon and the Snowman (Vertical Roll)
26 Mar Slapshot (Just Another Job)
DCS Courses Free!
Contact DCS (MC 2045) for more information
17-19 Mar Intro to GML
17-19 Mar Intro to SPSSX
UW Arts Centre
Call 885 4280 for more info and tickets
14-15 Mar Richard III
17 Mar   Peter Samelson (magician)
18, 20-22 Mar Richard III
21 Mar   Colorado, Where the West Comes
(Kiwanis Travel & Adventure Series)
Other Events
15 Mar   Theatresports! 8 pm, HH 180, $1
mathNEWS
(We've gone weekly!)
17 Mar Deadline for articles
17 Mar Next production night™ (MC3038, 7 pm)
21 Mar Next **mathNEWS** hits the streets

Ultra-Classified

Still Desperately Seeking Alexa - Life has no meaning without you; your eyes - so mysterious, your smile - so exciting, your laugh - like silver bells tinkling. Math C&D, Wed. 2:30. - Your admirer.

Angelika, have you remembered your locker combination yet?

Wanted: Harvey's French-fry forks. (In bulk, especially for exams.) Contact Gino.

So Sayeth The Editor

By now you've probably noticed that **mathNEWS** has become a weekly publication. In order to accomplish this a number of measures had to be taken. One of these was finding advertisers to provide additional operating capitol for **mathNEWS**.

The more important step relates to the commitment required from the staff. Consider in particular the editor for whom each issue of **mathNEWS** requires two full evenings of work. It should be obvious that any conscientious student could not handle the production-editing job on a weekly basis. It is for that reason that i'd planned to unload the production-editing task to others for issues five and seven of **mathNEWS**.

Prezz Sezz

Where does your $5 go?

Do you ever wonder? Well, I'll let you know. All those events Mathsoc puts on like the Wine and Cheese, Pubs at Fed Hall, movie night, MGB, orientation, all those clubs who have speakers and seminars, all **mathNEWS** issues, the photocopier, staples and secretary require money. That is where your money goes. Don't you think that it is worthwhile and all for a measly $5. Where else can you get that and more? All positions on Mathsoc council are volunteer. Mathsoc is never out to make a profit. We always try to break even and in the long run we do. Sometimes there is a loss; other times there is a surplus. All the money goes towards making a Math student's life more bearable, easier and enjoyable. I hope we make a difference during your years at Waterloo. If you have any ideas of where your money should go, I am open to suggestions.

Just a reminder about the C&D

Every Math student knows and loves the C&D. But some of us are taking it for granted. It has been brought to my attention by concerned individuals that the C&D is being abused. Students complain that by 4:00 it isn't 2 for 1 yet. And there are several individuals that wait for the C&D to close so that they can maybe get some free food instead of buying something before it closes. I can understand that if one is hungry and it is too late to purchase something at the C&D and one sees food lying outside the C&D, then one can help themselves. I myself have helped myself to the leftovers. But to purposefully wait, that is terrible. The C&D is a non-profit organization. It is there to perform a service to the students, but it is not a free-for-all. Salaries, maintenance, rent and freezers must be paid for. It is no secret that the C&D is making money. How else do you think it pays for all this. Where do you think the carpeted lounge furniture came from - the sky, or the Math faculty? In a few months time, new tables, booths and chairs will be placed in the C&D lounges replacing the ugly, wobbly round tables and chairs. The money for this is coming from a surplus in the C&D's budget. All these things are done to improve student life, to make our Math building more comfortable and enjoyable for all of us students. Any students out there who were here a few years ago must be really impressed with the improvements. The money of the C&D is being used to benefit you, so appreciate the surroundings when you sit in the lounges. We should be thrilled with the prices the C&D charges, they are the cheapest on campus - so please don't complain.

Wilma van der Veen
Mathsoc President

The production-editing task is only part of the responsibility of the editor. The editor assumes total responsibility for the content and appearance of **mathNEWS**. It is for that reason that i accept the "blame" for Slash Sinatra's article in the last issue of **mathNEWS**.

Allow me to briefly explain the purpose of **mathNEWS**. The purpose of **mathNEWS** is to inform, to entertain, and to provide a forum for students' opinions. That's right! Being funded by students we have a responsibility to consider for publication the opinion of any block-head that comes along. Because of space restrictions, we are not obligated to print everything that comes along. It is up to the editor to determine what is quality material and what is not.

Although Slash is entitled to his peculiar opinions and **mathNEWS** should consider them for publication, i would have chosen to print something else. A choice was available, but i wasn't the one making the choice - it was made by a substitute production-editor who i appointed.

dan the editor

From the Mouths of Profs

Professor Fitzgerald is sick. I hope he won't die, but that's his problem.

> Gus Bakos PHYS 251

The meeting ends when it's over

> Henry Hoeksma CS 446

It doesn't look good kneeling in front of the class ... and no perverted comments please.

> Eric Fraga CS 337

Consider the game of chicken, played by two Hell's Angels. I hope there are no Hell's Angels in this class.

> U.S.R Murty C&O 456

Keep all the guys in the checkered suits out of the review.

> Henry Hoeksma CS 446

Everybody else should go to sleep at this particular time.

> Bruce Char CS 350

I can tell it's Friday. Maybe I should bring in a case of beer next week.

> Bev Marshman AM 260

I teach the course in three weeks so it has time to sink in.

> Keith Rowe MATH 244B

Once we finish chapter 4, it's just a matter of going on to chapters 5, 6 and 7.

> M.A. Bennett ACTSCI 231

One thing to keep in mind here is that it's still useless.

> Chris Springer STAT 231

In general, all of this is totally useless.

> Eric Fraga CS 337

This isn't calculus, so we won't worry about it.

> Eric Fraga CS 337

Let's make this graph a bit plainer.

> Prof Jackson C&O 230

A truth or a truth is generally a truth.

> J.H. Vellinga CS 235

If they're both true, then it's false.

> J.H. Vellinga CS 235

Some theorems are truer than others.

> K.S. Booth CS 140

I think it's time not for a proof, it's time for a statement

> C. Small STAT 333

Proof: Some things are just obvious.

> - ELE 323

It works - otherwise it would be wrong.

> K. Calik CS 369

That's right! How the hell did you know that?

> J. Wainwright MATH 230A

We're going to do something rather unpleasant. We're going to write down a differential equation to solve.

> C. Small STAT 333

And now we will screw around with this part of the equation.

> Keith Sharpe ACTSC 222

A mechanism is really just another word for a kludge.

> R. Aleliunas CS 350

Any dumb-bell can do this - just watch me.

> Ross Honsberger C&O 230

The fact that this example is realistic is totally irrelevent

> - SCI 205

The only reason for this is to increase quality. This is clearly not relevent in the mathematical model.

> Ian Munro CS 360

But there's no physical interpretation for that. That's always a silly thing to say.

> Prof Shadwick PM 443

Did I spell that right?

> Prof Mosevich CS 330

How do you spell that, is it 'ie' or 'ei'?

> Prof Mosevich CS 330

I can't even do mushrooms anymore

> G. Cornack CS 454

An honest woman ... that's a shame!

> Fr. D. Mowat MATH 134B (St Jerome's)

I just got chalkdust in my eyes. I wont quote **mathNEWS**. I'm already quoted enough in **mathNEWS**.

> Ian Munro CS 140

Gosh! What am I doing?

> C. Haff C&O 351

All statements I make are trivial.

> - PMATH 334

I think five minutes is a long time for me to go without saying something silly.

> C. Small STAT 333

On St. Patrick's Day

With St. Patrick's Day approaching, i am reminded of an unusual sequence of events which occurred last year around St. Patrick's Day.

On the day preceding St. Patrick's Day i learned that i could forgive myself for failing two midterms because i'd broken my leg. The fact that i was in perfect health when i wrote the midterms did not prevent me from forgiving myself.

Like almost everything i do, i'd broken my leg in a weird manner. I wont go into details - it's really a whole story by itself. But let's just say it had something to do with a pink tie, a cup of coffee, and Fido the wonderdog.

A girl named Suzy introduced herself to me in my CS class on St. Patrick's Day. Seeing me in crutches, she offered to help me carry my books back to the village. After slipping my books into my back-pack and slinging it over my shoulder, we headed for the village.

It was one of those days when the wind and the rain try out a new hairstyle on everyone. So here i was, hobbling back to the village with my hair looking ridiculous, listening to the babblings of someone that i'd just met.

She told me a story about her ex-boyfriend's girlfriend's father's cousin's daughter's best friend's friend who had also recently broken his leg at school. I though the story was remarkably detailed, coming 7th-hand as it did. Three days later i found out that it was actually a story about me and was totally false.

I determined that this was a sign from a higher plane and Suzy and i were married the next day. The marriage was very short since Suzy had lied about her age.

I think there was a lesson to be learned from all this relating to the unpredictability of the month of March.

> dan schnabel

Back sLash

To the editor:

We found Slash Sinatra's article in the last **mathNEWS** exceedingly distasteful and ignorant to the extreme. Unquestionably people's driving abilities vary, but *everyone's* skills are impaired by alcohol and drugs – including Mr. Sinatra's superlative skills. Impairment reduces reaction time while increasing self-confidence, a lethal combination endangering everyone on the road. Mr. Sinatra says "If I drink and drive, it's my business". Not if you venture out of your private driveway – at that point you're playing with other people's lives, not only with yours.

<div align="right">

Steve Rapaport   Paul Elliot

David Rowley   Rob Ferguson

Al Sary   Tom Haapanen

Lisa Seabrooke   William Hughes

Tim Tyhurst   Len Popp

</div>

Idiot (ie. Slash):

I nearly killed three people (and myself included) when I wiped out at 100 mph while driving loaded (and I mean LOADED). I also realize that I would have never done anything so idiotic if I'd have even been reasonably sober (I didn't even know I was going that fast till a passenger pointed it out). Right now I just got another car and am paying $3,000 insurance. It may sound a trite but I'm more than a little glad that I don't have to pay anything else, like with the guilt of a death or with my own life.

Don't even try to say that it's your own business if you walk into a MacDonalds and spray a few rounds off 'just to loosen up' (it's the same thing). It's everybody's business (sound familiar?) and personally (now anyway) I think you should probably have your lungs torn out if you hurt anyone while your doing it. Don't drink and drive, it's not even close to worth it in the long run.

<div align="right">

sincerly, Barrismo

</div>

Slash's article in favour of Drunk Driving, in last week's **mathNEWS** is the most asinine and completely ignorant article I've ever had the misfortune of stumbling across. All of his points are either completely untrue or are irrelevant to the issue of drinking and driving.

In his second paragraph, he says he has been drinking and driving for years and has never felt that the safety of himself, his passengers, or any others were at risk. This shows a total lack of comprehension of the problem. Of course he didn't feel as though others were at risk, that's the point. I'd certainly like to think that anyone, even Slash, would have enough common sense to not drive if they felt others were at risk. But just because you feel that others are not at risk doesn't mean they aren't.

The danger in drunk driving is that although you are impaired, you *feel* safe.

When you are impaired, your reaction time is slower, so no matter how carefully you drive, the fraction of a second which you lose in an emergency could cost someone their life, even if you *feel* safe. In his fourth paragraph, Slash claims there are people who know how to drive safely when under the influence of alcohol. *Bullshit!* It doesn't matter how 'good' you are at drunk driving–if you are "under the influence", you cannot respond as fast as usual in an emergency. If this is your definition of safe, Slash, then your whole article makes sense.

The point of Slash's fourth paragraph seems to be that there are drivers who drive worse when sober than he does when he is drunk, so why can't he drive drunk? Is he suggesting that nobody should ever be ticketed unless they were driving worse than everyone else? I think a better solution would be to have a more practical and detailed drivers' test, and then have all drivers take the test every five years or so.

Slash then brings up (and subsequently abuses) his first valid point, the fact that spot checks are truly unconstitutional. Unfortunately, Slash lacks an understanding of the magnitude of the problem. What he mistakes for a 'judicial sham' is actually the courts' em-

phasizing that there are times when the good of the people must take priority over the Constitution. They decided that the possibility of saving even a few innocent lives from accidents brought on by drunk driving is more important than a person's right to not be spot checked. I think that if you looked around, Slash, you'd be hard pressed to find even a small minority of people who agree with you in condemning this decision.

Slash, your second last paragraph is the piee de reistance because it combines your ignorance of the topic with your blatant disregard for human lives other than your own. Your complete ignorance of the topic (or lack of desire to understand) is shown when you say, "Why are the [drinking and driving] ads geared at (and featuring) young people? Are more youths charged for drinking and driving than older people? I doubt it." It is not being charged that's the issue. It's killing people. It is a generally known fact (at least to Mathies) that young people have a higher percentage of drunk driving accidents than any other age group. (The exact numbers are available from any number of government reports in the Arts Library.) Obviously this is why the ads are aimed at youth more often than any other age group.

Amazingly, your comment just before that one was even more unbelievable. You ask, "How much must this [the Don't Drink and Drive campaign] be costing the taxpayer?". I don't know about you, Slash, but I have a tough time putting a price on a human life. Are you suggesting that the innocent lives saved by this campaign weren't worth the money?

I hope I speak for everyone [certainly for me - Typist] when I say I don't care if you're "tired of hearing these ads every time you turn on the radio", because they obviously haven't soaked in. Maybe instead of being "really surprised that the general public is lying down and taking it like wimps", you should assume it's you, not everyone else, that is wrong. You should re-evaluate your concern for human lives other than your own. Maybe next time you're about to drive drunk you could see it in your heart to inconvenience yourself and spend a few bucks on a cab instead (maybe you could get someone else to pay).

You have chosen to live in a country that has incredible, but not total, freedom. You are allowed almost anything as long as it doesn't threaten human life. If you drink and drive it's everyone's business.

Re: Slash's Shoebox

Concerning your article on drinking and driving, we are unsure whether to take it seriously or not. If you are serious, listen up asshole!

The laws you spoke of are in existence because of swell-heads like yourself who show, among other things, total lack of intelligence and consideration for anyone else. To believe that impaired persons should be allowed to operate a motor vehicle is ludicrous. You are more concerned with your own financial situation if you are caught driving impaired than with the possible loss of life (or lives) due to your condition. The operation of a vehicle on public roads is a privilege, not a right, and is subject to the laws which reflect public opinion. These laws protect the rights of an individual, as well as society as a whole.

If **mathNEWS** must stoop to printing articles of this quality we would rather see blank pages.

<div align="right">

A. Hergert

W.J. Plosinjah

3B Math

</div>

Dear Slash Sinatra

Some of your "Hey lets all drink and drive", "it's really an oppressive world out there isn't it" and "life is unfair" comments are well taken. Most of the anti-D&D campaign is of the "irresponsible drunk kills young girl" and "let's compare the automobile to various types of field artillery" variety. Personally I felt that the mega-buck fines, years of imprisonment and removal of driving privilages for life was a bit stiff for an "accident" with an "irresponsible" driver.

Over the last seven years when D&D has become, shall we say, unfashionable, I have seen one (count them – one) article that reflects what is probably the real truth from a government point of view. The issue is of course *money*. During the recession (when alcohol consumption rises) somebody noticed that 5% of the hospital costs were being billed to: therapeutic treatment of the maimed victims of D&D accidents. (note the dead are cheaper) It costs hundreds of thousands of dollars per year per patient for therapy (trained nurses, doctors, aids, equipment, supplies, shelter, etc) and with thousands of people being added to the list each year it wasn't doing the deficit any good. As for your "How much must this [commercials] be costing the taxpayer? A lot." I can only say A lot less.

Needless to say you can't advertise this sort of thing and expect organizations like MADD (Mothers against drunk driving – gets you right there doesn't it?)to pop up and reinstate faith in humanitarian, let's-do-it-for-the-good-of-the-people government.

the Philosopher
3B Math

Typist's note: much of the advertising is done by radio and TV stations free of charge, as a public service message.

Dear mathNEWS Editor,

Sinatra's statement in the last issue of mathNEWS is not so much an argument, as a feeble-minded attempt at self-justification, backed up by neither corroborating nor objective evidence of any kind. Sinatra's claim to this so-called right is nothing more -- a claim to a "right" which does not exist.

I would also submit that the legal position of the government is unassailable as far as the drivers licence is concerned. A licence is a privilege granted by a duly appointed body to those deemed capable of driving safely. If, due to public pressure, the government chooses to change the restrictions on driving, it is the right and duty of the government to do so.

To attack Sinatra's points: Firstly, the current campaign is against driving while impaired. It has nothing to do with the drinking habits of drivers. The point raised about old drivers still being on the road is probably a good one, and (I believe) is currently acted upon by having yearly driver tests every year after age 65.

Secondly, methods of enforcement were claimed to be unjust. I claim they are just. That's the way the legal system works. If Sinatra wishes to say how spot checks are a "judicial sham", using logical argument instead of invective, then I would be happy to debate the issue.

Thirdly, the media campaign is aimed at getting the desired result, and since taxpayers have shown a demand, the government is justified in doing it. Sinatra claims that police spend too much time breath-checking young people. Statistically, however, far more people under age 25 are nailed than their age group would numerically warrant.

In short, "Slash", get your facts straight, and stop hiding your immature desire to do only what you want behind groundless claims for so-called "rights". The lack of logical argument is distressing, and should be pointed out in your letter to mathNEWS.

Chris Shaw
4B CS/EEE

The Time Has Come to set Slash straight

I'm not usually the type of person who writes responses to articles. I can usually give them a little chuckle of sarcasm and then forget about them. The proverbial straw that broke the camel's back was Slash Sinatra's article in the March 7th **mathNEWS**. This article blatantly condones drunk driving. At first I thought it was just a joke, considering the usual contents of **mathNEWS**. However, the more times that I read it, the more it became clear to me that he was serious (or that it was a very bad joke). Paragraph after paragraph, he quickly lost what little respect I had for him.

He talks of the questioning of authority for the preservation of "the general good of society". I agree with this. We shouldn't accept anything on blind faith. But Mr. Sinatra proceeds to give nothing more than selfish excuses for why he thinks he is saving society.

Everyone who is of legal drinking age is entitled to as much alcohol as they wish as long as they don't irreparably harm themselves and especially others. That's why law enforcement agencies have set limits on the amount of alcohol people of certain weight classes can drink before they are considered "impaired". This is not simply a conspiracy against Mr. Sinatra whose paranoia drives him to think "certain 'authorities' in this country are claiming to know my abilities and limitations better than I". Now either Mr. Sinatra has kept within these limits or he has been damn lucky when he says that his safety and the safety of others has never been compromised by his impairment. I can't dispute his claim that he is a safe driver, but unless Mr. Sinatra has a very powerful crystal ball, "what he can and cannot do behind the wheel" when impaired cannot be predicted and someday may even be fatal.

Another point made by Mr. Sinatra that I agree with is that there are a lot of bad drivers on the road today. It's a crime that some of these people even got their license. But neither are these people above the law for their bad driving nor does this fact make it right to drive impaired. The people Mr. Sinatra refer to as "good at it (driving impaired)" are like him, just damn lucky.
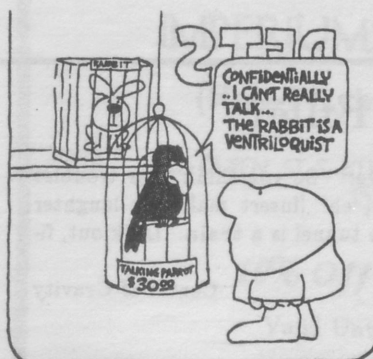
I hate quoting cliches, but one comes to mind when reading Mr. Sinatra's paragraph on spot checks, "Better safe than sorry". Sorry is what the people who drive impaired should be. Sorry is what the killers of thousands of innocent people should be. Sorry is what the destroyers of thousands of dollars of property should be. And sorry is what the police are when they see an alcohol related traffic fatality.

Drunk driving isn't smart. It isn't even fun. I know. I've been the passenger in two alcohol related accidents and was lucky enough to come out of them with just a bump on my head and a bad case of jitters. The media blitz is used to scare people out of drunk driving because drunk driving itself is scary. For every one person who considers stopping impaired driving because of these ads, the value of the ad doubles. The reason that most of these ads are directed at youths is because as youths grow into legal drinking age and legal driving age the decision whether to drive impaired or not should be foremost in their minds. Once the habit starts, it's a hard habit to break (right Slash!).

So Slash, if you drink and drive it is anything but only your business. If I ever catch you drinking and driving, I will personally feed you a very large brick. Normally I'd be concerned about your safety when you drive impaired, but since you feel the way that you do, I couldn't care less whether you killed yourself or not. But the next time you climb into your car drunk, stop and think about someone besides yourself.

My apologies for being uncharacteristically serious to anyone who knows me. I really don't want to see **mathNEWS** turn into another Imprint. I just don't like it when people drink and drive and tell everybody it's alright. "Question authority. Do it every day." Just stop to think when you do.

One SADD person
Gary Matsell
2B Math, CS

ASK D.K.

Dear D.K.,

I, like anyone else, need to let loose and enjoy myself on occasion. Personally, I like to quaff a few brews, but my present state of financial destitution does not allow for this. What can I do?

Aleless, Ailing And Helpless

Dear AAAH,

Just a short while ago, I would have been inequipped to solve your problem. Thanks to startling new advances on the frontier of scientific discovery, however, it is possible that you may be delivered from your dire dilemma.

For $9.95 plus $20.00 shipping, handling and extra-dimensional linkage, Acme-Tesseract Inc. will send you you're very own *Brewski Klein Bottle*. "Why use a stein when you could be drinking from a Klein."

This latest of commercial items, is a simple construction in four dimensions. Acme-Tesseract Inc. has made use of the three spatial dimensions so near and dear to our hearts (near 'cause we're in 'em and dear 'cause they allow effective use of aerosol sprays) in addition to a dimension which, happily, is filled with beer.

First discovered several years ago on an episode of *In Search of...* with Leonard Nimoy, the Beer Dimension was not noticed until very recently when a research assistant had a sizeable amount of beer sloshed on him. When none of his pals owned up to the prank, he correctly guessed that it was a spontaneous extra-dimensional manifestation.

Work commenced immediately to develop a method of tapping this inestimably valuable resource. The fruition of these labours is now available to the public in the form of the *Brewski Klein Bottle* which when unstopperred, spews forth a limitless stream of golden brew.

The beer dimension has brought about more than technological breakthroughs, however. It has been suggested, for instance, that spontaneous manifestations of the Beer Dimension occur all the time, though they are rarely noticed.

This theory is being greeted with increasing effervescence in many fields as plausible answers are now available to many great mysteries of the past. For instance, why those fossilized centipedal things you see are always curled up in little spirals.

But I digress. You can read about them for yourself in "Prehistoric Manifestations of the drunken whirlies" by Riel E. Doused. I also recommend "The Drunkenness of Dinosaurs vs. the Tolerance of Trilobytes: A Battle for Survival" by Ian A. Stupor.

Tapping the Beer Dimension has put us on the brink of a new era which will herald unprecedented social upheaval. My advice is to get your *Brewski Klein Bottle* before the government can slap a tax on it, sit back and enjoy the fun.

Good luck

D.K.

NEXT WEEK: Having read your column last week I became worried. Is anyone researching the potential ill effects that the extensive tapping of the Beer Dimension may have on the environment? In particular, I am concerned about seal pups. This won't hurt seal pups, will it?

Blatant Filler

"Wheee!! Midterms are almost over!" So you think your troubles are over and you can go crazy now, eh? [Insert malicious laughter here.] Well, the light at the end of the tunnel is a **train**. Look out, finals are coming!

Centre of Gravity

The Raj of Rochester

Part Six

{*When last we left our luckless wanderers, mild-mannered student Pierce Williams and the slave woman Tiswa, they were trekking across the featureless wasteland of what once might have been Haldimand County if it had played its cards right. As the sun set at the end of a long and dusty day, "Sir Percival" still had only a vague notion of who their objective, the Raj of Rochester, was.*}

The dreams were getting worse. After dreaming about my father's suicide I knew something was up in dreamland. Somebody was trying to tell me something and the next time they pulled out all the stops.

I was lying in a huge ornate bed with tall silky curtains, the scent of incense rank in the air. Suddenly this female *thing* tore open the curtains. Its head writhed with snakes and a hot yellow breath issued from its mouth; it had a double set of breasts in front and a long, sinuous tail behind. It made for me. It made me. As it mounted me it filled my mouth with sulphurous smoke and I awoke.

It was Tiswa. I yelled and rolled away from her on the damp ground. Now crouched two yards away from me she glowered in the light of the full moon, not understanding, a frightened animal.

* * *

The next day we travelled in silence. I never felt so utterly alone when I wasn't. Whatever went on in Tiswa's head, she didn't tell me. I knew I somehow had done the wrong thing, but what was the right thing? I knew I couldn't lust without love–and in that strange world, I didn't even know how to live, let alone love.

It was the day after that we reached the cataract. It was unmistakeable; no Honeymoon City, no Tussaud's, but it was undoubtedly Niagara Falls. Even more undoubtedly, we had to find a way to cross it in order to reach the Raj. Tiswa suggested following the river until the current was slow enough to cross, but I knew the geography too well. We had to find a bridge.

Four miles upstream we found a single wooden span, once (perhaps) a railway bridge. It hung on slender piers maybe sixty feet above the tumult. It was when we started across the bridge that I looked to my side and thought I understood Tiswa. She would always go forward from one moment to the next, taking the path of least resistance. She would always be sure.

Always wasn't very long, as it happened. We were just halfway across when the wavering structure of the bridge came to a sudden decision, deciding to collapse into the roaring river. I ran. Tiswa hesitated, a donkey between two piles of hay. And then it was entirely too late. She let out the most beautiful scream as she fell, her yellow robe flap flapping in the air.

I spent the rest of the day and the next night sitting on the bank, staring down at the foam and eddies in the flow. I scattered flower petals into the uncaring water; they did that for Gandhi, didn't they? Gandhi was a great man; he knew which way he was going. The path of least resistance. Martyrdom, but for what?

Finally I started gathering food and scraps of fuel, knowing that I wasn't entirely without anywhere to go or anything to do. I must have been brought there for a purpose. Every choice had been carefully circumscribed for me. If I went on and followed the road, going through the motions, the answer would come.

Thomas Ivey

THE ADVENTURES OF WATMAN

As our heroes were being encased in solidifying turkey gravy, it appeared as if this were the end for Watman and his faithful companion, Duck. The crusading capers had what appeared to be their final conversation:

"Well, Duck, it appears that we're cooked," said Watman.

"Yeah, I guess so. I'll miss fighting crime around Watham City, and I'll miss all those campus statues."

"Yes, Duck. I'm afraid evil will triumph this time..."

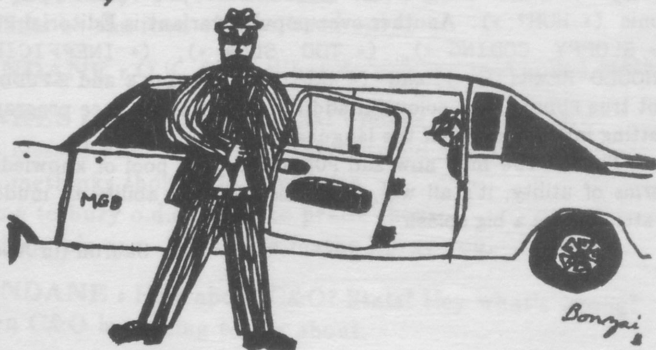"...and most of all, I'll miss the C+D...Hey, wait a minute!!!"

Quickly, Duck used what little mobility he had left to turn over, just seconds before the gravy would harden encasing them forever. Then, all of a sudden, Duck was free, and the gravy became a black, goooey liquid once again. Soon, Watman found himself free as well, much to his surprise.

"That's amazing, Duck. How did we get free?", said Watman.

"Quite simple. I just remembered that I had a leftover cup of C+D coffee in my WatKit, so I just struggled to tip the cup over. The coffee then dissolved the turkey gravy and all the ropes and everything. Wholly streakers, Watman, it's starting to dissolve our underwear now!"

"Oh no! Our WatClothes are disappearing. Quick! Get the spare Watcostumes! Then we'll ambush the Choker."

Just as soon as our heroes changed, the Choker, with his gang, returned screaming, "Curses! I thought I had turned you into Village dinner! But you won't be free for long. Seize them, my chefs."

Schmork! Plorpp!! Grop!!!

When they regained consciousness, the Choker and his accomplices found themselves as patients at Health and Safety, with Watman, Duck and The Doctor looking on.

"This is the worst case of food poisoning that I have ever treated since I left Gallifrey, Watman. How exactly did you apprehend these villains?", said The Doctor.

"It was quite simple. We merely made them eat their own creations before they had a chance to inflict them on the unsuspecting co-op students. It was a piece of cake, shall we say. In any case, the Choker's goose appears to be cooked for a long time. Come on Duck, let's get back to the Watcave and rebuild the Watcomputer."

Thus, the crude capesaders went off towards the Watmobile by way of the Chemistry building. However, along the way, they found an issue of the *Carbon Copy* lying on the floor.

"Wholly litterbugs, Watman, people don't seem to use the garbage cans anymore."

"I know Duck, it's such a disgrace when supposedly mature students are polluting our campus. I'll properly dispose of this..."

"Wait, Watman, what's this? SciSoc's announced that they have a new mascot. It looks like...Oh No!!!"

"Oh Yes, my dear little duckie," shouted a voice near the heroes. "I have returned."

"Why, it's the Penguin! I thought we got rid of you six years ago. Now, you've come to inflict your scientific terror on the world!"

"You are correct my dear Watman. And I'm already at work on my latest dastardly deed. I am going to take some nuclear materials from the Physics lab, and I will create an M-bomb and detonate it in Watham Town Square! Ha ha ha..."

"Wholly core dump, Watman, the M-bomb will mutate all the citizens of Watham City! All right, Penguin, you're not getting anywhere with your radioactive ruckus!"

"Let's jump him, Duck!"

But as Watman and Duck lunged after that chemical arch-villain, the Penguin took out his chemical umbrella and sprayed a substance at our heroes. Instantly, Watman and Duck collapsed, and were at the mercy of the Penguin.

"Heh heh! My anaesthetic umbrella works every time! Now, let's take these scraped cremators and subject them to radioactivity. So it's off to the Physics lab for you do-gooders."

Well, what can we say? Will Duck be decomposed into protozoa? Will Watman becomes a brother of Yoda? Or can our heroes still save Watham City from imminent biological reorganisation?

Sha-na-na-na na-na-na-na sha-na-na-na na-na-na-na,

WATMAN!!

The Chuckler

From Pillero's Desk

Sometimes I just don't know my own strength!

Bonzai

The Surfin' Einsteins
The Big Mistake
A True Story by W. Flaghoople

If you didn't read about the Surfin' Einsteins in the last two issues, run out and get both copies and read them fast!

Our heroes have, by some miracle, survived the nuclear holocaust which Joey caused (accidently) by spilling beer on the control panel of their five dimensional accelerator.

As we look in on the Fab Five of Fysics, Joey has just regained consciousness and looks up from where he lies in the rubble to see Bruce Springsteen!

JOEY: Oh no!

BRUCE: Hey there, little Joey. Y'know me and some friends of mine just came up here to donate some time to help all you real Americans affected by that nuclear thing.

(He helps Joey to his feet.)

There you go, kid.

(Several photographers are snapping pictures of this. In the background, Tina Turner and Pat Benatar carry victims by stretchers out to waiting ambulances, Lionel Ritchie is carefully bandaging a little bird who's wing was singed by the nuclear fireball, Michael Jackson entertains injured children with a puppet show, and Stevie Wonder wanders about aimlessly.)

JOEY: This is like a bad dream.

(The other four brothers approach him.)

BOBO: Joey, I hate to tell you man, but you messed up.

FRANK: Messed up good.

SONNY: Yeah.

LOU: What would grandpa Albert say, knowing that another great idea of his has caused destruction?

(All five bow their heads.)

JOEY: W-w-was anybody killed?

FRANK: No, but whoever that weird dude was, he's gone.

JOEY: Gone where?

FRANK: Easter Island, as near as I can figure.

BOBO: Well, I think its our duty as the Surfin' Einsteins to bring him back.

FRANK: That's okay correctin' what we did to him, but how're we gonna repay the government for all the damage we've done?

SONNY: Well, boys, there's only one solution... we're gonna have to give them our Unified Field Theory as payment.

(The other four brothers bow their heads even lower, realising that he is right. After a long, mournful pause, Lou speaks up...)

LOU: Hey, what ever happened to those Newtonians anyway?

* * *

(Meanwhile, beside a deserted highway somewhere in Nevada, the nasty Newtonians work on trying to get their crippled hot air balloon airborne...)

NEWTONIAN #1: (Yelling) I keep tellin' ya... F=ma! F=ma!

(Other Newtonians are working with a various assortment of slide rules, pencils, tables, pulleys and sheets of paper.)

* * *

(Back in New Mexico, the Surfin' Einsteins are at the Albequerque airport making plans to rescue the man that their machine sent to Easter Island, unaware that he has been given strict orders to eliminate them.)

Flight Clerk: I'm sorry, sir. No commercial airlines schedule flights to Easter Island.

SONNY: But we just gotta get there! We gotta!

(Suddenly a female figure appears on the scene.)

ALL FIVE BROTHERS: (Gasping) It's Mary Tyler Moore!

MARY TYLER MOORE: I'll give you guys a lift, really it's no problem.

Next: "We're goin' down to Easter Island with Mary Tyler Moore!!!"

PUDDLE
A UDL Variant

Programmers' Universal Design Documentation Language (Enhanced) is a special subset of UDL used by comuputer programmers. PUDDLE is putatively provided to explain the workings of programs.

While PUDDLE cannot be formally described per se, there exists a simple grammar for the "pure" form of the language. Pure PUDDLE has two forms: Obvious and Arcane. Its corruptions feature numerous subtypes, commmonly including Query and Editorial.

Obvious PUDDLE is most commonly found introducing or concluding logical blocks of code. This is due to the fact that most blocks of code are least clear in the middle. O-PUDDLE has one function—to tell you something that you already knew. Here are some examples:

```
1.   PROCEDURE FILE_OPEN      (* OPENS A FILE *)

2.   IF FLAG = TRUE THEN      (* CHECK WHETHER
                                 FLAG IS TRUE *)
       CALL GLOTTL            (* IF FLAG TRUE *)
       ELSE CALL EPIGLOTTL    (* IF FLAG FALSE *)

3.   (* END OF SOURCE CODE *)
     (appearing on last line)
```

Note that in Example 2, O-PUDDLE gives no clue as to the nature of the GLOTTL routines.

The other pure PUDDLE dialect, Arcane, is used in order to complicate already complex code. It is provided to satisfy corporate coding standards by programmers who feel, "If it was hard to write; it should be impossible to understand."

Some quick examples of A-PUDDLE:

```
1.   IF A(SET(6,(2*I+
        SQR(PCT),J+1),
        LEN$(B$))=DIVZ        (* UNMATCHED
                                 PARENS DELIB *)

     THEN WHILE (JB=6 OR
        QRCXT(17%&&#
        ($V36T)/@QRT)) DO
        CALL HOME;            (* AS IN
                                 TONPRGZ *)
        CALL PIZZA-967-1111;  (* MUST CLEAR
                                 MD$ *)
     OD.

2.   SU=A(2)+SQRT(B(J,J2))*DIV  (* MESTAL'S
                                   ALGORITHM *)

3.   ES$=CHR$(27)+CHR$(15)+"AZ%"  (* COMMON PRT
                                     TYPE *)
```

In addition to these "pure" dialects, PUDDLE has variants such as Query: (* DOES THIS EVER EXECUTE? *), (* WHY *), or the laconic (* HUH? *). Another ever-popular variant is Editorial PUDDLE: (* SLOPPY CODING *), (* TOO SLOW *), (* INEFFICIENT - SHOULD REWRITE *), and (* UGH! *). Q-PUDDLE and E-PUDDLE are not true PUDDLE, but colourful additions by maintenance programmers getting into the spirit of the language.

There. You may now add PUDDLE to your pool of knowledge. In terms of utility, it's all wet, but artistically its ability to muddy the waters makes a big splash.

Sauron (in Absentia)

Much Ado About Nothing

Enter [SHAKESpeare with Nobles and Attendants]

SHAKES : Now is the winter of my discontent.
Mark me. Of twice three midterms have I spent
So many a torturous hour, methinks no more
And seek to change the subjects of my daily chore.
A course a course my kingdom for a course.
Soft you now; here comes one, may lift my remorse.

Enter [Math UNDergraduate Advisor for New Entrees]

MUNDANE : *(aside)* Never a moment's peace.
Oh my God, is that the latest fashion trend. O.k.
now just remember, smile and nod. Good Morning.
Before I can help you, I have to know what year
you're in.

SHAKES : Was it two be or not two be? That is a question!
Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I.
Oh forgetful, hateful, damnable villian.

MUNDANE : Hey! Don't get carried away now. This
happens all the time. Listen, what's your name?

SHAKES : My name escapes me. Tis so.
And yet you would have it though it be mine
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
by any other name would smell as sweet.
So quest not for that of which thou knowest naught
Be take me for that which I am.

MUNDANE : Ah, right. Tell you what, bub, why don't
you come back tomorrow or the next day and we'll see what
we can do?

SHAKES : Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.
Friend, woman, countryman, lend me your ears.
New math have I come forth to learn
Teach me not your idle pratings.
Lo! Is this a calendar I see before me?
Come let me clutch thee!

MUNDANE : Let go of that! Listen, if you want me to
help you, you're going to have to help yourself. Now which
math course do you want to take? Pure math?

SHAKES : Alas, Pure math. I knew it.
I do recall a space the contents of which
(though many groaned at the name) were vectors.
The arrows, though they pointed true
Did not agree with graph alike, so
Out damned plot, out I said. And bid pure math adieu.
And yet I tarry. On cousin, without delay.
If maths be the food of men, read on!

MUNDANE : O.K. Fine. What do you say to Applied math?

SHAKES : This is the stuff that dreams are made of.
This blessed plot, this graph, this Applied Math.
Yea, methinks thou art a temptress.
I come to bury o.d.e.'s, not to praise them.
Read on fair one. Speak the maths I pray you.

MUNDANE : How about C&O? Stats? Hey what's wrong?
Listen C&O is nothing to cry about.

SHAKES : In sooth I know not why I am so sad.
Your offer was just, the giving more justly given.
Yet so fair a foul math I have not seen.
Mistake me not. I count these maths
As I do count myself but expect not recompense
For your good advice hast fallen on deaf ears.
An' if you hold me dear, let mercy be mine.

MUNDANE : The quality of mercy is not strained ...
Geez, now you got me doing it! Would you get out of here
already!

SHAKES : Ay there's something rotten in the City of Waterloo
Thus will I hence. Here's for thy pains.
Parting is such sweet sorrow.
Alas methinks I have heard that before
And so must I leave. I'll speak you no more.

[Flourish] Exuent [Manet Mundane]

MUNDANE : Oh brother!

[Exit]

Platter Splatter

Tickets are now available through BASS for Echo and the Bunnymen and The Church on March 30 at Varsity Stadium. Yesterday tickets went on sale for Ministry's show at RPM on April 10th. Also on sale, through the Fed Office or MathSoc, are tickets for The Box at Fed Hall on March 19. Siouxsie and the Banshee's newest single, "Candyman", was released in the U.K. last week. Taken from the upcoming "Tinderbox" album, this is not a cover of the tune by Sammy Davis Jr. "Candyman" concerns child-abuse, and is a wonderful follow-up to the stirring, but rather lengthy eruption mix of "Cities In Dust". Another Siouxsie tidbit - apparently Robert Smith has once again taken up his role as a Banshee, and is performing with them in the U.K.

New Order will be releasing the full-length, twenty-two minute version of "Elegia", but on the flip side will be a cover of Led Zeppelin's "Stairway To Heaven". Watch for this out near the end of March.

Still no word on the new Cocteau Twins material. The record was to have been out during the first week of March. Rumours are also circulating about a North American tour for the Cocteaus - perhaps this time they will play some Canadian dates.

Kate Bush has released an alternative "Hounds of Love". We may yet have several versions of each song from the album at the rate Kate Bush is going. Hopefully she will pursue plans to make an entire video collection of the "Hounds of Love" album.

The Cult played at SuperSkate 7 this past Monday night - more on this in an upcoming issue. The howling mix of "She Sells Sanctuary" is rather monotonous - the extended version is much better.

Toronto's Breeding Ground have finished some new material and also a video - these should be released fairly soon.

Recently, the School of Architecture sponsored a Rome Show / Raising the Obelisk at Fed Hall. It was definitely refreshing to visit a different Fed Hall. The obelisk and slides (which were operated by a computer in the MC building, and using the satellite dish) created an impressive and mysterious atmosphere.

Variety being the spice of life, someone will have to let us know how the "Rocking Wrestling" pub goes tonight.

And finally, what we've all been waiting for - Michael Jackson's newest video, which is budgeted at one million dollars, will soon be bombarding our TV screens. Be still my beating heart.

CS Kittens

Mathematical Puzzles

Solutions to Last Week's Puzzles

a)

$$A \to D \to B \to E \to C \to A \to B \to C \to D \to E \to A$$

b)

This figure can only be drawn in 2 parts.
Thus it is necessary to
lift your pencil off the paper once.

c)

$$J \to N \to M \to I \to E \to A \to B \to C \to D \to H \to L \to P$$
$$\to O \to N \to I \to J \to K \to L \to O \to K \to G \to C \to H$$
$$\to G \to F \to E \to B \to F \to J \to G$$

d)

This figure can only be drawn in 4 parts.
Thus it is necessary to
lift your pencil off the paper 3 times.

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The problem of tracing figures without lifting the pencil off the paper is equivalent to finding an Euler Trail in the graph (figure). In graph theory there is a theorem which states: A connected graph has an Euler trail if and only if it has at most two vertices of odd degree (i.e. the number of edges leaving the vertex is odd).

Notice that:
a) has no vertices of odd degree.
b) has 3 vertices of odd degree.
c) has 2 vertices of odd degree.
d) has 8 vertices of odd degree.

This Week's Puzzle

Smith, Jones, and Brown each make four statements as follows:

Smith:
1) Jones owes me $20.
2) Brown owes me $10.
3) All Jone's statements are false.
4) All Brown's statements are true.

Jones:
1) I owe no money to Smith.
2) Brown owes me $20.
3) All Smith's statements are false.
4) I'm a mathematician.

Brown:
1) I owe no money to anybody.
2) Jones is an engineer.
3) Two of Jone's statements are true and two are false.
4) I never lie.

One person made 4 true statements.
Who made the 4 true statements?
For each person, find which statements are true and which are false.

The Wizard of Id

Public Displays of Affection

Bravo for Blair McDonald! It is encouraging to know that some people are still willing to speak out publicly against the repugnant immorality of our times.

Like Blair, I am utterly incapable of seeing people displaying affection for one another without imagining them performing sexual acts. This isn't my fault; it's just the way my mind works.

I, therefore, like Mr. McDonald am led to the point of nausea by two men hugging. I wish you people would stop doing this, as I find the idea of two men having sex revolting, so I think about this frequently.

Additionally, I wish to extend the request to those disgusting people who publicly stroke animals. Bestiality turns my stomach.

Another class of people who should stop displaying their affection is the pedophiles. Just the other day, I saw a woman hugging a girl who couldn't have been more than two. I was utterly disgusted. And another, a man who held hands with a *four-year old* girl as they crossed a busy intersection in full view of *dozens* of law-fearing citizens! What made it even worse was that she was obviously *his own daughter!* I almost vomited.

Lesbians I don't mind. Actually, I sort of enjoy imagining them going at it. Normal heterosexuals I've gotten used to....

BUT THE REST OF YOU PERVERTS OUT THERE HAVE TO STOP THESE OBSCENE DISPLAYS OF AFFECTION!

Mathie Replacements

Do you have a boring 8:30 calculus or stats class that you don't feel like getting up for but are worried that you will miss something important if you don't show up. The solution to your problem is simple; buy or rent an android to take your place. With so many different models on the market, it is very easy to get a lemon. Here are the minimum features that any self-respecting android replacement should have.

It must have a large memory (at least several gigabytes) in case the professor decides to try teaching half of the course in one lecture.

It can decipher all types of writing and languages, from those approaching Sanskrit to those approaching English. Also, even more important than understanding English, it should understand mathematical language (i.e. $\exists$, $\forall$, !, other abbreviations that professors use).

Character sets from at least 227 alphabets should be known by the android.

The droid must be context sensitive. A term may mean different things in different subjects, or even in the same subject later in the term.

Reading the minds of professors is another useful feature. Some professors say one thing, write another, but actually mean a third leaving it up to the students to figure out what is actually correct.

A high boredom tolerance is also helpful. Androids that fall asleep in class tend to snore very loudly.
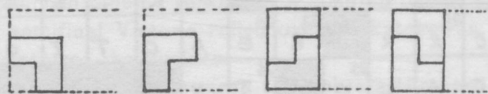
It should have both glassy eyed and bright eyed modes. The bright eyed look is so that the droid looks awake and interested when it is talking to your friends. The glassy eyed look is so that it will be inconspicuous and not mislead the professor. A bright eyed appearance after a long and confusing proof might make the professor think that he is going too slowly causing him to double his speed.

There are of course many other possible features, but the above should keep you from missing anything from the lectures. Also, the android shouldn't do anything that you will regret later when you go to class. Good luck in finding the android that suits your purposes best.
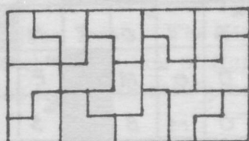
J. D'Oe

Math Column

The solution to the problem given two issues ago is as follows. Let the rectangle obtained be mxn. As stated, both m and n must be odd. Since each tile is 3 unit squares, we must have an integral multiple of 3 in the product of the dimensions and thus one of m or n (say m) must be a multiple of 3 (more precisely an odd multiple of 3). m cannot be 3 because n cannot then be odd (see below).

Try m=9. Since n also cannot be 3, try n=5. This actually works, and thus is the smallest rectangle possible using the restrictions given. This rectangle uses 15 tiles as shown below.

If the restrictions on the size of the rectangle were removed, then any m,n where m,n $>=$ 2 and one of m,n is a multiple of 3 can be used except where {m,n}={3,x:x is odd}. These rectangles can be constructed from some number of the 9x5 rectangle above and the two rectangles below.

Total Family Reunion Weekend

Well, Easter is upon us again. For me, anyway, this means travelling trying distances over uninhabitable terrain to a backwards little town in order to sit with people who, ordinarily, I wouldn't associate with if I had the choice. For me, this means family reunion.

The reunion ritual is basically basic, and made up of the four following sub-rituals:

1) The initial greeting and mandatory smelling of the aunts, such that the aunts smell like the sum total of all things malodourous.

2) The entertaining of the cousins such that the cousins are of the dolphin intelligence level.

3) The consuming of the unidentifed roast thing such that the thing is probably a mammal.

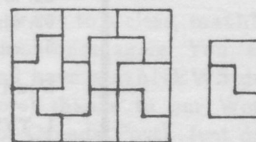4) The hasty departure and giving thanks to our creator for having been born in a civilized place.

Firstly, the smelling of the aunts is excruciatingly unavoidable. While some aunts experience a change in scent over the years, (my aunt Judy used to smell like onions, but now she smells like a mixture of ketchup and bathroom air freshener) most aunts smell exactly the same year after year. (My aunt Shirley has always smelled like a melange of Javex and rotten bananas, and will likely always smell so, at least until she smells dead.) Anyway, regardless of how they smell, they all try to manoeuvre their wrinkled, hairy faces close to mine for a "smoochie-woochie".

The entertaining of the cousins is the most amusing sub-ritual. These young men, never having had the benefits of city life, education, or the ability to speak decipherably, can easily fall prey to the corniest of practical jokes. Last year, for the twelfth straight year, I convinced them to play 52 pick-ups. (I dare say it's their favourite game; probably because the rules are so easy to understand.) However, in some instances they learn more quickly; trying to convince them to play "Cousin on Fire" was a lot more difficult last year than the year before.

Now as the sun sets, it is time to move on to the third sub-ritual: the consuming of the roast thing. The "thing" almost never resembles an animal found in nature or non-fiction. Last year, it looked somewhat like E.T. and was garnished with blue-shaped vegetables. I usually feed my portion of thing (last year, I got the head) to the dog, who looks like he hasn't eaten for weeks.
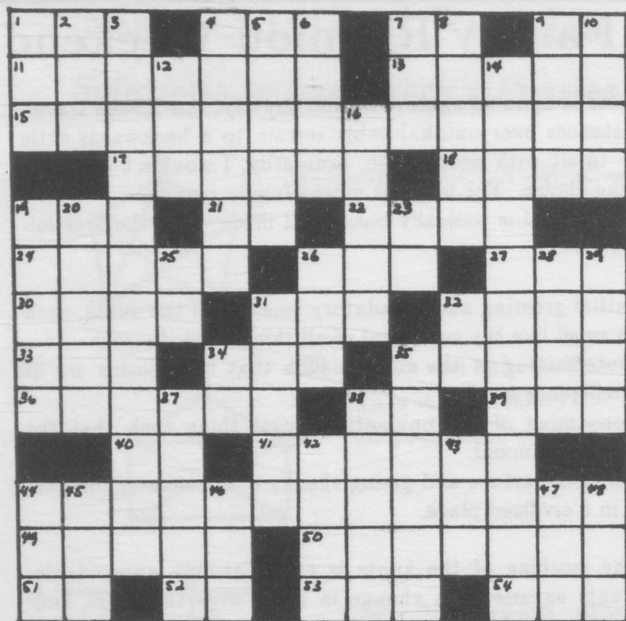
The day is finished. I've kissed some of the aunts, and managed to get away with shaking hands with the worst of them, the Uncles didn't "whup" me, and the cousins still tremble in awe when I walk by them, or when I get out my lighter. Now comes the reward: I can leave. So I scramble into the station wagon witht hh the immediate family, and we take off. Ah well, at least it's something to write about.

J. Smith

The Odd couple didn't find out that a 9x5 rectangle could be constructed so they bought too many tiles. The retailer, glad to get these defective tiles off of his hands, didn't want to take the extra tiles back. Mr. Odd decided that these tiles could be used to play a game. He piled some of the extra tiles into two piles. Mrs. Odd and himself alternately remove either as many from one pile as they like or the same number from both piles. The winner is the one who takes the last tile. Assuming Mr. Odd starts, what should the sizes of the initial piles be for him to force a win, and how should he play it?

J. D'Oe

That Was Then, This Is Gridword

Response to the gridword in issue #4 was scant but not exactly underwhelming. The entries received by **mathNEWS**'s panel of expert judges all showed exceptional aerodynamic understanding, and some very tough decisions had to be made in our deliberations. Runners-up comprised David Reid, Jane Dunlop, "Stupid Jeff & Co.", Dan Little, Chris Fowles, The C&O 230 Connection (Dave Balkwill & COG), Ben Balboa, The Randy Goebel Fan Club, Barb Hickling & Scott Hayward, and the perennial East 4 Pink Flamingoes. However, this time congratulations go to Maarten Koning for his aerodynamically inspired submission – you can pick up two tickets for **The Box** at MathSoc.

Gridword #6 (the fifth one) was again written by David Reid – thanks, Dave; may you never run out of clean socks. Entries should be submitted to **mathNEWS** by Monday, March 24th.

Tangent to Reality

On a mental journey
Deep within my mind
Magic to discover
Miracles to find

Infinite projection
Past the Twilight Zone
Entering a world
I have never known

Memories escape me
Life is like a dream
Logic's lost its bearings
Nothing's what it seems

Interspace dimensions
Filled with strange black holes
Losing my perception
Draining all my soul

Images of horror
Nightmares on my brain
Empty void of darkness
Agony and pain

Mentally on fire
Trembling inside
On the verge of madness
Feeling I have died

Suddenly, it's over
I've returned to land
I've regained my senses
I am in command

Weak, I force a smile
Back in class again
We have proved the theorem
Lecture's at an end.

grmcfarlane

Across

1. flee the law on a sheep
4. warning from a lisping snake
7. (off)
8. for the benefit of the hearing impaired (abb.)
11. quondam, or swat the puck
13. giver of blood
15. what the 4B stopped being
17. parisian pineapples
18. binary or patricia
19. buddy
21. last word as a bachelor
22. let's chat about soft minerals
24. wed secretly
26. TV diner proprietor
27. substance burned at 12:00 AM
30. belonging to a 'gauntlet' player
31. iserian iron
32. yes, but a goody
33. round, oblong hole
34. consume
35. pacify the rioters
36. it was a dark and ... night
38. short gold
39. minded with 35. down
40. what she says when she means yes
41. reinstate
44. preliminary courses of study
49. enticed
50. CFL prize
51. Hear ... Hear ... (1 wd.)
52. in regard to
53. dines, old style
54. one of seven

Down

1. TV's Grant
2. 'Against All Odds' performer at Oscars
3. award for brave Americans
4. harangue
5. Harry Morgan growls 'NO'
6. Zeus' sibling
7. 17 is a strange number
8. "Nice of us to listen" say students
9. one is azure
10. Indian tribe
12. digits or commandments
14. deep sleepers, periodically
16. showy flower
19. looks around the corner
20. distribute
23. Einstein, to his friends
25. Oh, I almost forgot ...
26. New York baseballer
28. what Billy is when he's not making records, touring, or spiking his hair
29. Animal Crackers' lion
31. medieval bazaar
32. relative of qui, quoi, quand and pourquoi
34. Bea Arthur's character's first initial
35. they've got 'em at CIBC, TD, and BNS
37. Jack and Janet's long-suffering landlord
38. forestall disaster
42. Razor's or Jagged
43. home for Porky
44. twist together
45. regret
46. people find this summer beverage helpful
47. weapon in a poolroom brawl
48. mineral spring

Solution grid (previous puzzle):

Across answers shown filled in: OPHELIA, LINC, RESCUER, WU, CO, IN, OX, MARITAL, NONO, BRIGAND, ORR, REACTIONS, CALM, IN, UH, OZYMANDIAS, LO, CLO, MU, ALEATORY, MIEL, SELDOM, FREUND, BOMB, SAW, TE, ALARY, IHS, R, ME, PTEROSAUR, ALOHA, RETRAL