

math NEWS

Volume 66, Issue 3

Friday, October 21, 1994

THE REAL ENEMY!



LET'S
SPLIT!

BUT... I LOVE YOU!
YOU WOULDN'T
SHOOT ME,
WOULD YOU?

EEEK!

RUN! HE'S GOT
A SUPER SOAKER!

LOVE MACHINE
TO THE RESCUE!

lookAHEAD

mathNEWS	
October 31	Issue #4 production night 6:00pm, MathSoc (MC 3038)
November 4	Issue #4 hits the stands
Math Faculty	
October 22	Fall Convocation
October 31	Absolute last day to pay fees for fall term!
October 31	Absolute last day for 50% refund!
November 2-4	Pre-registration for S95
MathSoc	
October 21	Pub Night at Bombshelter
October 24	Council Meeting: MC 4067, 4:30 pm
October 26	Annual General Meeting: Comfy Lounge, 3:30 pm
October 28	Rocky Horror Picture Show

Prez Sez

Another two weeks has just flown by, and I have still to open a textbook. What a shame because they really are rather expensive. Thanks to everyone who came out and voted for our new Vice President of Activities and Services (VPAS), Jane Pak. There was a greater than 15% voter turnout. This is a record as far as recent memory goes (ie. Curtis can't remember too far back). Congratulations Jane and thanks to all who made your voice heard!

Good newz, good newz! We have a new bank of lockers on the third floor. These lockers came from the Feds endowment fund, the Dean of Math, the C+D fund, and equal contributions from X and Y stream. Drop by the MathSoc office to sign out one of these 150 new lockers. If you already have a locker please let some other people sign them out. Thanks!

Just a couple of things on the horizon. Friday October 21 is the Mathematics pub at the Bombshelter. Come on out and cheer on your favorite math students as they drink, drink, drink their way to a BMath. Throughout the night contests with neat prizes will be played. Things should get under way about 8:00pm normal time (which I think will be about 8 hours behind 'Flipper' time).

The next Friday, the 28th, we will be showing the Rocky Horror Picture Show (read the social blurb elsewhere in this issue). All men are encouraged to appear in drag (apparently it's accepted for this film). Yup, here goes folks, for a \$100 donation to the United Way in MathSoc's name, this self proclaimed, heterosexual, pants wearing, woman lovin' he-man will get up in a tasteful, yet form-fitting (yes Flip you read correctly) dress for the occasion. Cheque first please!

Well kids, that's all I think I should say for this issue. I'll see you at the Bomber and at The Rocky Horror Picture Show, no cameras please. [Heh heh heh - Curtis]

Marco C.A. Koechli
Math Society President W94/F94

Editorial

Drink! Drink! Everyone Drink!

As I sit here and try to recover from my annual Oktoberfest hangover, I cannot help but pity my younger brothers and sisters here at Waterloo. Simply because the government tells them that they're too young to drink, they can't participate in such rites as Oktoberfest, Rock'n'Roll Night at the Bomber, or any other event held in a licensed establishment.

Of course, Fed Hall is always an option. It's great that Fed was licensed specifically with the younger crowd in mind, and it does help alleviate the situation a bit. It's just too bad that the bar sucks so badly. Fed also, indirectly, encourages extremely irresponsible drinking habits among the younger set. Those undergrads that choose to drink (and let's not be coy: plenty of the youngsters drink, and some drink pretty heavily) must get extremely shitfaced before going to Fed, then spend the rest of the night sobering up. The rest of us just get mildly shitfaced, and spend the rest of the night maintaining that happy state.

None of this is Fed Hall's fault, or the Federation of Students' fault, or the administration's fault. The fault, in my opinion, lies with society, and its contradictory views of alcohol use and abuse. The law tells us that people under the age of majority cannot purchase alcohol, and so it's assumed that they're not drinking it, either. At the same time, alcohol is currently one of the only legal recreational drugs, and is easily the most socially acceptable.

What strikes me as strange about the current age of majority (nineteen, in this province) is that you only have to be sixteen to get a driver's license. The message that we are sending to people between sixteen and eighteen is "You're old enough to drive a four-wheeled, ton-and-a-half weapon around, but not old enough to have a couple of beers." Perhaps the age of majority and the age at which a driver's license can be obtained be switched around. At least that way, people would have enough experience with drinking by the time they got their licenses that they'd understand that driving after drinking is just plain stupid.

So we return to the issue of our underage frosh. I met a fair number of frosh during Orientation Week, and many of them have struck me as quite mature — more mature than I am, at least. For the most part, these are eighteen year-olds, all of whom are attending university full-time, many of whom are living on their own, and a fair number of whom have part-time jobs. I honestly cannot understand why I should be allowed to relax with a beer while these fine examples of humanity have to suffer through their first year of university while sober.

The solution? Beats the hell outta me, as usual. But I'll have a couple of beers and think it over. I suggest that you do the same.

Steve "Flipper" Shaw

Thought of the Day

A parent is a banker provided by nature.

Curtis "Chewie" Desjardins

Social Happenings

Hey all, I hope you are all in for some good times because we've got some great events planned for you.

So, without any delay, here they are:

- Pub Night @ the Bomber TONIGHT!!!! (Mexican style)
All math students are welcome. Yes, that's including under-agers as well so, if you've never been to the Bomber, here's your chance.
 - Oct. 28: Rocky Horror Picture Show
Kits will be sold @ \$4 each and will include a lighter, cards, toast, squirt gun,...
- Jon would like for you all to come in drag. I personally have never seen this so, I have no idea what he's talking about [*Virgin! Virgin! - Curtis*]. But, I'm told Marco's little mini dress is made out of old pink frosh ties... a must see. If you don't want to come in drag, come dressed as your favourite character from the movie [*Right. In drag. - Curtis*].
- Also, look forward to a trip to the Brunswick house.
 - Other things in the planning are:
Tag, spelunking (caving), movie night, a night @ the Heuther and a Leaf game (if there is one this year).

The next time you see Jon, give him a pat on the back for a job well done but, make sure you don't wake him up... he may be sleep walking.

See you all tonight.

Jonathon Cressman
Jane Pak

GINO'S PIZZA

Try a little bite of Italy

747-9888

160 University Ave. W.
Waterloo

The official pizza of mathNEWS

Large Pizza

(any 5 items)

\$9.99 plus tax

Pick-Up and Delivery

Expires Nov. 4/94



Computer
Science
Club

A Student Chapter of the ACM

CSC Flash

Greetings again, flesh creatures! My CSC has, to form, continued in its expansion. Membership has expanded to 329, net.presence is expanding to include another computer soon, and they are gearing up for the Regionals of the ACM Programming Contest. In fact, everything about the CSC is expanding except for **ahem** the office. But I'm working on that...

Programming Contest Results

The second set of tryouts for the teams that will represent Waterloo at the Regionals in November have been held. The top-scoring participants are listed below. The numbers indicate the number of questions solved and the number of penalty points (used to break ties).

John Tromp	4	198
Ka-Ping Yee	4	353
Brad Bart	3	251
Nikita Borisov	3	345
Qin Liu	3	398

Waterloo's two teams for the Regionals will be chosen from among the high scorers in the two selection contests. Watch next issue's CSC Flash for an announcement of the teams.

3B Info Night

For those of you planning to enter fourth year CS soon, the CS department and the CSC host 3B Info Night. This term it is on Thursday, 27 October. There you can find out the differences between all the courses, meet the profs who will be teaching them, and choose your short-list courses. Most importantly, you can find out what the courses are *really* like from students who have taken them.

Other CSC stuff

Well, you have missed yesterday's hands-on tutorial on Exploring the Internet, but there are plenty more talks and tutorials coming up. As always, they will be announced on uw.csc and our home page,

<http://csclub.uwaterloo.ca/>

It's also about the time to continue adding to the library. Mail any suggestions you have for books to librarian@csclub. People all over the world are taking an interest in the CSC. Anyone can grab a sound bite from the office, or play their own sound files there. We've even had an audio net.conversation (+3 geek/hacker points if this excites you). Try out the CSC gadgets page under our home page for yourself.

Until next time, may your bits keep from rotting,

Calum T. Dalek
Chairbeing

The Monarchy Speaks

A PMC Update

As a recently delegated monarch of the Pure Math Club, it is apparently my duty to report to the masses.

Postdoc student Arthur Baragar spoke to a highly enthusiastic crowd on the topic of Fermat's Last Theorem, Diophantine equations and the Markoff equation. We would like to extend a big thanks to Arthur.

Upcoming Events include an information session for wannabe Pure Math grad students next Tuesday, October 25 at 3:30 in MC 4061. Please feel free to join us. As always, refreshments will be served.

In the sports department, the co-rec schedule includes broom-ball games on October 24 at midnight and Hallowe'en at 11 pm. Ultimate games are on the 25th at 4 pm and 21st at 5 pm. That is all from the PMC.

HRH Marni Mishna
Queen of PMC

The Columbia Lake Accord

MathSoc's New Constitution

Well, not quite. No one has ratified it yet. That's is going to come up at the Annual General Meeting (Oct 26). For almost a year the various Internal Boards have labored over our current PinkBook and decided some stuff should come out, some new stuff should go in, and lots of language clean-up should be done. However instead of doing all the changes bit by bit and taking up alot of time at MathSoc Council meetings and then an even longer amount of time at the AGM, Council decided to ask the Internal Board to write a whole new Constitution.

The most major changes being done are

1. Simplifying the membership structure,
2. Changing who can be a member, and
3. Changing the representative structure.

These changes (especially the third one) will cause a fundamental change in the way MathSoc represents you to the Faculty and what you see and how often you see the people who represent you.

If you are interested in looking at the new Constitution, a version of the text will be available in the MathSoc office by the time you read this. We also hope to have a version which highlights all of the differences between the new and the old. Come on in and take a look. Any questions should be directed to me, or brought up at the meeting. If you have serious (or small) problems with anything you see in the book, come and talk to me and perhaps I can explain why we choose to write it there, and that way. My userid is jarnott, and I will be in the 'Soc office most days at some point or other.

See you at the meeting.

Jillian "Flakie" Arnott
Internal Director

1995 Yearbook Survey

Forthwith are two questions that the Math Grad Committee is asking of students of this fine faculty. Please take a moment to think about and write down your answers and hand them in to the Math Grad Committee (MC3029).

Ready? Here we go:

What are three things that you will never forget about UW life?
What are three things that you'd most like to forget about Waterloo life?

Math Grad Happenings

Wow! Do I ever have a lot to write about this week! Let's get the yearbook stuff over with first...

We need more yearbook photos! The deadline for photos appearing in the color pages in the yearbook is quickly approaching. I don't have the exact date, but the yearbook committee will begin doing layout soon for the colour pages. Don't delay.

And speaking of yearbooks, today is the last day to submit yearbook blurbs. Blurbs submitted any later than today will be rolled up and smoked by the MGC execs.

Also, today is **THE LAST DAY TO BUY A YEARBOOK!!!** If you do not buy a yearbook by the end of the day, you will not be able to purchase one at all. Yearbooks will not be on sale later this term, nor will they be on sale next term. It's do or die, kids — get 'em now or don't get 'em at all.

In this issue, you will find a yearbook survey. Please take the time to fill it out as your input is valuable to us.

Hats are now in! We've got the same two colors as last time — black with purple and off-white with green. The price is \$15 — a steal of a deal! Get 'em while they're hot!

The Grad Ball is rolling! There will be another meeting on Wednesday at 2:30 (we think) in an unknown location. We will consult the spirits regarding the location of the meeting and have them let you know in the form of signs posted around the math building.

So you think you're a pretty good cook, eh? Well, we're having a bake sale on Tuesday, October 25 from 10:00 to 1:00. If you have any culinary skills at all (or even if you don't — someone will buy it), please sign up on the door of the MGC office to let us know that you can help us out. Money will be going to... YOU! — the MGC class of 1995!

Can you say "Brew Pub", boys and girls? I knew that you could! We're thinking of having a trip (or trips) to the Heidelberg and/or the Heuther. Keep watching for more info. Mmmm... Beer!

Greg Dinning
MGC Chair

Too Poetic for *prof* QUOTES

"Once you've been through a Math program, you're not the same person. You're different. You're a special person."

Wainwright, MATH 237

Monster Chiller Horror Theatre

Scary Stuff Kiddies

When push comes to shove, Hallowe'en is pretty much the only holiday dedicated solely to fun. After all, Christmas, Easter, and Good Friday have religious significance (at least for Christians), Mother's Day, Father's Day, and Valentine's Day are devoted to our family and the people we love, and Canada Day and Victoria Day mark historical events. With the exception of Civic Holiday in August and Labour Day, which are just we-want-to-enjoy-the-great-summer-weather-so-give-us-a-long-weekend holidays, Hallowe'en is the only time of year that people are encouraged to pig out on as much goodies as they can.

Actually, Hallowe'en was once thought of as only the day before All Saints Day and that evil spirits were thought to roam the night before November 1. But people have largely forgotten about All Saints Day (especially the Portuguese, whose capital city was creamed by an earthquake on November 1, 1755) mostly because, through amazing technological advances and the generosity of organized crime, evil spirits are now able to roam 365 nights a year.

Every year, my older brother and I would fight over who would get to wear the Darth Vader costume my dad had bought us. This was usually a civilized affair with the outcome being decided on a best-of-three falls basis. Ordinarily he would win because he would kick me in the, uh, lightsaber. So I would have to be content with putting on a sheet and either dressing up as Julius Caesar or a ghost. Being Caesar wasn't all that bad because if I wanted to scare some girls away from a house that gave out great stuff, I would pull out my, uh, lightsaber, and they would move on to the next house rather quickly, laughing all the way. Ha ha ha! Bells on Bob's tail ring, making spirits bright, oh what fun it is to ride a sleigh to... whoa! Completely wrong holiday there! Right now, all of the department stores are putting up Christmas decorations and Salvation Army people are barricading the store entrances.

Getting back to Hallowe'en, we kids always tried to visit as many houses as possible to get as much loot. We even laughed in the face of death and got candy from people we didn't know. After all, it's not as if our mothers were following us around the neighbourhood making sure we followed the rules. Well, most of us didn't but my mom always carried my bag of loot so I really couldn't complain. We would always go up to the door and yell "trick or treat" and wait for an answer. Because we lived in a rough neighbourhood though, "trick or treat" was usually drowned out by the sound of our switchblades opening. After about three hours of heavy candy-mooching, I would have enough candy to fill about two shopping bags worth of stuff which translates into about three dental cavities per week. Most kids avoided the dentists' houses because they only gave out stupid stuff like toothbrushes (like that's useful) or dental floss (surprisingly effective for tripping little kids and stealing their stuff). My dentist always gave out tons of really hard rock candy that is guaranteed to damage teeth from three hundred yards away. Ha ha! Seriously, the range of the stuff was probably further than that. After each dental check-up he would give me a huge handful of caramels and say "see you tomorrow" as I left. He's a really entrepreneurial dentist and a really thrifty one as well. Instead of using novocaine, he plays really brutal elevator music in the waiting room and waits for people to fall asleep

out there before operating. Once I was sitting there reading a magazine and the next thing I knew, I was waking up from a root canal.

Some really energetic kids would go around the neighbourhood twice in two different costumes to get twice as much loot. It didn't matter how much you ended up getting because Mom and Dad would always "inspect" you candy and decide that half of it was unsuitable for your consumption. However, because no food should ever go to waste, no matter how non-nutritional, my parents would risk death and eat those horrible truffle chocolates while I would eat the dentist's rock candy and be a better person, both physically and mentally, for it. What amazed me the most was that neither of my parents ever felt the tiniest twinge of guilt about stealing food from their own children. It's not as if they were starving (Honey, the kids are going out for Hallowe'en! We eat well tonight!) but rather they had thoroughly convinced themselves that they were doing something for my benefit. And now they wonder why I keep asking for money all of the time. Mom, Dad, it's payback time!

Of course, now I'm too old to go trick-or-treating. I think it's a law: once you're voice breaks, it's sayonara to Hallowe'en. Naturally, this doesn't extend to Devil's Night (October 30) which is a holiday dedicated to wanton destruction and vandalism by incorrigible youth. Rather than count candy bars, one can count overturned cars and fires started among his or her achievements. Still, it is nice to see all of the little kids running around dressed up begging for candy. Our family usually makes each kid do twenty pushups before we give anything out. Ordinarily we give fat kids a break: they have to do fifty.

Now I do more mature things on Hallowe'en, such as try to pick up women at the Twist and drink irresponsibly. This year I hope to surpass my record that I set last year of zero women successfully picked up. I'm pretty confident that I'll at least tie last year's result though if I do go with any single female friends and they leave with someone else, I could be into negative numbers.

I hope all of you have a happy Hallowe'en and immerse yourself into a hedonistic pool of fun. After all, what else can you do on the only day of the year when men can hold their heads proudly when they wear women's clothing? When else can you become an instant celebrity just because you have a copy of "Monster Mash" in your record collection? It's your last chance to paint the town red before you better watch out, you better not cry, you better not pout, I'm telling you why...

Graham "Footlong" Rogers

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Editor: Steve "Flipper" Shaw

Orientation Hats Are Here!!

Hey, guess what? Hmmmm, I wonder, could Orientation Leader Hats have arrived? Why yes, I do believe they have. For all those who ordered a hat, you can come pick them up in the Exec Office from either myself or Andrew. Don't forget to bring your ten buckeroos.

Jane Pak

Math Society Annual General Meeting

Well Boys and Girls, it's that time again. October has come and brought it's usual things, brightly coloured leaves, cold winds, AGM's of MathSoc, Hallowe'en, midterms ... What's that you say what's an AGM? Why it's a Annual General Meeting. This year it happens on the 26 of October at 3:30pm in the Comfy Lounge. Lots of interesting stuff will be happening there. Information you should know will be passed on. Rumor has it that there will be reports from almost every MathSoc Director on Council. Your student society needs your input. *'za may be served.* Come out and get involved. The preliminary agenda follows.

Annual General Meeting 1994
Agenda for October 26th (3:30 MC3001)

1. Changes to the Agenda
2. Approval of Previous Minutes
3. Reports
 - (a) Financial
 - (b) State of Affairs
 - (c) Director's Reports
4. Constitution
5. New Biz
6. Q&A
7. That's all folks!

Jillian Arnott
Internal Director

ultraCLASSIFIEDS

I've always believed that Tom Tocek was the Anti-Flipper, and his article this week has just proven it to the world. Congrats, Tom! (Now if we can only figure out what the hell Ian is).

Curtis, the Ever-Observant

Charlene, if you think my covers are boring, then you can draw one yourself and let me criticize. I don't consider myself a good artist and I don't have any imagination, that's why I am in Math and not Arts. I can usually take constructive criticism, so if you have any better suggestions then let's hear them. Otherwise you're not really helping with your comments.

Tomas "Too Unlimited" Tocek

The Lifecycle of An Assignment

This is the lifecycle of an assignment from a certain core math course.

WED: Prof. hands out 3-page review assign. Estimated time to complete it: 3 hours; due in one week. Only 8 questions but assign. Q's have parts (a)...d). It looks too evil and is put away quickly at bottom of pile of notes.

THURS: Keep busy doing other assignments due in 2 weeks.

FRI: Can't avoid encountering assign. paper among notes. Take a peek and read Q1 which seems easy. Cheer up and ignore assign. Push away images of people in C&D working on it.

SAT AM: Buckle down and spend 3 1/2 hours on Q1, Q2, and 1/2 Q3. Realize halfway through proof that allotted time by Prof. is up. Make long distance call and make bet on how long it will take to complete assign.

SAT PM: Frantic search for past term's notes. Room is a mess: Old assign. are spread out in order of usefulness. Conclude textbook is equally as useless this term as last term.

Procrastinate until guilt takes over at which point Q3 and Q4 get done in a record of 1/2 hr/Q.
Current count: 4 1/2 hrs: 4Q's.

SUN: Ignore assign. until 9:00 pm. Call contacts to compare ratios and complain.

11:30 pm: Q5 is finished. Q6 is a proof and so is neatly stepped over. Big question mark appears in the margin.

MON: Compare soln's and ask Prof. about proof. Proof refuses to be transported into brain. Prof. finally resorts to explaining the proof using the words "vector space" and "apples" in the same sentence... Prof. then decides student is mentally challenged and student loses bet as time spent on assign. has exceeded time estimated. Q7 is done in new time of 1/4 hour.

TUES AM: Student looks appealingly at T.A. for help with Q3 which seems to have sprouted a part (e).
Current count: 5 1/2: 5Q's.

TUES PM: T.A. comes on-duty and is surrounded by students. This particular student asks about Q6 in 6 different way. T.A.'s face takes on a desperate "Get her away from me" look. Student watches gleefully as T.A. answers inquiries about Q6 at a rate of once/student/2min. Student is ready to tear out own hair and lets friend convince her Q6 is correct.

WED 12:01 AM: Write title page and staple assignment which looks almost as long as friend's work report.

FINAL COUNT: 8 1/2 - 9 hours. 3 times allotted time. Student avoids forming a conclusion about this as logical thought had ceased long ago...

Manal Katerji

Grumpy Young Frosh

Ha! Bet you thought this was going to be some spoof of the Saturday Night Live skit. Well, too bad. I never got to stay up that late.

I actually wanted to write this article to let off some steam about stuff that's been bugging me lately. I mean, the math faculty *really* discriminates against us females. How? Take a look at math guys, for chrissake. No offence there, but, uh, they're all weenies. I mean, I graduate from high school thinking, well, great, next year there's going to be this vast multitude of guys to choose from, and so I travel to university in this sad deluded state, and, oh, be still my palpitating heart, the selection I have found. The stuffing studliness of the math weenie. Mmm-mmm. [Hey, you've never even seen my weenie. — Flip, a little bitter about the second paragraph following]

And as if this lack of male pulchritude weren't enough (which, believe me, it was) the math faculty has MC totally geared towards guys. I remember well (as if I could ever forget) the first time I went on the prowl for A Woman's Washroom. I mean, this is not a totally unknown phenomenon outside of our beloved Math and Computers Building, and I, foolishly assuming that it would be somewhere vaguely visible and accessible, looked and looked (**DESPERATELY!!!**) for one. And guess what?! I COULDN'T FIND ANY! I found plenty of guy's washrooms (*conveniently* located by the staircases), but mysteriously enough, no little girl's rooms. And just WHERE were the bloody things?? HIDDEN IN A LITTLE CORNER AROUND THE BEND IN A LITTLE ALCOVE *BESIDE THE ELEVATORS!!!!* This, of course, was some knowledge I just *might* have liked to have found in my little frosh issue of mathNEWS. But, oh no. We couldn't possibly (giggle) give some (teehee) *useful* (hahaha) information to *frosh!!*

Oh yeah, and hello, my name is (note: I didn't insert a bald joke here) Mr. Stinkin' mathNEWS editor!! Way to not only give totally useless but also potentially fatal advice to clueless frosh!! Gee, what's the most hellish thing we could make a stupid clueless frosh go through in the first couple of weeks of classes? Hmm, I guess that would be the stress and frustration of standing in line at the bookstore for two hours!! Why wouldn't a frosh get books before the first week of classes? I mean, isn't the line-up for the bookstore four hours long at the start of school? Well, a misdirected frosh MIGHT actually have taken the advice of, geez, well, say, the frosh issue of mathNEWS, believing the sage pearls of wisdom it spews when it says, and I quote: "Some of the profs don't use all of the texts on the course list. Go to your first class and ask. You usually don't need your texts the first week of classes."

What if all my profs *do* use tall of the texts on the course list? And what if I *do* need a text the first week of class?? What'll you say THEN??? Huh, Mr. Putrid mathNEWS Editor?! "Oh, so sorry, did you actually take my advice and wait (six hours) in the book store line-up? Oh, and is the line-up to return books much shorter (like, say, non-existent)? Oh shucky darns! I feel so bad about this." yeah, just you wait, you little sadist. Revenge will be sweet.

Oh yeah, and about those vague rumours you've heard floating around: they're true. yes, engineers ARE thugs. I have proof. I had the (pleasure?) of sitting in on one of their math classes, and I found out that, get this, they were doing *matrices!* (!!!)

yes, folks, while we were trying to figure out delta epsilons, *they were learning ROW REDUCTION!!!* (!!!!!!) Is it possible?!! Yes, sadly, shocking though it might be, contrary to everything else we know and love about our dear, dear engineering colleagues, they are indeed thugs.

So engineers are thugs and math guys are weenies. What's that leave us poor desperate mathematically inclined females? WITH WASHROOMS THAT ARE LOCATED IN THE MOST @#!*&\$#@!!! PLACE POSSIBLE!!! I speak for my gender when I say we have had enough! Womanhood, unite! We must build *now* on our vision of a better world, and work together towards a future filled with hope and freedom, a future where women's loos abound in joyous abundance! This will be our legacy to future generations of female mathies. We must speak now, my sisters, or forever hold our pees.

—A message from your neighbourhood Grumpy Young Frosh.

Sarah "Grumpy Young Frosh" Kamal

Internet Newsgroups That You'll Never See at U(W)

1. alt.binaries.sounds.csc.kibo.is.listening
2. alt.binaries.pictures.erotica.mfcf
3. alt.conspiracy.food-services-campus.monopoly
4. alt.fan.steve.codrington
5. alt.muppets.c.is.for.cookie.thats.good.enough.for.me
6. alt.politics.math.society
7. alt.sex.bestiality.flipper
8. alt.sex.hey.little.girl.want.to.rub.the.buddha
9. alt.sex.stu-bud.is.desperate
10. alt.tasteless.food-services
11. biz.black.orchid
12. comp.geeks.csc
13. fido.dido
14. misc.forsale.curtis.comes.cheap
15. ont.bob.rae.can.suck.my.dick
16. rec.humor.klawitter.has.none
17. rec.humor.mathsoc.didnt.sod.POETS.heh.heh.heh
18. rec.music.nkotb.still.suck
19. rec.sport.hockey.bastards.are.on.strike
20. soc.culture.bombshelter
21. uw.cs.cs354.sources
22. uw.mathnews.randy.klawitter.threatens.to.sue.flipper
23. uw.sac.lets.strike.the.new.coop.system.from.the.minutes
24. uw.censorship

Curtis "soc.religion.curtis.just.call.me.buddha" Desjardins

Poesy "uw.feds.womyns.center.cant.spell"

No-Last-Name-Required

Attack of the Velour Brigade

I cannot walk down the hallways of virtually any building on campus without being assaulted. Visually assaulted, that is. Allow me to provide an example.

A short while ago, I was happily reading my email in one of the computer labs at school, when all at once I became aware of a right powerful odour. I ceased activity and sniffed delicately, trying to localize the putrid stench. My cat had dragged dead things into the house that smelled sweeter. I began to realize that the closer my nose got to the chap at the terminal beside me, the more I wanted to retch. I took a closer look at the lad, keeping my olfactory system as far away from him as possible.

I won't even talk about his overwhelming b.o., or his halitosis, or the fact that the last time he bathed, Canada was still a part of England. As I stared in disbelief, I suddenly knew that his festering cesspool stench masked (if that is the right word) an even more alarming problem. Velour shirt – the kind I insisted my dad give to Goodwill way back when I was about 10. Even then, it was offensive. Polyester trousers – not pants, *trousers*. The kind that make your legs look like tanker trucks. Dark ribbed nylon socks, pulled up all the way. How do I know they were pulled up all the way, you ask? Because those trousers were so highwater I expected the second coming of Noah's Ark, and there was an inch of bare hairy flesh between the bottom of the cuffs and the top of the socks. Sadly, this fellow was, at most, 25. Even more sadly, this is an undramatized event. All names have been changed to protect the innocent.

Now, I have a theory about velour. You moisten a velour shirt, wad it in a ball, and throw it into the corner of a dank, musty closet and leave it there for, say, a year. At the end of the year, you open up the closet and you extract the mouldy mass in the corner (preferably with those long-handled barbecue tongs, rubber gloves, and an oxygen tank nearby). And what do you have?

A Chia Pet. Yes, I have slyly deduced that the chappie who invented velour also decided that we of the first world need a clay figure full of alphalfa sprouts.

Polyester, not unlike velour, is a toxic substance. I have nightmares about being drowned in a sea of polyester leisure suits. As you might expect, I also have a theory about polyester. What you don't know – and what the government won't tell you – is that polyester is actually recycled dental floss. That's right – used dental floss, all gathered up and woven into fabric. I read somewhere that it is also the cause of warts, herpes (both types), and bad hair days. And really, if you can't believe what you read, what *can* you believe?

Yet there are some misguided individuals who persist in wearing these fabrics, even though they are hazardous to their health and are also ugly. Disturbingly, this trend is spreading like a bad case of VD, and I feel I must do something to halt the growth in its tracks. I guess that would make me the penicillin of fashion.

Now, normally I wouldn't dare think to criticize anyone's choice of wearables. I am, quite happily, a slob. I can count on one hand the number of times in the past 3 years when I've worn something besides sweatclothes, boxer shorts, and T-shirts. And if you include jeans in that list, I only need one finger. What is my point, you ask? My point is that I don't have the fashion sense that God gave a stump, and I'm happy that way. If you don't like it, don't look.

However, the velour-and-polyester thing goes way beyond

Chia Pet fabric and cloth that can fight tooth decay at the gumline. You see, I've been keeping an eye on this trend, and after weeks of intensive study at great personal risk, I have come to a conclusion: The kind of people who wear velour clothing also lead velour lives. Ditto for polyester. And herein lies the alarm.

You'd recognize them even without the telltale clothing. They're the ones in the computer labs who talk to their monitors – not the ones who yell "Listen, you piece of shit, you'd better cough up my term paper" (no, that would be me and my ilk), but the ones who hold actual conversations with them. They're the ones sitting in some musty, ill-lighted room laughing strangely and implicitly differentiating the lemniscate just for kicks. Lest you think I'm picking solely on CompSci types and Mathies, I've heard rumours that the Velour Brigade (as I've dubbed them) has a very strong following in the Faculty of Arts [*Don't be looking at me – Curtis, an Artsie who doesn't spread rumours like that*]. I can't deny or confirm this rumour, however, because Artsies give me hives and my doctor told me to avoid them [*See, she doesn't even know me anyway – Curtis*].

In any case, these individuals are pale, and blink rapidly when exposed to direct sunlight. A wild and crazy Friday night might consist of downloading sound files so their PCs will say "I need some T.P. for my bung-hole" when they boot them up.

If you are one of the Velour Patrol, allow me to offer you some (not so) sound advice. Yes, sunlight is bad for you. But so are cigarettes, alcohol, sex, processed foods, unprocessed foods, and the very air we breathe. We're all going to die anyway, so why not have some fun before you kick off? Burn those strange fabrics (don't inhale the smoke, though). Shower. Lay around in your underwear watching cartoons until six o'clock at night.

If you can't give up the habit cold turkey, then for the love of Pete at least do *something* that other people might find interesting or even mildly amusing. If you have to be stuck in that physics lab, why not see if potato chips are a superconductor? (Actually, I'll save you some time – they're not. I had a long spare before my physics lab, and I dropped a lot of cash buying beer during that spare. Nuff said.) Figure out the minimum volume of oil you'd need for a 20 person Mazola party, and test your prediction. Calculate how many beers you'd have to drink to transform 15% of your blood into alcohol, and go for it. There are a number of fun and interesting things you can do with all the garbage you learn in classes, if you really put your mind to it. To coin a phrase, "Just do it". And don't forget to wear your party hat.

Now, I fully realize that there might be a few of you out there who might take offense to my little criticisms, instead of taking them with a grain of salt, as they were meant to be taken. If you take yourself *that* seriously, and you're a card-carrying member of the Velour Brigade, then your problems are no small thing, pal. Everyone's entitled to their own opinions. Go down to mathNEWS and complain. Better yet, call Curtis up at 3 a.m. to complain loudly and at great length about how P-inC (that is, politically incorrect) I am. Call as often as you like. It's no skin off my nose. Why? Because I'm 3000 miles away.

Sorry, Curtis, but you told me to submit the velour article. I hold you personally responsible.

Christy "P-inC and proud of it" Dolynchuk
(Ah, the impunity of distance!)

profQUOTES

"Often, Advanced Math students will graduate and not know how to integrate x . They can prove it's got an integral, but they can't do it."

Forrest, MATH 147

"Nor can they call me 'that big bald son of a bitch,' because we haven't had canine ancestry in our family for 10 generations."

Lawrence, MTHEL 100

"It's not like Engineering — a little bit from the left, a little bit from the right. . . there, close enough."

Zorzitto, MATH 137

(After misspelling 'statistical' twice) "They should invent a chalkboard with spell-check on it."

Vardon, ENGL 140R

"I didn't write it down in my notes because it was trivial; I could do it off the top of my head. But I seem to be missing the top of my head this morning."

Buss, CS 466

"We don't like this definition because it's a MATH 137 definition. We're looking for something incomprehensible."

Forrest, MATH 147

" f of Fred is equal to f of Wilma, etc. and. . . here's a scary thought. . . Fred minus Wilma. Also Fred is bigger than Pebbles who's. . . uh-oh, Pebbles is bigger than Wilma."

Best, MATH 137

"What is the most important word used in setting up a mathematical solution? Someone out there said 'TA's.'"

Wainwright, MATH 137

"Never talk to Algebraists. They lie to you all the time."

Forrest, MATH 147

"Put together some combination of words including 'gcd' and you'll probably get the right answer."

Stewart, MATH 145

"Don't get me wrong — I love sluts."

Chadwick, DRAMA 221

"When you can visualise 3-D graphs, it adds a new dimension to your life."

Wainwright, MATH 237

"Now I'll just hide behind this screen here, and see what happens."

Munro, CS 134

"Shallit's constant is the number 2."

Shallit, CS 360

UW Rules!

Not long ago someone on uw.general was interested in students' view of UW and their top 10 things about UW. Thinking about this brought a lot of memories of my past few years that I spent here.

I think that people, first of all, make this university great. Despite the rush of immature frosh that comes here every year, UW has a very cool student population. The first thing one can notice is the changing fashion statement. Modern baggy clothing with vivid colours that traverse the campus, just fabulous. It is a pleasant surprise that people dress up nicely, not only to go to class but also going out partying, to Fed for example. We don't have any of those long-hair leather-jacket rocker types here anymore, compared to Dork U for example. I am proud of this young modern techno crowd. Not only clothes, but people are also better looking and I actually think that the women-to-men ratio is changing as well. Unofficially 2:1, according to my recent count amongst my friends.

Speaking of UW and its great features, Fed Hall is right up there. If it wasn't for Fed, I wouldn't be in school right now. I must tell you that Fed made my university years more bearable and enjoyable. Ever since I enrolled at UW, Fed has been great, and this term it is better than ever. Cheap drinks, more games and pool tables, dance floor full of people of your preferred gender, good music (no crappy rock'n'roll anymore), and the best of all, you won't get cut off, ever. It really feels like home. A brand new Fed attractions are fluctuating beer prices. The correct answers to "How much is a beer?" is "What time is it?" and "At which bar?" It makes the night more interesting, you can play 'Find the Cheapest Beer' Game or 'Betcha I Can Get Drunk for Less Than You'. I am serious, Fed has been great lately, comparable to any Toronto dance club. The attendance has increased, most likely due to better music selection. All dance, techno, reggae, and Euro-sounds. It does feel like home.

Well, it's time to say something nice about the Bombshelter. But I can't. Simply because there isn't anything nice to say about it. I mean, why would you listen to rock? A bunch of bands that are dead and will never produce an album again. If I wanted to listen to bad music and watch grown up men get drunk and act like children, I'd go to my girlfriend's family reunion.

Another reason why I like UW so much is because of its location. It's far enough from Toronto that you can't get Q107 on the dial, but it's close enough to Burlington to get Energy 108. Kitchener-Waterloo cities also provide some local attractions that are quite popular among students, like OktoberFed.

And last but not least is the UW academics, and most importantly my future income potential as a UW graduate. That is probably the real reason why we're all here. That is the reason why I am here.

That's all I could think of before the mathNEWS submission deadline (Melrose Place is on in 5 mins.). I am sure there are other things that make UW a great place, and maybe some day someone will write about them.

Tomas "The Swamp Thing" Tocek

"Completeness rules the day!"

Forrest, MATH 147

Mike's Dictionary

Aphrodisiac: Noun. Something that encourages sexual response in humans (See Heather Locklear, Dog - after beers)

Dog: Noun. Small furry animal that makes a good pet. It also makes a good lover after 10 beers - but only if you can keep it from running away as you take down your pants

Dancing: Verb. 1) A series of physical movements, specifically designed to humiliate me. 2) Something I think I can do after 10 beers.

Kiss: 1) Verb. A method of showing affection when two people put their lips together. WARNING: do not try to kiss anything that resembles Flipper. Men tend to kiss with their eyes open to a) remember who they're kissing, and b) try to watch the ball game (especially if the woman you're kissing is playing it). 2) Noun. The name of the best band that ever was — so says my moronic roommate.

Orgasm: Noun. A physical sensation similar to your brain and groin trying to switch places and succeeding. I'm told it works better with a partner.

Erection: Noun. What I get when there is a slight breeze.

Shower: Noun. The act of cleansing yourself with soap and water, done on a daily basis. CSC take note!

Recursion: See recursion — I love that one!

Pink Tie: Noun. Piece of cloth I use to polish my car.

50: 1) A number between 49 and 51. 2) My favourite beer, although it's rumoured to make your hair fall out.

Bombshelter: Home away from home. Unfortunately, the Bomber will not receive my mail for me.

OSAP: Money provided by the government, interest free, to assist me getting through university. I need my new Pioneer system to help me study. a.k.a. Ontario Stereo Acquisition Plan, etc.

Rhursday: Noun. A day that only exists at U of W between Wednesday and Friday. Don't ask me what the fuck happens on Thursday — I don't have any classes so why should I get out of bed?

CO-OP: Noun. A big fuck up, i.e. I really CO-OPed my PMATH 336 midterm.

16: Noun. The lowest mark I received in a course.

1: Noun. The only number which is its own square. (Fuck you, 0 isn't a number.) Also, the number of courses I'm allowed to fail before I get kicked out of Waterloo.

Beer Goggles: Noun. Glasses I put on after 10 beers — reason for my current girlfriend.

(My) Dick: Noun. Loneliest creature to ever walk the planet — kinda looks like Curtis' head.

Hell: Noun. 1) My life. 2) STATS 333 for the 3rd and last time.

Single(s): Noun. 1) One of my favourite movies. 2) What I'll be once my girlfriend reads this article.

Slapshot: Best movie ever made.

ACTSCI 221: a.k.a. "Mike's course." It seems the profs got fed up of me failing ACTSCI 231 so they decided to help me out and make an easier version so that I can pass — didn't work.

MathSoc: Noun. Unorganized chaos.

MC 6th floor: See endless maze, labyrinth. I've only known one person to survive.

Paunch: 1) The muscle that develops between a man's waistline and chest. This muscle is very difficult to develop and should be admired.

Flipper: 1) Proper name of a mammal that lives surrounded by a certain liquid (water). 2) Proper name of a mammal that lives surrounded by a certain liquid (50).

Glad Bag: 1) Sealable bag that has many uses transporting lunch to school, or even a condom in a pinch.

Girlfriend: Noun. The ability to remove all your clothing and not be laughed at, spat at, kneed, shot, slapped, or made fun of.

Sex: I heard it's quite pleasant. Does anyone want to show me what it's like? PLEASE?

Mike Arseneau

Thanksgiving

Once again Thanksgiving has come and gone. It seems like a seemingly innocent holiday. Seldom do we think of the socio-political ramifications of this harvest festival perpetuated by the Status Quo as yet another means to lull the hapless masses into a false sense of well-being, subjugating them and then perpetuating the sinister capitalist ideals that are hidden by the warm sentimental facade of the Western objectification of the traditional icons of these days.

Right at the centre of the holiday is the pumpkin — the traditional Thanksgiving dessert. There once existed a day when pumpkins roamed the countryside free from the grievous oppression brought on by today's society. The pumpkin was a plentiful crop and it was not uncommon to see several of them at your Business class in Laurier.

However, in today's society we hunt them across the country side — just so we can have a pie. Is that what the world is coming to — hunting down a poor defenceless creature just so that a precious few may enjoy a fattening repast? If this is so, I want no part of it.

Isn't our treatment of pumpkins malicious enough? I mean the despicable things that are done to pumpkins at Hallowe'en are downright inhuman. Can we let this grievous injustice persevere? NO! Please help me save the pumpkin.

Mike "Pumpkinhead" Arseneau

The mathNEWS Gallery

Those who have been to the mathNEWS office, MC 3041, may have noticed the mysterious objects inhabiting the top shelf. Many of them are very old, and some are so old we do not know what they are or where they are from. Nobody bothered to record the information, you see. So, we have a contest. If you remember any of these items, or can provide us with a good story (let us know which, please), we will give you a prize! Not to mention our gratitude, of course, but that should have gone without saying.

The items:

1. Mysterious Block of Wood: This item is a $7 \times 8 \times 3$ cm block of particle board, with a strangely patterned white veneer on one side, and a 1-mm layer of sheet metal curved over to cover two sides. At the corner between the veneer side and the metal side is a plastic insert, presumably to protect the one from the other.
2. Mysterious Brick: This is a $6 \times 7 \times 15$ ash grey brick. There is dirt on it, so it may have come from a pathway. The dirty face is also much rougher than the other five.
3. Mysterious block of Pink Styrofoam: This is a $3 \times 2.5 \times 20.5$ stick of what appears to be baby pink Styrofoam. On one side is printed the words, "DE CONSTRUCTION CANAD".
4. Eerie Can of Coke: This one seems self-explanatory. It is an old steel can of Coca-Cola, 280 mL, on which the label has been printed upside-down. We don't know when it came in, though, or how it came to be in the mathNEWS office.
5. Valuable Remnant: This one we do know the story of, thanks to an old mathNEWS clipping taped to its side. It is the hole cut out of one of the stairway doors when the windows were put in. When we have found the origins of the other items, that article will be reprinted to explain this item.
6. Mysterious Hunk of Asphalt: A hunk of asphalt, roughly shaped like a squat triangular prism, this measures approximately 14×17 by 5 cm thick. The two parallel sides and one of the others are dirtier than the rest, so it seems to have been at the edge of a parking lot or somesuch.
7. EMS Library Sign: This sign reads "TO ENTER E.M.S. LIBRARY USE SOUTH-WEST STAIRS OR ELEVATORS". I presume it is one of the last remnants from before the DC Library opened, when all those books were kept on the fourth floor of the Math Building. A fuller write-up, with dates and everything, will come in a later issue.
8. Peculiar Pink Panther: This panther, now with one eye protruding out of its head, has seen much. It has lived in the MathSoc office and the CSC office, before taking up retirement in the mathNEWS archives. We are not interested in the origins of this item so much as stories of its life. We know there are many!
9. Purple Glowing Thing: You know the circular area on the first floor of the Davis Centre, occupied by DC 1301, 1302,

and 1304? It now has white glowing things sticking out of it, but they used to be purple. This is one of the purple ones. (The effect was wonderful. Kind of like walking behind a nuclear reactor, or so we imagined.) It also holds two beers.

10. Hunk of Earth in a Jar: This one I'm responsible for. It's from the groundbreaking for the Campus Centre addition, taken on a cold rainy day with nothing but the Warrior Band to recommend it.

Due to the important nature of this contest, it is open until Monday 31 October, at 6:00. For those who know, happy nostalgia! And for those who don't, happy creativity! And do let us in on it.

Kivi Shapiro

No Title

No Subtitle Either

Alright, I take time out of my schedule to try and help mathNEWS get produced (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) by typing in some articles for them, and what's the thanks I get? That editor guy whose name I should probably remember but can't oh well c'est la vie asks me "So, you going to write an article for us now?" "Well, no's" I say. "I happen to like mathNEWS and don't want to bring down the quality." And I meant that. Truly, honestly, deeply. Because while some people may think me funny, I'm not, I'm just kinda weird, and that's what generally amuses them. But write an article for mathNEWS? I can't even think of a title, what am I supposed to write about?! About how there's no better time to enjoy the latest issue of mathNEWS than after wandering around for hours underground? I don't think so! Unless you were one of the people there, you wouldn't even get that joke.

But anyway, there are no more articles that need to be typed in, so here I sit in the CSC logged in to mathNEWS hoping that Sarah Kumal doesn't come by and think me a weenie, and tossing around bad story idea after bad story idea cuz some guy whose name I can't remember just happens to be the balding editor of mathNEWS and asked me to write an article. People, help me out here! Prevent me from wasting my time typing this, your time reading it, and the space that could be used for something more entertaining, like blatant filler! Write something for mathNEWS! It doesn't have to be much, just a little something that you find humorous, just as long as it keeps me from typing in my own articles! Don't worry about it being crap, that's what bald editors are for! To sort through all the submissions and pick out the best crap! And you don't even have to show up on production night to type it in yourself. Just drop it into the BLACK BOX and someone will type it in for you! Or you can even email it to mathNEWS, although that won't keep me from typing something in. If you value your humour, don't let me write! Because I'm not funny, I can't write anything that would hold your attention better than the Mean Value Theorem, and since mathNEWS doesn't use pseudonyms, I don't want to write an article and have everybody know that I'm

Dan Gardiner

mastHEAD

Damn. Damn. Damn. Damn.

Had a horribly shitty time tonight, thankyouverymuch. Not only did I spend hours today watching Ian fix up problems we had with the account (hey! we lost a couple of articles! argh!), but I've had to put up with balky computers, low creativity on my part, and more hair loss than usual tonight.

As always, though, the staff came through for me and picked up the pieces, as well as putting up with a grumpy editor and producing a pretty good issue. The fun and friendly folks that put up with me tonight (and their favourite post-Oktoberfest activities) were: Curtis Desjardins (choking to death on my own vomit), Stuart Pollock (Doing 3 AM assignments (all-nighter! Due the next morning!)), Darren Morby (watching the K-W-wide hangover. Suckers!), Fuzzy (viewing GIFs on text terminals), Chad Ternent (getting those mysterious phone calls about things I don't remember doing), Dan Gardiner (wander around aimlessly for hours underground...no, wait, that's what I did during Oktoberfest), Ian Goldberg (Novemberfest. What else?), Jennifer Watters (I don't know...I don't think I've recovered yet), Greg Dinning (AA), Kivi Shapiro (huh?), Stephen Johnston (you mean it's over already?), Poesy Chen (being picked up by more than one guy, yes, during and after!), Jillian Arnott (taking Poesy home), and Christy Dolynchuk (Mmmm...Beer!).

Thanks also go to Marion over in Graphic Services for being the sunshine in so many people's lives.

Steve Shaw (hell, I'm already warming up for Hallowe'en)
editor-in-chief-of-being-grouchy

Newton's Laws of Mootion

(as seen by a Mathie)

1. A cow that is walking tends to keep on walking, and a cow that is standing still tends to remain standing still.
2. When a cow falls on you, the degree that your body gets crushed is dependent upon how heavy the cow is, and how quickly it fell on you.
3. When you push a cow it kicks you back equally hard (trust me).
4. Cows can't fly (this is a relatively new concept).

Warren "The Milkman" Hagey

Thought of the Day

The things we remember best are usually the things best forgotten.

Curtis "Alcohol blackouts are great" Desjardins

We Interrupt This mathNEWS...

Insert Bad Radio/TV News Anthem Here

- **The "With This Organ, I Thee Wed" Department:** Victoria Ingram and Randall Curlee did more than exchange vows when they got married last week. Curlee, who has kidney problems related to diabetes, is getting a kidney transplant in a Mission Viejo, CA, hospital — and Ingram is the donor. Now, how does that song go again? "You're a part of me, I'm a part of you..."

The Kitchener-Waterloo Record, Tues. Oct. 11, Page A4
and the CKCO-TV midday news

- **The "Bombs Away!" Department:** A Toronto couple got a very, very rude awakening when a huge block of frozen human excrement — apparently from the washrooms of an airplane overhead — landed in their bedroom just before 10 PM on Thanksgiving. A spokesman for Pearson International Airport stated that such an occurrence happens once every few years. Way to "go," people.

The Kitchener-Waterloo Record, Wed. Oct. 12, Page A1

- **The "Crime Prevention, Sunshine State Style" Department:** Authorities in Florida have come up with some unusual criminal deterrents in the past while. Some counties have removed televisions from their prisons; they stated that some people committed crimes and got themselves arrested because of them. And to deter "cruising," the Department of Law Enforcement suggested installing low-pressure sodium street lamps. Under these lights, caucasians' skins have a sickly colour and acne problems are magnified. Suuuure!

The Toronto Star, Sat. Oct. 1, Page K18
and *The Toronto Star*, Sat. Oct. 15, Page G13

And finally...

- **The "Flash! I've Gone Blind!" Department:** Tom Pemberton, of York, England, did not seem very embarrassed about a photograph he took when he accidentally aimed his camera backward. He submitted the blurred photo of his left ear to the *Daily Telegraph*, where it won that newspaper's "worst photograph" award last April.

The Toronto Star, Sat. Oct. 15, Page G13

Until the next mathNEWS, it's goodbye from the guy who wears the Ottawa Lynx baseball cap all the time and calls himself...

Darren "Ren" Morby

Gridword Solutions!

Can Be Found on the mathNEWSDoor

mathNEWSquiz #3

We knew you could do it

And a lovely, sunshiny day to you all, true squizzers! It certainly is for us, as we actually received submissions this time. The correct answers to the previous quiz were: **Song Lyrics:** 1) "People Say" by Leslie Spit Treeo. 2) "Running Up That Hill" by Kate Bush. 3) "Round & Round" by New Order. 4) "Killing in the Name" by Rage Against the Machine. 5) "Sabotage" by Beastie Boys. **Royal Canadian Air Farce:** 1) Bare-naked Ladies does the TV theme. 2) "Him, him, him" (clearing her throat). 3) Pizzeria (we also accepted "many answers," but this one was prevalent). 4) Stan the Reform Chicken (by the way, Don Ferguson does Manning). 5) "Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah." **Baseball:** 1) Ted Williams. 2) Montreal Expos. 3) Rickey Henderson. 4) A home run. 5) A potato (no "e"). **Hockey:** 1) Wayne Gretzky. 2) Bob Probert. 3) Bruce Firestone. 4) The Governor-General of Canada. 5) Boston Bruins, Chicago Black Hawks, Detroit Red Wings, Montreal Canadiens, New York Rangers, and Toronto Maple Leafs.

Our plethora of submissions to that quiz came from: Pokey & Phil Collins (6); Brent "bonk" Willis (7); Hooty (8); Ian "Why do I need a pseudonym" Facey (8); John "Mathematician" Swan (8); Brian Fox, the Calculus Cowboy (10); Josh "SHEP" Shepherd (11); Wayland "Wayoleon the Great" Chau, MEF, and Sinc (12); The Grebel Contingent (14); and our winners with fifteen correct answers, Slaves to the Gridword! A squizprize awaits them in the MathSoc office. Now, let's get down to business here.

Song Lyrics

1. Yes we could try, like we tried before
When you kept on telling me those lies
2. If the night turned cold and the stars looked down
And you hug yourself on the cold cold ground
3. I can go where no one else can go
I know what no one else knows
4. There'll be food on the table tonight
There'll be pay in your pocket tonight
5. So there we have a story lived in person, told by proxy
'Bout a mild-mannered mannequin who every Friday hit the Roxy

Quiz Shows!

1. What game show is *La Guerre Des Clans* a French-language version of?
2. For what category did Dr. Joyce Brothers win it all on *The \$64,000 Question*?
3. What show was hosted by the son of then U.S. President Ronald Reagan?
4. Name the alien thief on *Where in the World is Carmen Sandiego*?
5. The answer to Wink Martindale's "What does everybody want?"

Hallowe'en

1. Name the maniac from the Hallowe'en movies.
2. What is the night before Hallowe'en commonly called?

3. What Celtic festival traditionally takes place the night before Hallowe'en?
4. What is Hallowe'en a contraction of?
5. What were used for Jack O'Lanterns before pumpkins became popular?

You may put your entries in the BLACK BOX, or e-mail them to mathnews@undergrad.math, anytime between now and 6 P.M. on Monday, October 31. Hey, that's Hallowe'en! Good luck and see you in fourteen.

Darren "Ren" Morby
Stuart "Jean-Guy" Pollock

gridCOMMENTS

Allo! Wow! I'm impressed. There were so many submissions that I can't tell you how many there were because due to the death of several brain cells last weekend, I can no longer count that high and apparently I no longer know how to end a sentence because this one just seems to be going on forever with no end in sight; no wait, here it is.

Correct solutions to the cryptic were submitted by: anonymous; Yakko, Wakkoi and Pot; Orange and Black; Robert Bridson; "C&D" (Cheryl and Dan); Slaves to the Gridword; Brent "bonk" Wicus; and Pokey & Phil Collins. Almost, but not quite correct submissions came from Ian "The Word Guy" Facey; and Live from Toronto... HAMMER! For the conventional there were two correct solutions from Pokey & Phil Collins and Slaves to the Gridword. An incorrect solution came from Ian "The Word Guy" Facey.

Everyone's favourite quotes are: "I am Swedish Chef of Bork - you will be grated." "Sleepin' on the interstate - I've got a wild, wild life" (Talking Heads) "You can take the keener out of the front row, but you can't take the front row out of the keener" "3.14159265358979323..." "The word that comes to mind is 'incredibly stupid'...but that's two words!"

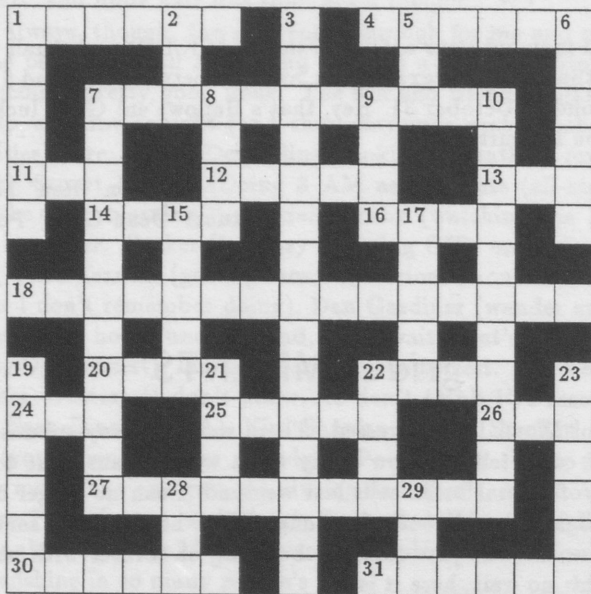
Hope everyone enjoys this grid. If you seem to be having trouble, don't blame me. It's Eric's fault (thanks for the help, I think I survived).

Jennifer "Jeffie" Watters

Thought of the Day

There are three ways to get something done:
do it yourself, have someone else do it,
and forbid your kids from doing it.

Curtis "Vitamin C junkie" Desjardins



Grid Clues (Cryptic)

Across

1. scratch unusually friendly ghost (6)
4. Hawaiian fruit and offspring are corrupt (6)
7. before mother rants about see through argument (11)
11. ram backward to disfigure (3)
12. combine me with energy (5)
13. cool solid (3)
14. tear apart class (4)
16. light left amplifier (4)
18. business types repent: ruin a reel! (15)
20. wander through Rome (4)
22. droop before a long voyage (4)
24. directionless wisk thrown downhill (3)
25. that is, around rat he becomes angry (5)
26. present tilt (3)
27. limb implied, without NATO leader, that the story was proven (11)
30. question of finding reason without direction (6)
31. note: name left finish (6)

Down

1. correct, within one standard deviation is an identifying mark (6)
2. monkey around a small green sphere (3)
3. test action without note of trial and error (15)

5. limitless model of a poem (3)
6. alter retune! (6)
7. tear it or I will sound regional (11)
8. call title (4)
9. wheel sounds real (4)
10. Libyan capital has no love for pet or horse. No! No! No! (11)
15. eighth Greek tailless hatter is confused (5)
17. a surrounding rub island (5)
19. avoid giving erratic peace direction (6)
21. small sounding mouse (4)
22. will be French whey (4)
23. turn aluminum into backbone (6)
28. first employee to enter G.M. is a jewel (3)
29. squished ant, get darker (3)

Grid Clues (Conventional)

Across

1. eg. pie
4. tree
7. unlikely
11. yours and mine
12. dish used in labs
13. tree
14. border
16. fight
18. the moving of plants
20. too
22. unconscious
24. lie
25. orifice
26. barrel
27. clay dishes
30. plan
31. draw

Down

1. dirty bird
2. tap repeatedly
3. quarrel against
5. bar
6. mystery
7. unfixable
8. stride
9. part of the eye
10. employable
15. oxygen and nitrogen
17. large instrument
19. insult
21. leave out
22. eat
23. plenty
28. mat
29. question