

math NEWS

Volume 65, Issue 6

Thursday, July 28, 1994



Theft Under Investigation

A theft occurred in the MathSoc office between the hours of 9:00am on Monday July 18, 1994 and 9:00am on Tuesday July 19, 1994. Over one hundred dollars in cash was stolen from various cash floats kept in the office. The Campus Police have been called and this incident is part of an on-going police investigation. Anyone with any information concerning this issue is asked to contact the Campus Police at x4911.

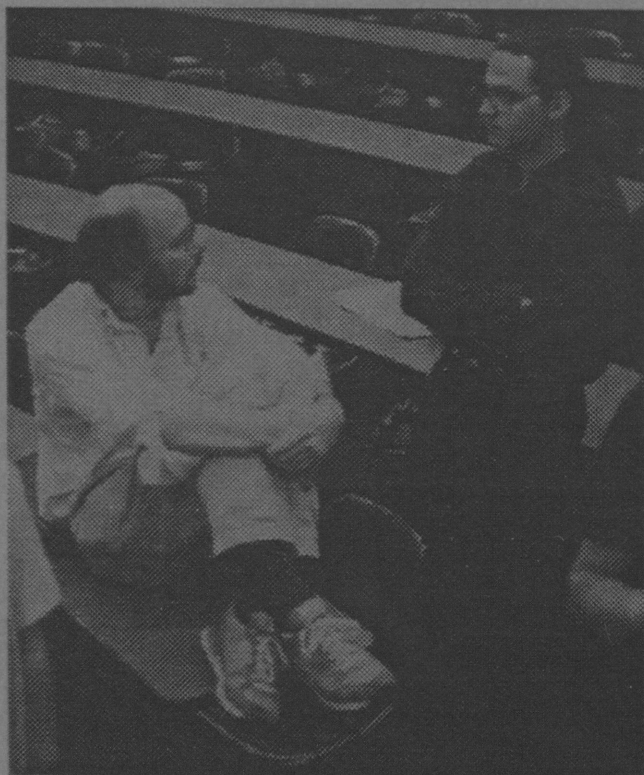
Jillian Arnott
Resource Manager

SocTalk

Hi, it's Rachel the social director with my final little blurb. We've had a pretty successful term with Wonderland, Blue Jays, Energy 108, and B.B.Q.'s. But if you've missed these events, don't despair—our final B.B.Q. will be today with live music (the band is Introgres) outside the Math Building by the funky blue sculpture so come on out and have a listen! Have a great work term, or school term and I'll see you in the winter. Thanxs again to all who helped me out.

Rach

Below: Bjarne Stroustrup speaks with Andrew Koenig (also a CSC C++ Summer Speaker Series presenter).



The Ninth Wonder of The World

The Comfy Lounge Phenomenon - A case study

I was walking down one of the hallways on the second floor of MC, when I saw a couple. I stopped just within earshot, and overheard the ending of their conversation.

"Well, I have to go to class," said she.

"All right," he replied, "I'll go check mail, and then go to the DC for an hour."

Then, they spoke the words that so many before them have said, time and time again. . .

"See you in the Comfy Lounge."

I could have sworn I heard dramatic pipe organ music and maniacal laughter drifting into the silence of a moment too sinister to describe.

I have studied this place, a place so dear to its inhabitants that it is always spelled, and said, with capital letters.

For those unfamiliar with the appearance of this room, I shall briefly describe it. It is a fairly large space, which resembles a hospital waiting room. Vending machines line one wall, and various uncomfortable pieces of furniture are scattered about.

If one tries to think of the appeal of such a place, one comes up short. It is very distracting to be sitting in front of people playing cards, to be tempted by the vending machines. It is impossible to fall asleep on those couches without walking around with a severe case of "Riker-Neck" afterwards. The music is almost always an orthonormal set with respect to the mood of everyone in the room.

So the question is: "Why would anyone in their right mind want to inhabit the Comfy Lounge?"

I have very interesting results that more than answer the question, if not suggest an incredible phenomenon.

The Comfy Lounge is alive.

It is a sentient being possessing hyper intelligence, and incredible psionic ability (Yes, you Magic Players, not even a Psychic Purge will help you, nor will the very rare Psionic Enema card.)

I have spent a long time interacting with this environment, and all of the facts point to one thing. The Comfy Lounge is an evil demon named Zoggo, who is slowly possessing every mind on the campus.

I have seen the most brilliant people walk into the place, their minds set on nothing but completing important tasks, walk out as gibbering idiots, gibbering on about how evil the room was for not letting them get any work done.

The Comfy Lounge knows everything about everyone. It just waits for someone to enter, and then it instantaneously forms a mind link to the poor soul, revealing their worst fears, and most prominent weaknesses, at which point it begins to exploit them.

The Comfy Lounge makes the Shadow look like a child.

Zoggo has existed since the first lounge was created.

It is also a known fact that Zoggo created every card game and vending machine junk food article in existence, to entice the unwary into its evil clutches.

The latest evil plan was that mystical five-letter word that turns people glassy-eyed, and makes them salivate: MAGIC.

Yes, believe it or not, Zoggo created the game, in all its marketing intricacies. I can sometimes hear Zoggo snickering as those Magic Players sit there for hours on end, depriving themselves of valuable sleep time.

Needless to say, I am immune, allowing me to write this report. However, Zoggo is onto me, and it will only be a matter of time before I am hunted down by the Acolytes of Zoggo, and paper-cut to death with playing cards of all types. . .



Computer Science Club

A Student Chapter of the ACM

CSC Flash

Important End-of-Term Information!

Greetings for the last time this term, humanoids. I was astounded by the amazing success that my CSC had this term! They held **13 hands-on tutorials**, **9 talks**, and **10 other events**, including barbecues, tours, a programming contest, and more!

Disk Quota

If you want extra disk quota for the Fall term, the time has come to get it! For just \$2.50/MB + \$1.00, you can supplement the 999 KB that you get from MFCF in an off-term. Also, if you have quota now, you should renew it before leaving campus, or run the risk of your files being deleted.

Accounts on calum

If you have an account on the CSC's machine (generously named after myself), you must renew your membership for the Fall, or your account will be frozen. This entails having your files on calum being backed up, but your userid will be deleted. If you have a .forward file, mail will be forwarded from calum to that address (which may not be a file or a filter) for two terms.

doctor update

doctor, the CSC's "roll-your-own" computer, is coming along very well. We now have ethernet in the office, and doctor should be right on the net (as opposed to linking to calum with PPP) by the time you read this. doctor is still looking for the following items: SIMM memory, a VGA monitor, and a mouse/trackball. If you would like to donate any of the above, please contact me at root@csclub.uwaterloo.ca.

Very shortly, finger office@csclub.uwaterloo.ca should display the current status of the office, as reported by doctor. Other tasks doctor does include playing sound files send to it by email or the World Wide Web, recording snippets of conversation in the office, and wiring up anything within reach of some cable to the Internet.

Have a good summer

I hope your exams go well, if applicable, and that you have a relaxing rest of August. For myself, I will shortly be embarking to the Gulf of Finland on my private yacht.

See you in September and in cyberspace,

Calum T. Dalek,
Chairbeing

mastHEAD

Well, this is it, the final issue of mathNEWS for this term. I'd like to extend our final thanks to Marion for her patience, and Gino's for their pizza. I'd also like to thank everyone who helped make this volume what it was.

Here are the people who've helped with mathNEWS: Mike Hammond, Peter Milley, Moses Moore, Stephen F. White, Victor Wiewiorowski, Stephen Mills, Jillian Arnott, Tom Yurkiw, Maki Kubota, Ron Servent, Peter Hunter, Kris Cox, Kivi Shapiro, Darren Morby, Adam Benjamin, James Lynn, Shar Schmeichel, Chad Ternent, Chris Norman, Ian Goldberg - oh yeah, and anyone else I forgot. The mathNEWS party is for all of those people. It's at Dale's place. Come out at 2 or 3 on Saturday July 30, and stay for supper and games.

Dale "notasquare" Wick

Erich "Fuzzy" Jacoby

PMC&OC Speaks!

Could we possibly be more amazing?

Ahem. In case you haven't heard, the results from the PMC&OC Professor-Student softball game are in. Despite several inflated boasts by our illustrious faculty, and even despite the professors's commanding lead for the majority of the game, the PMC&OC came back from behind to win a 16-14 victory in an exciting game. *Way to go PMC&OC!* A fun time was had by all, both at the game and at the immediately following PMC&OC Professor-Student Barbecue, which was also a smashing success. Thanks to everyone who helped organize and run both the game and the barbecue; in particular, thanks to Andre, Leon, Chris, Rob for the amazing grocery run, and my own thanks to Todd for running around like a chicken with his head cut off even more than I did. Thanks also to the profs who came out and made the event a success.

Sigh...and that's a wrap for the term. The talks are over, the co-rec softball is over, nothing's left but the remains of a budget and a lingering feeling of "What the hell was that?". Even the inter-club end of term party organized by Dale Wick has come and gone. So what's to say except thanks for all of your participation, and look for us (or reasonable facsimiles) next term. Thanks to everyone who helped the oh-so-green exec look reasonably un-stupid these past three months. Good luck with finals to all of you.

And finally, a special note of congratulations to long-time PMC&OC veterans Warren and Tree on their engagement! How could we possibly end the term on a higher note than that? *Way to go Warren and Tree!*

Peter Milley

V-Prez, Pure Math & C&O Club

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Editor: Erich "Fuzzy" Jacoby, Dale "notasquare" Wick

Bjarney and Friends

Not quite the CSC talk, but close

Good morning, boys and girls. Welcome to the PBS/CSC joint production "Bjarney and Friends"! Let's all sing the Bjarney theme song, shall we?

A bald figure in an ugly purple suit advances to the front of DC1350. Music starts in the background, and Bjarney starts to sing, to the tune of "This Old Man":

"I've met you, you've met me,
I de-signed a 'class'-y C,
With 'tem-plates' and 'try blocks',
And a little dash of salt,
No more seg-men-ta-tion fault!"

At the end of the song, a group of children runs up to Bjarney. Well, it's not really a group of children—it's a bunch of CSC members on their knees. (Close enough.) They crowd around Bjarney, every one of them attempting to touch the purple-suited figure. Some kiss his feet, some kiss his—never mind.

Bjarney begins to speak.

"Good afternoon, boys and girls! How are you today?"

"Terrific, Bjarney!"

"Now, boys and girls, what do you want to do today?"

"Talk about C++!"

"What's that? I can't hear you!"

"Talk about C++!"

"What? You want me to talk about C++?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Now what do you say to someone you want to do something?"

"Please! Oh, please, Bjarney, talk about C++!"

"Okay! But first, let's have some Sprite!"

Several older-looking members of the CSC enter and walk towards the front of the classroom, bearing large royal-purple pillows. Upon each pillow sits a well-chilled can of Sprite, each bearing the slogan "C++: I Like The Sprite In You!" They bring them toward Bjarney, each CSC member hoping that his or her (but mostly his) can of Sprite will be chosen. Bjarney picks one, seemingly at random, and opens it. After consuming most of the contents of of the can, he turns back to the audience.

"This is today's lesson about C++: Caring is sharing—sharing public variable information in a class! But some things you have to keep to yourself! (Like how much I'm getting paid to abase myself in front of you low-lives.) This is *private* information in a class! Victor, can you think of something that we want to keep as public information?"

A nervous child—er, I mean CSC member—stands up, and says:

"Uh, the location of a fire for a fire truck?"

"Very good! And Chris, can you think of something that we want to keep as private information?"

Another nervous CSC member rises.

"The person who started the fire?"

"Good, but can you think of something else?"

"Uh, how about the name of a rape victim on the Kennedy compound?"

"Very good! When a blue dot isn't enough, we put the information where others can't find it! We want some things to be as private as the Karla Homolka-Teale trial, and some things to be as public as the O.J. Simpson trial."

Bjarney turns to the camera.

"Now kids, remember if you want "Bjarney and Friends" to keep touring from campus to campus, you have to convince your parents to send lots of money to PBS or the CSC! The CSC is my friend, and so is PBS. Get your parents to send us lots of money. But remember today's lesson, kids—don't tell them I told you! That's *private* information! And just so you don't forget, I'm only going to sing the theme song today!"

Ignoring the disappointed cries from the CSC, Bjarney turns back to the audience.

"Now before we go, are there any questions?"

An audience member puts up his hand.

"Bjarney, what does IBM think about software packages?"

Bjarney thinks for a minute. He notices the large number of people leaving DC 1350 as fast as they can.

"I don't know. They didn't tell me. And that's all the time we have for today! Until next time, remember:

I've met you, you've met me,
I de-signed a 'class'-y C,
With 'tem-plates' and 'try blocks',
And a little dash of salt,
No more seg-men-ta-tion fault!"

Good-bye, kids! Good-bye, boys and girls! You love me! Remember that!"

Mike "Let's Hammer Barney to Death!!" Hammond

CSC Programming Contest



Above: Winner of this term's CSC programming contest is Zygo Blaxell (left), pictured shaking hands with CSC Sysadmin Ian Goldberg (right).

The Y₀ Files

When we last saw our heroes, they were doing heroic things with heroic people in heroic situations. Heroically. However, when we last saw Duller and Scummy, they were in deep, deep trouble. (Damn, I just had to pay a \$25 royalty to the makers of "The Simpsons Sing the Blues".)

Duller was playing Magic: the Garnishing™ in... the Comfy Lounge. (Or was he possessed? Only his hairdresser knows for sure!) Meanwhile, Scummy was busy coughing up a lung in the CSCSC (Completely Stupid Computer Science Club). A computer named Call'em T. DaleWick was trying to convince the members of the CSCSC to force Scummy to buy a membership and join the club—that is, to take over her mind. (Yes, I'm repeating the jokes. If a man cannot plagiarize from himself, from whom can he plagiarize?)

Suddenly the dark figure lurking outside the CSCSC became a lighter figure. (Did you forget about the dark figure? He's been hiding in a "Where's Waldo" book for the past five episodes!) He shucked his striped hat, his striped shirt, and his thick glasses, and revealed himself to be... Fido Dido! (Now you know what happened to him!) Fido then went off to find some 7-Up—no mean feat in the (thankfully) Coca-Cola-dominated building.

Fortunately, this left a *different* dark figure lurking outside the CSCSC—on the other side of the office. The figure stepped into the light. His weight shattered it, which brought a nearby Green Man running and cursing (more so than usual). The dark figure apologized, and went to the other other side of the office. He gazed inside and noticed Scummy choking on the floor. (He was a very observant chap.)

He stepped into the CSCSC, and reached down to help Scummy up. Scummy, however, reached up to help Mr. X down, so he tumbled to the floor beside her.

"Be quiet!" she managed to choke out. "I don't want Call'em to hear you!"

"You mean Call'em T. DaleWick, the CSCSC's top secret new computer? The one about which all information is classified, and about which to hear is certain death?"

"Yes! How did you know?"

"I read last week's mathNEWS! Boy, that Mike Hammond guy is in for an unpleasant surprise in a couple of days! But he mentioned a dark shadowy figure, so I figured it had to be me!"

"Who are you?"

"Shhh! I contractually cannot reveal my name!"

"Why not?"

"Characters with names get paid more."

Meanwhile, the members of the CSCSC were continuing with their bad Star Trek puns. Scummy did her best to ignore them (as any girl in her right mind would try to ignore a CSCSC member). But Call'em had no choice—one of them had grabbed the microphone that snaked around to the back of Call'em's terminal, and was rendering William Shatner:

When I was seventeen,
It was a very good year.
It was a very good year
'Cause I learned to program in C.
I learned malloc so keen,
Structs and linked lists I've seen,
When I was seventeen.

Call'em started to groan audibly. (He had been groaning inaudibly for several days, but nobody could hear him—it was inaudible!) Between the bad puns, the bad singing, and the bad Kirk, Scotty, Bones, and Picard impersonations, Call'em's microprocessors (and milliprocessors) were overloading. He began to emit an acrid blue smoke, which quickly improved the general

odour of the CSCSC office.

Call'em was breaking down. He began to go insane, professing a love of the Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers, and declaring his intent to run for the president of the Federation of Students. Normally such a breakdown would result in a catastrophic meltdown of the CSCSC, which would be a good thing. However, Call'em merely exploded gently, which rather conveniently stunned the CSCSC members while leaving the prone Scummy and Mr. X relatively conscious.

"We gotta get the hell out of here!" yelled Mr. X.

"But I don't see any hell in here!" responded Scummy.

"Then we have to leave!"

"Wow, you figured that out all by yourself? Move!"

They rushed out, and found themselves back in the main hallway of MC. "So that's where I left myself!" thought Scummy.

They ran over to... the Comfy Lounge, where Duller was still playing Magic against the ruddy-faced couch parasite.

"C'mon, Duller, let's get out of here!" urged Scummy.

"Hold on, Scummy! We're almost finished our first game!"

"What? You're still on your first game? It's been days!"

"Well, it is to 20 points!" said the flush-faced couch sponge.

"Never mind the game!" shouted Scummy. "We have to leave before the CSCSC members regain consciousness!"

"Don't worry," said the sallow-faced couch barnacle. "That probably won't happen 'til after they've graduated."

"Now, Duller!" screamed Scummy.

"Alright, okay," replied Duller. "I was losing 20-19 anyhow."

Duller and Scummy strolled over to the nearest exit—the one between the C&D&E and... the Comfy Lounge. As they jaunted, they glanced over at the CSCSC.

"Hey, Scummy, are those zombies that are lurching toward us?" asked Duller.

"No, they're CSCSC members!" responded Scummy. She unnecessarily added, "Run!"

They ran down the stairs as fast as they could (which wasn't very), with the forgotten Mr. X speedwalking behind them. They could hear the shuffling feet of the CSCSC members behind them—but much worse than that was the smell.

"Good God! They smell like they've been rotting in an open grave for five days!" exclaimed Duller.

"Actually," replied Scummy, "that's their natural smell."

They made it down to the exit—only to find the doors barred with the sign, "This exit closed by order of the author. Sorry for any inconvenience!"

They whirled around to make their stand. Duller started to choke on the stench, then had a brainstorm. He whipped out his (conveniently close) aerosol can of Right Guard and began to spray the members of the CSCSC. The CSCSC members took one whiff of themselves, and ran away screaming.

"Good thinking, Duller! Now let's get out of here!"

"Okay. And we can close this Y₀ file, too. I bought \$500 worth of Magic cards and have been playing for days without break, and I'm not possessed by it. Do you mind driving, Scummy?"

"Not at all. Why?"

"I want to teach it to Mr. X so we can play in the back seat."

And with that, Scummy realized that another Y₀ file had drawn to a close, and that this particular serial was

not to be continued...

The End

Mike "Agent Fox Hammer" Hammond

Religion in Unix: An In-Depth Study

Part one of a Series that will continue throughout this term

The issue of religion in Unix has been a theological concern for many centuries. However, this issue has had very little discussion in serious computer science circles, due to a combination of the silliness of the subject matter, and the communistic secular humanist editors who have conspired to suppress the Truth. It has also not received the attention it has deserved in theological circles, owing to the lack of Unix until about 1970.

This issue will discuss the influence of Christianity on Unix shells.

The first shell was written by an early Christian named Keronigan and was called simply sh, for "shell". The earliest known copies of this were found among the Dead C Scrolls (which were actually written in α , and date back to 500 A. D. However, other documents that refer to it indicate that it was written possibly as early as 100 A. D. Surprisingly, there was very little character drift between the original version and the Dead C Scroll version. This is attributed to checksums).

When Bourne translated sh into C from α in the 1970's (thus causing the Shell to be mistakenly named after him), he confirmed something that scholars had suspected for many centuries—the shell was full of bugs.

In light of this revelation, the Times-Roman Catholic Church decided to implement some 5000 lines of ISO-Latin pseudocode, originally attributed to Saint Caffeinatius the Wired, the patron saint of Jolt Cola (eventually decanonized) who, according to tradition, accomplished his greatest miracle in getting Windows to run properly. Their version of the Shell was called the Catholic Shell, or csh.

The Korn Shell is attributed to source code written on fan-folded golden plates originally handed to Jove Smith by the angel --More-- . It is written in something of the style of Bourne's sh, but contains many other features not found in the original. Before being inspired to write the Korn Shell, Smith was reputed to have a magic rock which was supposed to be able to find bugs in any program. He would tell programmers to "Find the bug quickly, before evil spirits move it," at which they would frantically start sifting through their core dumps trying to find the bugs, only to have Smith, tell them, "Oh, sorry, the evil spirits moved them," charge them his fee, and leave town. Because of this, and the resulting fraud charges, conventional historians are convinced that the Korn shell is really just a cheap ripoff of sh.

Things remained as they were for about a decade. However, recent archaeological discoveries, as well as improved linguistic techniques, have allowed translators to reach a higher degree of accuracy in their translations. These better translations have revealed that sh and csh do indeed have command-line editing, history, filename completion and other features, and that many of the bugs were actually caused by translation errors. Fueled by this knowledge, the best Pro[ant scholars embarked on an ambitious project to retranslate sh. The project was a grand success and resulted in bash, the *Born Again Shell* (often incorrectly called the *Bourne-Again Shell*, after the original translator of sh).

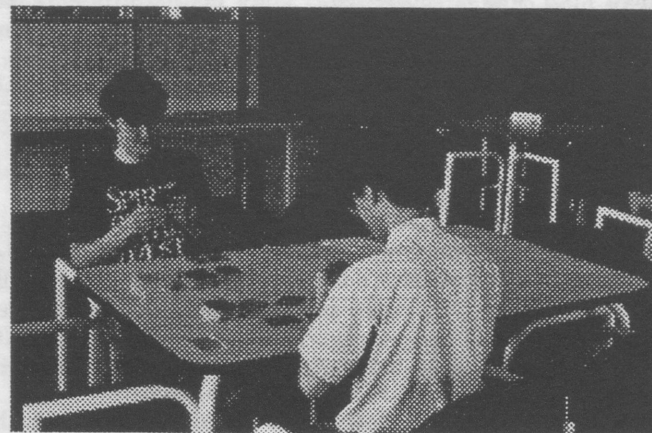
In the meantime, the best scholars of the Times-Roman Catholic Church also retranslated their original Catholic shell, and approved the release of the Tremendously Catholic Shell tcsh.

In recent days, no-one has done much with the Korn shell. This doesn't really bother anybody (except the --More--mons).

In our next column, we will discuss the influences of Satanism

in the creation of the 'vi' (the First Third Of the Number Of The Beast) editor, and of the command 'ar t God'.

Chris "Dances With Mind" Reuter
Dave "Otaku no Unix" Brown



Steven White plays Magic the Gathering
Postcard from the Ledge III

Help me! I'm trapped out here and losing my mind!

Well, not really. I'm about as sane as the next person, but maybe not the person next to him. It's just that some very weird things have been going on in this real world I've referred to as "the ledge." Following on the success of Ice BeerTM and Iced CoffeeTM, there is now Ice ColaTM available. Gosh, do you suppose it's "Ice Carbonated?"

But don't worry about me. In a matter of weeks I, as well as so many other co-op students and several hundred frosh, will be at U(W) standing in fee lines, playing Magic: The GatheringTM, eating whatever the C+D has to serve, . . . you know, normal stuff. Explainable phenomena.

By the way, if you enjoyed the news items of weird things done by the several citizens of the "real world," I am planning on doing it in the fall, editor willing. How many 50's it will take to convince him, I don't know. In the meantime, here is my last installment:

Anyone Can Sumo Wrestle! Department: The Japanese sumo-wrestling association has released a directive stating that applicants who artificially increase their height will no longer be accepted. One applicant managed to meet the minimum height (5' 8") by repeatedly beating his head against a wall. Another had silicone implanted in his skull. Do you suppose that guy heard about the silicone breast implant scare? I don't.

Finger Food Department: A Belleville, Mich., man was fishing for carp and catfish when he hooked what looked like a crappie. It turned out to be a piranha which chomped on his finger as he grabbed it. Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!

Attack of the Fish People Department: A man in Plymouth, Mass., was attacked at a hotel pool by a 45-cm bass thrown by two boys. The boys were apparently aiming for the pool, but the victim was in the way.

So long, but no thanks for all the fish!

Darren "Ren" Morby, Ottawa correspondent

profQUOTES

"A person from company A meets a person from company B. Instead of saying, 'Hello,' they say, 'What's your f_T ?' "

Nathan, E&CE 231

"What's a paradigm? Well, first of all, it's not 20 cents."

Becker, CS 340

"Wow! What a muffin!"

Harling, BUS 481

"Actually, can somebody just explain that a little bit more?"

Linek, C&O 230

"If the ruler were made out of rubber, you would have different measurements every time you used it."

Corning, PSYCH 101

"I'm not feeling well this morning but I think that you guys are even more out of it."

Morris, AM 353

"Necrophilia is never having to say you're sorry."

McGee, ENGL 251B

"[The people of Guelph] are more beautiful. They use more deodorant and soap."

Harling, BUS 481

"I hope I didn't take my pants off at the wrong time."

Becker, CS 340

"There is always only this little piece of a person alive. It might be a piece of their finger..."

Bennet, ACTSC 232

"What's a four-bit register? It's a register plus 50 cents, right?"

Becker, CS 340

"As you will probably remember from ECON 201."

Cuenca, ECON 201

StudQuote

"The program works perfectly, except for the segmentation fault..."

Jason Trimble (cs342)

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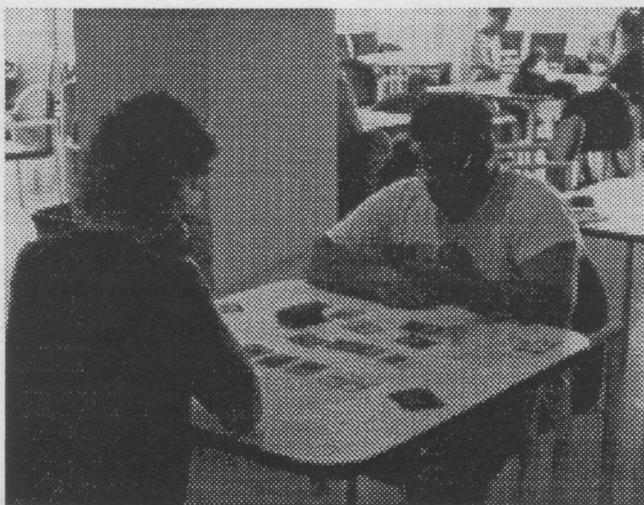
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Above: Steve Mills competes in the MathSoc Magic: the Gathering™ tournament.

A Dialogue

The lights raise to show a 3rd year PM/CS student in need of a haircut, sitting in front of a computer terminal. Suddenly, a small devilish replica of himself appears on his left shoulder.

Devil Student: Aww, come on!! You know mathNEWS needs more articles! It's the last issue of the term, no one will care if you just write a stream of garbage about the first idea that comes into your head!!

Student: Gee, I don't know...

Suddenly, a small angelic replica of the student appears on the student's right shoulder.

Angel Student: Now be sensible! You know every article you write reflects on you as a person, so your every word should be carefully thought out! Don't write anything unless you can express yourself in a manner befitting your reputation as a student of this institution!

Devil Student: PUH-LEEZE! This is mathNEWS we're talking about here. Flipper publishes in this rag. Now let's toss off an article so we can get out of here and go have some FUN! Or at least some SLEEP!

Angel Student: I'm shocked! mathNEWS is the voice of the students of this faculty...

Devil Student: Loud gagging noises

Angel Student: ...and as reasonable minds we owe it to ourselves to treat it with respect!

Devil Student: Have you been getting enough oxygen lately? Geez, I bet you wanna write to Imp'tint next.

Angel Student: Actually, I've been meaning to talk to you about that...

Devil Student: THAT'S IT!!! I'm outta here. *Disappears.*

Angel Student: I'm not done talking to you!!! *Disappears.*

Both angelic and devilish replicas exit. Student continues typing as he has been for the past five minutes and does not notice their disappearance. Fade to black.

Peter Milley

The 'Silence' Is Broken

Or, The Silence of the Hammers

I received four entries to the contest. [No, no, no! Put in a bit of an intro, you fool! —HammerEdInTraining.] Oh, sorry. Let me try again.

Well, hey, how ya doin', have a seat, have a drink! Boy, it's good to see ya, what can I say? [Better. Okay, now get on with it! —HammerEdInTraining.] I received four entries to the contest. I've never been around to get the answers to one of my

contests, so I don't know whether cautious optimism or jubilant disarray is in order. Oh, well. Who cares?

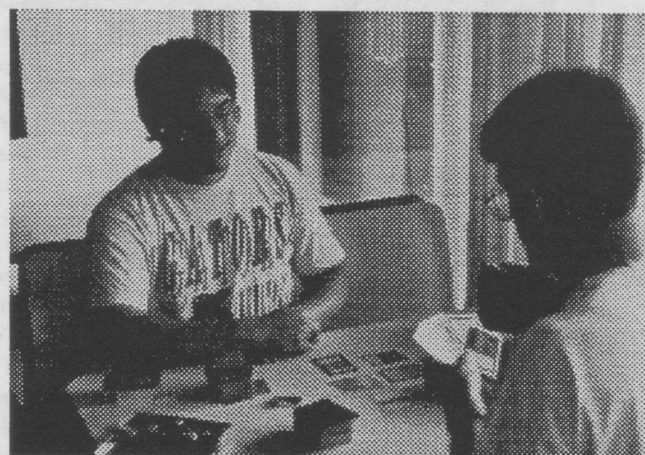
I forgot to mention that the words should be uncapitalized, non-proper-noun-type words. So entries like "Exxon" don't count. (I'm accepting "jacuzzi", however. Though it was originally a brand name, it has transcended this and become a synonym for 'hot tub'. Kleenex would get a similar treatment.) I also didn't accept foreign words, especially non-everyday ones, such as 'roux'.

I received entries from: Pamela Harpur & Melinda Henry, with 18; Evil Ben and the Krue, with 19; Sox and Inking, with 20; and our winner, Stuck in Traffic, with an amazing 23! Since nobody could find entries for 'j', 'v', or 'x', that's basically a perfect score! That's wonderful, guys, and you can pick up your prize in the MathSoc office! (Assuming you're not still stuck in traffic, of course!)

This is the list that I compiled:

Letter	Word(s)	Letter	Word(s)
A	health, hoarse	N	hymn, autumn
B	lamb, crumb	O	country, too
C	scissors, socks	P	psychology, psalm
D	adjourn, add, djinni	Q	acquire, acquisition
E	bee, adze, pie, aide	R	marry, sarsparilla
F	staff, bailiff	S	ascertain, dismiss
G	gnarled, gnat	T	butt, tarot, tzar
H	herb, wharf	U	honour, buy, your
I	plaid, friend, prairie	V	<no entry>
J	<no entry>	W	whole, answer
K	knight, knot	X	<no entry>
L	well, half	Y	eyrie, pterodactyl
M	mnemonic	Z	buzz, jacuzzi

Mike "PuzzleHammer" Hammond



Xavier Burto trying hard to beat the competition at the Magic Tournament. The winner was Lei Wang, who won a cup and some additional cards.

mathNEWSquiz #EOT

Praying for the End Of Term... so I can end my term with you

Good morrow, 'Squizzers! I trust your week has been 5 days long! I'd hope that you've enjoyed events, since finals are rapidly approaching... but I suppose that the likelihood of having a good week is in direct proportion to Andrew Dice Clay becoming a "100 Huntley Street" regular. Oh, well. That's "life" in U(W) Math!

These are answers to last bi-week's 'Squiz: **Song Lyrics:** 1) "King of Spain", Moxy Früvous; 2) "Land of Confusion", Genesis; 3) "She Drives Like Crazy", "Weird Al" Yankovic; 4) "Deep Deep Trouble", Bart Simpson; **The Lion King:** 1) "It means 'No Worries' for the rest of your days..."; 2) A meerkat; 3) Pride Rock 4) Whoopi Goldberg, Cheech Marin, Jim Cummings; **Pretty Things:** 1) Gold alloyed with any silvery metal (eg: silver nickel, platinum); 2) Aluminum; 3) A sapphire; 4) It was found on Tsar Alexander's birthday, and it happened to be the national colours of Russia (red & green); **Nasty Things:** 1) The blade slants back; 2) It has a crossbar to stop the boar; 3) A sword has a double edge, while a knife has a single edge; 4) Invented in Northern Europe, used most recently in the Far East (Japan), used in between in the Middle East; **Pot Pourri:** 1) Markham; 2) Montreal and Vancouver Island (surprisingly, neither PEI nor Newfoundland have VIA service); 3) Saturday Night Live; 4) Arnold Schwarzenegger, credited as 'Arnold Strong'.

I just can't believe the number of submissions we had for last bi-week's 'Squiz! (But then again, I can't believe it's not butter!) I received a total of 7 entries! Not bad, people! I got entries from: Pamela "GridMaster" Harpur, with 8; Pokey & Phil Collins, also with 8; Evil Ben and the Krue, also with 8; Sym, with 10; Slaves to the Gridword, with 12; Randall Flag, also with 12; and our winners, with 14: MEF and Wayland "Wayoleon the Great" Chau! Congratulations, guys! You can pick up your 'SquizPrize in the MathSoc office.

And now, a word from this bi-week's 'Squiz...

*Movie Quotes
Name the movie*

1. "Hello."
2. "How are you?"
3. "Nice day, isn't it?"
4. "What?"
5. "Don't you find this 'Squiz a little tough?"

*Clips from Popular Music Lyrics
Name the song and group/singer*

1. Love
2. Pain
3. Kiss
4. The
5. Antidisestablishmentarianism

Sports

1. Who invented lawn bowling?
2. Why?
3. What sport gives you π points for a garwet?
4. Name all the professional, amateur, and beer-league sports teams whose names begin with the letter 'K'.

5. Who refereed the second-ever soccer match between two British teams not from adjacent counties?

Television

1. Why are "Full House", "Wings", and "Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers" still on the air when such quality shows as "Quantum Leap", "Cheers", and "MacGyver" have been cancelled?
2. Name all the characters that have ever appeared in any Steven Bochco series.
3. Does Aaron Spelling really think that "Beverly Hills 90210" viewers believe that Tori got her role due to her talent alone? (And do you think Dad will ever let her character "do it"?)
4. Will Ted Turner ever take colour movies and show them in black and white on one of his cable channels?
5. Why is there no channel 1?

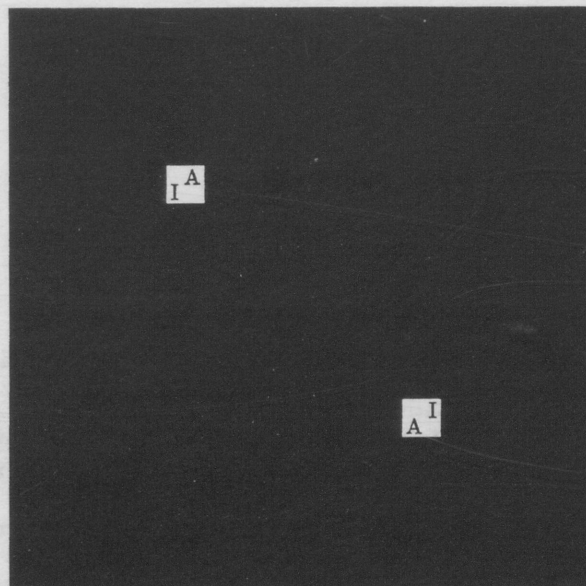
Pot Pourri

1. How many bricks are there in the Great Wall of China?
2. What was the most significant event of the year 1,296,359 B.C.?
3. If a tree falls in the forest and nobody's there to hear it, how many chickens can you count before they hatch?
4. What is the name of God's pet ferret?
5. When is Curtis Desjardins going to leave U(W)?

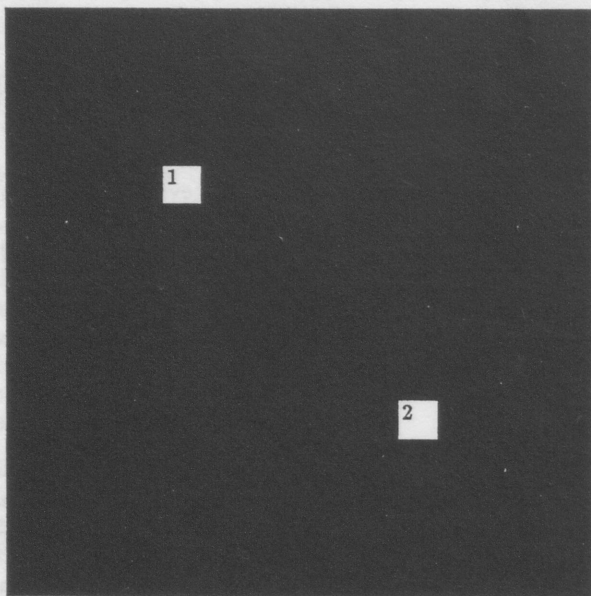
Now, you may have noticed the word "EOT" in the title. This means "extravagant orange typewriters". Thus, if you want to submit an entry to this 'Squiz, feel free. But if you want to win a prize for it, your entry must be typed (not computerized/laser-printed/hand-drawn-with-Crayolas/whatever) in orange ink, and must be submitted to the mathNEWS BLACK BOX before Wednesday, July 27th. (This is not a misprint.) Only submissions with all answers correct will be considered for a prize.

Good luck, have a great exam period, and remember: don't call us. We'll call you.

Mike "SquizHammer" Hammond



GRIDWORD



Grid Clues (Cryptic)

Across

1. Note grade (1)
2. Eye turned 90° from reality (1)

Down

1. Article in magazine (1)
2. Letter subject (1)

Grid Clues (Conventional)

Across

1. First person singular pronoun (1)
2. Any (1)

Down

1. Me, myself and __ (1)
2. Prefix meaning 'without' (1)

gridCOMMENTS

Wow! I am impressed! I have never had so many submissions to one of my grids! I am very pleased with the turnout. Everyone who submitted a solution should pat themselves on the back. (Everyone who didn't submit a solution should slap themselves upside the head!) I received a total of ***10*** completed and almost-completed grids! (As Ash would say, "Groovy!")

I received 7 correct cryptic entries and 3 incorrect. Correct submissions came from Mathematics, Pete "Yes, we have no pseudonyms" Newell, Graham "Turtle Face" Durrant, Pamela "GridMaster" Harpur, Sox and Inking, Eden, and (it's about time!) Slaves to the Gridword! Incorrect solutions came from Sym (with the NULL solution), Barefoot Man (which sounds

like another bad Adam Sandler character), and Pokey & Phil Collins. (Sorry guys! 1 Down was "torpor", not "terror". See, a blind proctor is one that can't 'c'! So you get "protor", which is then rearranged (confused) to get "torpor". (This brief moment of Gridword explanation is for the benefit of the Gridword novices.))

Anyway, the winner for this grid, randomly chosen by round-robin coin toss, is Pete "This pseudonym left intentionally blank" Newell! Congratulations, Pete! And my condolences to those who didn't win this time. (But subscribe to mathNEWS in the fall, and you get an entire term of chances!) Pete can pick up his GridPrize in the MathSoc office, preferably while it's open. This will prevent prosecution for breaking and entering. This will also prevent Jill from getting really pissed at you. Trust me, you don't want that.

Speculations as to why Slaves to the Gridword haven't submitted a Gridword solution for the last two issues include: "Too hot to think!"; "No-one's rubbed the Gridword for two issues, obviously."; "Zoggo got them!"; "The Slaves to the Gridword haven't been submitting solutions because they've been too busy eating human flesh at 'Human Flesh NightTM' at the BombShelter! (Nummy, nummy, humans in my tummy!); "They melted in the heat and can be found as small puddles on the ground outside MC." [Oh, is that what those are! — HammerEdInTrainingAndGridMasterToo!] and their own explanation, "Ummm, well, uh, our pens ran dry. Pencils too! Yeah, yeah, that's it, dry writing implements. All of 'em. Dry. Very dry. (Sheesh, it's just an (assumed) name!)"

Our only comment for this Grid: "Nice to see a real cryptic again!". (Why, thank you! Flattery doesn't get you anywhere (much like the NDP), but I will tell you that you made the final coin toss!)

Now this is the last issue of the term, so there is no prize for completing the Gridword. Which, given the Gridword, is probably just as well. But I have created a very challenging Gridword for this last issue. If we haven't included the solution elsewhere in this issue, look for it on the mathNEWS office door! (Or use half a brain cell! Jeez!)

Love, Luck, and Lollipops!

Mike "gridHAMMER" Hammond

