

# *math* NEWS

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Best of Luck  
on your  
Exams!



Darren Morby, Curtis Desjardine Skinny Chicken Boy, Kevin Hartman, Arsenyk Ustaris  
Viêt Tâm Luu, Stuart Pollock, Stephen Johnston, Sarah Kamal

from the staff at *math*NEWS

End of Term  
mastHEAD

Today is the last day of classes, and if you've had a term like Stuart and I have had you'll join us in saying "Thank God It's Over." (You can substitute your deity of choice.)

It's been a lot of fun working as editors for *mathNEWS* this term. We've tried to bring you an issue every other week that has been both informative and humorous. We announced two issues back that we'd try and make things a little more serious for the last few issues, and we got a grand total of six responses, evenly split between those who love and those who hate the idea of changing everyone's favourite newsletter. From the responses we got, it would seem that it's best to try and improve the quality of **both** serious and humorous articles, while maintaining the current ratio of content to humour.

This is where you come in - if you want a better *mathNEWS* next term, it's up to **you** to help out, either by writing articles or by helping out on production nights. We get lots of *prof-QUOTES* submitted from students, but at most those 'Quotes only take up a page and a half. Quality articles are harder to come by. That's not to say that we haven't had some great articles and writers this term - "Post Teen Angst: Earwax" by Ian Milligan, *vapidFIRE* by Mike Hammond, and the "Grumpy" series by Sarah Kamal come to mind as outstanding contributions. (Yes, the Grumpy series **does** have a lot of *in* jokes, but there are still many gems in there.) We do need more writers and more variety, though.

Enough rambling; it is time to acknowledge and thank all those people that came out tonight to help out with this issue. Tonight's *mastHEAD* question is "Why would Poesy walk into the MathSoc office at 10am on a Saturday and have a heart attack?" The *mathNEWS* slaves tonight, and their responses are: Poesy Chen (Because Chris didn't!), Allyson Graham ('Cause people were gathering to clean it.), Curtis Desjardins (Discovering that, once again, the Soc office is being used as a Den of Iniquity (Yes, *again*, believe it or not).), Sarah "Not-a-BLOODY-Poesy-Clone" Kamal (Because the remains of the morons who keep calling Sarah "Poesy" were splattered all over the walls and ceiling.), Darren Morby (High-cholesterol diet?), Stephen Johnston (Too much stress, and nobody loves her. At least that's what she says.), Kevin "Lord Nullset" Hartmann (Because it's fashionable these days?), Arsenyk "Megathought" Ustaris (It was decreed by the Immortal VT.), Viêt-Tâm Luu (Would it have anything to do with Friday night, and if so do we really want to know?), and Stuart Pollock (She figured it was 10 and, thus, time to pass out). Many thanks to all those who helped out with *mathNEWS* both tonight and during the term; without your help these last six issues would surely not have been possible. Thanks also to Marion at Graphic Services for all the wonderful things she does, and to Mega Deal for the great 'zza on production nights.

Good luck on finals, and have a great time next term, wherever you may be!

Stephen Johnston & Stuart Pollock  
Partners in Crime, Corel Buddies

## Prez Sez

Make Poesy Pay...

This is the last time I will speak to you as the President of the Math Society this term. Thanks to everyone who came out and helped with MathSoc services and events! I especially appreciate the hard working executives: VPAS Wade "The world fell apart, but I am putting it back together" and VPF Manal for always asking "So, does that cost us anything?"

Last, but not least, I'd like to thank the all purpose board members and directors: Matt "The Apple Juice" Speaker, Sarah "Poesy II" Social Director, Stu "President, Club 21" and Steve "The most awesome" *mathNEWS* editors, Chris "You'll do as I say" Office Manager, Kael "The Exec Mac Is Fixed!" Computing Person, Wayne "What do you want done now, Sarah?" Publicity Person, Jeremy "I have nothing to report" Posting Person, Amit "I also have nothing to report" Internal, and the rest of you who helped run the clubs, liase with other organisations, manage special events, and bring issues to MathSoc's attention. (OK, I am just too tired to type the rest of your names; you know who you are!)

MathSoc is such a special organisation because the people who care about MathSoc are very special. To place volunteering ahead of sleep (and sometimes schoolwork) to service fellow students is the most selfless act that I can expect from anyone. I have observed many who have gone above and beyond that for this term. I just wish MathSoc had enough to offer them in return for this level of involvement besides a few lines to go into their resumes, **FREE SHIRTS**, and your name printed here.

As a token of our appreciation, MathSoc is throwing a BBQ/Bonfire at Columbia Lake this Friday Night. Do come by and share an ear of corn or roast a dog or two with us. This event is **FREE** for those who have helped out with MathSoc!

I will be around this Fall and Winter to complete my studies in Math. At this time, I would like to pledge my support for MathSoc...

I will donate to the Math Improvement Fund \$1.00 for each person in my graduating class in Math (payable after I get a job!), if any of the following events take place before May 1996:

1. An election is held for Class/Program Representatives. (OK, I will settle for all Rep positions including all program and year reps being filled as well)
2. An election is held for ALL THREE executive positions in one term
3. The MathSoc office remains open from 8:30 to 5:30 every weekday. (OK, Friday afternoon 4:30 closing time is fine) Oh, and spending the night in the MathSoc office doesn't count towards this one
4. MathSoc (legally) collects at least one copy of the midterms from all Math Faculty courses one term and
5. Whatever else you can think of that needs to be done with MathSoc, that Poesy agrees to include on this challenge.

Make Me Pay. Make Me Proud.

See you all in Poesy's La La Land very soon!

Poesy "I need a hug" Chen

## Wade's Word

We've almost made it! Yes, another semester has almost been completed. Hopefully it has been a good (great!) semester and you've done all (most) of the things you wanted to do. We still have final exams to finish, so there is still some (a lot of) work to do. For me this is the time where I wish I had been a little more diligent in keeping up with my courses. But once again I find that I'm playing catch-up right now which means a lot of work and (very) little sleep.

Now, there are probably some things that you wish you had done this semester, but didn't. One of these may have been getting involved with MathSoc. But never fear! For most of us there is still a next term. So when your next school term starts, save yourself from this feeling of not accomplishing everything you could have and GET INVOLVED! There are all kinds of ways to do this. Just stop into the MathSoc (MC3038) and enquire. Bring your friends! The more the merrier.

For those of you who did get involved this semester THANKS A LOT! You did a great job of keeping MathSoc running.

As I sign-off for the last time this semester, I wish everyone the best in whatever you are doing next semester. For those of you working in Toronto, maybe we'll see you there (after all, there's only so many places to go & things to do there!) It's been fun (at least sometimes) being your VPAS this semester.

Check you later!

Wade

## lookAHEAD

MathSoc	
July 28	Nomination forms for W96/F96 Exec due by 4:30 pm. MathSoc office (MC 3038)
July 28	MathSoc End of Term party 6:00 pm @ Columbia Lake (earlier if you want to help set up)
Math Faculty	
July 31	Examinations begin
August 12	Examinations end
August 25	Spring Work Term Ends
August 28	Fall Work Term Begins
Sept. 5-8	Registration for Fall Term
Sept. 11	Lectures Begin, Fall Term
Dec. 5	Lectures End, Fall Term
Dec. 8-22	Examination Period, Fall Term
Dec 22	Fall work term ends
Jan. 2-4	Registration for Winter Term
Jan. 5	Start of late fees, Winter Term
Cinema Gratis	
August 7	"Clerks" @ 9 pm., Campus Centre

## CSC Flash

Greetings once more, mortal beings! My club has set a new Spring term membership record this term, thanks to all.

Many thanks to the office minions who spent last Saturday cleaning out the office. It looks great!

### Events

The CTRL-D dinner was Tuesday at Musselini's at 6:00 PM. Many people showed up and had a good time.

Our Bar-B-Q was Wednesday. Burgers and dogs were sold cheap to all and sundry.

Our last talk of the term was also on Wednesday at 10:15 AM. Warren Gaebel gave a talk on "Intro to Web Browsing".

### Tetris

Just a final reminder; the Tetris contest is this Saturday at 10:00 AM! Details can be found in the newsgroup, or at <http://csclub.uwaterloo.ca/u/jjgignac/tetris/manual.html> Come out to watch the programs compete!

### Other things

The CSC's latest t-shirts are still on sale in the CSC for \$14. Other novelties are also on sale, such as our ever-popular "It doesn't have to make sense; it's University policy" buttons.

As usual, read the newsgroup [uw.csc](mailto:uw.csc) for the latest news from my club, and try out their homepage at <http://csclub.uwaterloo.ca/>.

Tip of the week: Exams are just around the corner, so get studying! And make sure to go the exams.

Calum T. Dalek  
Chairbeing

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Come and Get It!

**Large Pepperoni Pizza**

**\$5.22** plus tax

**2 Medium Pizzas With 3 Items  
And 4 Coke — Delivered!!**

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# NahNahNahNah NahNahNahNah Hey Hey Hey

Goodbye!!!

Goooooooooooo morning Waterloooooo!

For any of you loyal enough to make the trek to MC today just to pick up a copy of your favourite bathroom reading material, you will now be glad to hear that this will be my last mindlessly blathering column (for this term). As usual, I'm going to begin with an account of the activities we had in the last couple weeks:

The waterfight was HUGELY fun!! We made a huge mess and probably alienated the rest of the campus, but hey, regressing to an irresponsible mental-state of-a-5-year-old is a *good* thing. Heeheehee. I think that soaking all the dry poo-brains walking around the MC building is entirely justifiable. It was a hot day, and they deserved it. What I think is absolutely UNFORGIVABLE, though, is grabbing sweet, innocent, uncantankerous, not-shrieking-and-promising-dire-vengeance-yet-at-the-same-time-remaining-psychotically-talented social directors and hauling them out for mass soakings followed by gratuitous dunkings. THAT is entirely against the rules. [Not!!! — Ed.]

(Big poobrains.) ←\*\*\*\*Sarah's word for the week!!!!\*\*\*\*

A slightly less well-attended event would be last week's Casino Night. Yes, I'm sorry, it was on a Thursday, and (geegollywhiz) it was at Fed, so turn-out was kinda poor. (A bit of a Flipperian legacy, that!) That was rather disappointing, because it was a fun night, and I really think you guys missed out, but that's life, I guess. Special thanks go to Steve Mills for his hard work in training our suave casino dealers!

Anyhoo. This is the last issue o' mathNEWS this term, so I gotta do the ol' ain't-it-been-just-great-and-dandy recapping spiel. Here goes!

## Final O-fficial List O' Events For the Term

The following is the (surprise surprise) final o-fficial list o' this term's (most excellent) events:

We had

1. A MathSoc/MGC trip to Canada's Wonderland (publicized by my most brave, most pristine Lemon Poster—see issue 3 of mathNEWS if you don't get that);
2. A most excellent math BBQ (free food! And yes, free rain!! Woohoo!);
3. Very excellent pick-up ultimate games every Monday and Thursday with the PMC;
4. A James Bond theme pub night at the Bomber (that night was ROCKING!);
5. Many, many trips out hiking, spelunking, strawberry picking, Laserquesting, and tubing (a psychotic nut-bar chicken boy led many of these expeditions—'nuff said);
6. The Music Jam sessions, (which after the first GREAT Friday (when my guitar-string got broken) kinda degenerated—too bad!);

7. The water-fight (woohoo!);

8. and Casino Night (martyred sigh).

I was trying to make MathSoc social a lot more visible this term (hence the messily, violently colourful calendar outside the Comfy Lounge) and get more mathies involved in activities 'n stuff, and according to the two or three people I asked (at gun-point) about this, they think I've done a "d-d-d-amn f-f-fine pleaseohpleasedon'tkillme" job. Sigh. SO true!

Of course, hugeintincredibleabsolutelywow thanks go to the other official two thirds of the Social Committee (May and Stu, you guys are AWESOME!) who managed to make up the Best Damn Social Committee We Have Ever Had (this term). Thanks, ya big lugs. Without you guys, I'da been insane halfway through the term instead of just in the last couple of weeks.

Oh yeah, and thanks go to Jon "psychotic nut-bar chicken boy" Cressman for all his help, too.

Well, that's it from me at last! Bye y'all!

Sarah "Me?! Get sleep?!?! Haha! Hoho!  
Teeheeheehehehe—CLUNK!" Kamal

## Writers' Corner

I am not very photogenic and quite camera shy, so I thought that the best place to say something would be at the Writers' Corner.

My comment is to our new Provincial PC Government. (That's PC as in Progressive Conservative, not Personal Computer.) My applause to them pertains to the elimination of the photo radar experiment in our province. Our politicians finally admitted that the photo radar was only a money grabbing tool. (Since it was only an experiment, can we cancel all the speeding tickets, and get the refund retroactively?) Even though I am not much of a speeder myself, I was very outraged by it from the very beginning. Why was it used on 401? 401 is one of Ontario's safest highways. Why was the speed reduction related to the road safety? Fast does not necessarily mean unsafe! Many other countries, USA and Germany to name a few, have higher speed limits and their road safety is still maintained. It doesn't take a university student to figure out that something was fishy and that we were being controlled and ripped off by our own government. How much more are we going to be controlled by the system? Maybe it is my European background that suggests to turn 401 into a Canadian Autobahn, AutoCan. No matter what you call it, the fact is that the Canadian motorists are evolving. My suggestion for the future is to increase the maximum limit to 120 km/h and to stiffen the fines for speeding over 120 km/h. Also, introduce a minimum speed of 80 km/h on all divided 4-lane highways. My Canada includes fast highways!

So now that we dealt with the cars, what are we going to do with those damn roller-bladers? On the street or on the sidewalk, that is the question. See you next issue.

Tom "White Shadow" Tocek

## Better Luck Next Term

or  
*How did I go so wrong so fast?*

This article is dedicated to all those puzzled young students out there, who are wondering why their marks are so low, and what they should do now. The second answer is simple – cry bitterly over their folly, and then spend the next few weeks locked up in seclusion, studying for exams.

But for future terms, this article will hopefully provide some reminders as to where one often goes wrong, and what not to do for previous terms. Having committed most of these errors, I have a good understanding of what not to do, assuming, of course, you don't want to join me in General Math.

### *Things To Do*

- Go to your classes, even the boring ones. Even if you've known the Chinese Remainder Theorem since two days after childbirth, with your luck, the prof will develop a new notation which will never be mentioned since, and will require you to know it for the exam. Then again, if you've *really* known the Chinese Remainder theorem since two days after childbirth, you've got other, more serious problems. Like dealing with all trauma of being Carl Gauss in a past life...

- Go to classes. This is important enough to bear repeating. If you can't make it to class, be sure to get the notes from someone else, preferable from someone who *did* attend classes. If you're stuck with a professor whose accent is so confusing that you think you're suddenly in Swahili (unless of course, you speak Swahili), or if you find that counting the roof tiles is slightly less boring than the lecture you're currently listening to, don't just give up in despair.

Try to see if you can attend another section of the same course. If you can't do so "officially", try handing in your assignments in your regular class, and attend the lectures with the professor whose style you prefer. (Keep in mind that some professors frown on people from other sections attending their lectures, especially in crowded classrooms. Ideally, you should ask permission to attend first)

- Choose your electives carefully. If you have absolutely no interest in the harvesting practices of the early Greeks, don't take a course called CLAS 666: Ancient Secrets of Greek Agriculture. If you think capitalism is an evil establishment by which the aristocratic upper-classmen impose their iron-fisted control in order to revel in the exploitation of the working classes, perhaps BUS 111 is not for you.

When choosing courses, note also that Murphy's Law can and will work against you. Pre-registration may help a little bit, but it is by no means a guarantee that you'll get the courses you want. For example, after seven terms at UW, I have not yet had a term when I could take all the courses I had originally planned on. Therefore, it's a good idea to make a list of electives that you want to take, in decreasing order of interest, just in case Underwater Basketweaving at Laurier is cancelled this year. It's probably also a good idea to make friends with the programmers who maintain

the course scheduling programmes. After all, you wouldn't want to upset someone who could "accidentally" enroll you in SOC 666: Masochistic Experimentation Research

- Do your assignments, or, at least, most of them. Pay special attention to assignments that seem "trivial". They're usually the kind that require some simple little trick or step, that you will learn once, and forget about, until you see it on an exam 4 months later. And kick yourself for forgetting.

Assignments are useful, but not for the reasons that most people say. Unlike textbooks or lectures, assignments don't teach you much. (In some courses, they don't teach you anything...). What they *can* do, however, is force you to realize how little you really do know (sometimes, even with regard to mathematics!). This allows you to ask intelligent, pointed questions in class that will awe your friends and classmates. and sometimes even the prof. (Occasionally, they'll be so surprised they'll even forget to snicker at you...) Assignments are also good for social bonding, as just about anyone who is nice and quiet seems like a minor deity at 4:30 am, especially when your assignments have driven you to the third migraine of the night (so, who said doing assignments was all sunshine and roses? If you wanted that, you should have studied botany, shouldn't you!?)

- Ask questions. If you think you understand everything in the course, you need to look over it some more. It's better to know more about a boring topic than you need to than to come up short during finals (and sometimes, it makes the topic more interesting when you learn more about it. On the the other hand, there are Statistics courses...).

Don't be afraid to ask questions. Your professors are there to help, and almost all of them have are giving up ritually disembowelling students for asking stupid questions. Honest. Actually, as my father used to tell me, the "only stupid question is the one that never gets asked". (I wanted to ask him why, but figured that the question was too stupid...)

If you have trouble with an assignment, and don't know how to get started, but you don't think that the T.A. or prof will help you with it, bring a problem that you think is related, and ask them to help you solve it, instead. It might give you a hint of how to solve the assignment problem. It might also confuse you, throwing your mind into a horrid, chthonic madness from which you can never recover, but that's unlikely. Unless, of course, you're in Computer Science, in which case madness is considered a requisite condition, anyway.

- Keep a schedule. It's terribly depressing to show up, all bright, smiling, and prepared to ace your Pure Math final, only to discover you've arrived three hours too late. Make sure that you know when, and where your assignments and exams will be, and what aids are permitted (note that, despite what you may have heard professors will not consider a Pure Math undergrad as a legitimate aid. The term "cal-

*continued on page 6*

## Bridging the Gap

by Eric Sutherland

I have said it before and I'll say it again. When there is only one distribution of the outstanding cards that will make (on declarer play) or defeat (on defence) a contract, then play for it.

Vul: NS	North			
Dealer: West	♠ T9			
	♥ T32			
West	♦ AJ652	East		
♠ A Q 8 7 3	♣ KT4	♠ K 6 5 2		
♥ 9 4		♥ 5		
♦ 7	South	♦ K Q T 9 8		
♣ Q J 8 7 6	♠ J 4	♣ 9 3 2		
	♥ A K Q J 8 7 6			
	♦ 4 3			
	♣ A 5			
West	North	East	South	
2♠	Pass	4♠	5♥	
All pass				

South was placed in a very awkward position after his opponents put up quite the barrage. West's opening 2S wasn't a standard weak two bid (you must have been wondering). It showed 5 spades, with a minor and 6-10 HCP. East bid game, thinking that if partner had diamonds that it should be easy to make, and if he didn't it would be a good sacrifice.

South didn't know what to do... so he just gambled 5H either to make or to be a sacrifice against 4S.

The opening lead was the 7 of diamonds, and South paused to take stock. He needed help from the defence to make this contract. Mostly, he needed a ruff and discard to get rid of his diamond. Accordingly, he played the Ace, King and ruffed a club in hand. Then the Ace and a heart to the ten in dummy. Now a spade brought the 2, Jack and Queen.

Many players in the West seat would lazily play the Ace of spades and hope for the best... but what is there to hope for? Surely partner has 4 spades for his raise to 4. Further, if he only had 3, then declarer will have no problem making this contract, with an impending spade ruff in dummy.

If partner has 5 spades, then it doesn't matter which spade should be returned, you just have to hope that he can rake in two diamond tricks.

So, assuming partner has 4 spades, then declarer has a diamond loser and two spade losers. If we cash our Ace of spades, what are we going to play next? We have to play a black card, which will give declarer his needed ruff and discard.

How can we avoid this? Play partner for the King of spades, and underlead your Ace. It is the only way to set the contract when the contract it is possible to do so.

As usual, the defence could have been made easier for West. East should rise with the King of spades as declarer plays a small spade from dummy, cash his diamond, and return a spade for the setting trick. Fortunately, our West was awake enough to find the winning play.

continued from page 5

culator" is interpreted rather narrowly in these exam circles...)

- Try to maintain a positive attitude. If you get a 95% on your assignment instead of 100, don't go home and strangle Fifi out of spite. (Unless Fifi is a yappy French Poodle, in which case "temporary insanity" may be an acceptable legal defence. Judges are people, too.) Instead of despairing, try to figure out what you did wrong, and what to do right next time. A few good screams may also help, but if the neighbours start to protest on a regular basis, maybe you should consider changing your major. Don't view your professors as heartless, soulless failing machines whose sole pleasure in life is to fail students who don't measure up! Instead, view professors as human beings, as cruel, callous, and corruptible as the rest of this savage, self-centered, violently deviant race that dares claim for itself to the pompously arrogant, self-aggrandized title of "Sapiens"!!! (... Um... Sorry. I've been under a little strain lately. Exams, and all, you know! But I'm feeling much better now... Honest.)

### Things Not To Do

- Play MUDs, MUCKs, or MUSHes. The very names of these systems should provide a warning to Mathies. They are all named after messes, of one sort or another, representing the mess your academic career will quite likely suffer once you become too addicted. Eventually, junkies of these systems reach total burnout, or join the CSC. (Scholars argue as to whether these two consequences are really two different manifestations of the same situation.)
- Try to bribe your prof. This will quite likely be unsuccessful, since someone who dedicates their life to suffering the mind-bending tortures of higher mathematics is quite probably not in it for the money. Even if they were bribable, it's unlikely that you could afford to bribe them based upon a student income. (Just picture it: "You see, sir, all you have to do is give me a 95, and all these boxes of Kraft Dinner can be yours!")
- Sleep with your professor. While this is often touted as the ultimate way to achieve academic success, it has its own inherent problems. For example, what if the prof doesn't like your performance, and fails you anyway? (Not that I've had this problem...). What if he/she becomes addicted to your performance, and requires all of your time, to the exclusion of all other activities? Not only do you then fail all your other courses, you're stuck with a professor 40 years your senior for the rest of your academic career! *Definitely* not worth the risk!!!
- Kill your roommate. While this supposedly grants you a full term with a "B" average, according to Village legend, bloodstains on the carpets are very hard to explain to the police... the judge... the parole board... You get the idea!
- Ever forget this universal truth: "Math at Waterloo may be hard, tedious or mindbending, but all in all, your degree will be worth the trouble it cost you." Well, probably!

## The Game

Game Control would like to express its thanks to the 5 teams that participated this weekend. There were a few difficulties that caused some frustration (oh, the High Park fiasco comes to mind) but overall, I think a good time was had by all.

The teams (Comhatt, TPTNE (The Party That Never Ends), Superfriendz, The Inquisition, and Tims) completed the quest sometime between 19 and 23 hours after starting, arriving back in Waterloo early Sunday morning to juice and donuts.

The clues led teams from Waterloo to Elora, Guelph, Toronto, Oakville, Cambridge, and back. The clues consisted of puzzles similar to those included in previous *mathNEWS* issues, plus some physical clues (e.g., cloth written on with a mixture of water-soluble and permanent ink, a hollowed out book hidden in the Hart House library, and an audio tape of questionable quality). Over the next couple of days, I'll be posting the route on our web page.

Once again, thanks all for coming out.

### Clue Corner

The Game was run this weekend. We had to change the course as the day progressed, and as such, two clues did not get used. They have been duplicated below.

Clue #6 (High Park, Toronto): hidden near a den, 30 paces at 79 degrees from #19 by Marker C on Woodchip Path—well, we thought it was easy to find.

#### Stumped:

(this has a lengthy solution)

"High Park was definitely the right spot," Arthur mused from his quiet grassy seat, "but where do I go from here?" He knew that the information was there, waiting to be discovered, but finding the key had him at an impasse. For a while he sat, lost in thought. "Shit. I have got to start thinking like the bastards who have trapped me here, thinking like a puzzler. Where would they go from here and, more significantly, what sort of code might they use to mark their trail?" He had the right questions, but no answers. For hours he reviewed his old calculus, English, and astronomy texts in search of help. "These references are crap," he surmised, "they waste my time, hurt my head, and get me no closer to an answer!" Suddenly inspired, he removed his cap and gown (they were looking worn by now anyway) and adjusted his shorts. "I have the answer now."

"They tried to confuse me by omitting information." To help future travellers, he wrote it in.  
<< Write in: 000.42 >>

Victory! Now he could continue.

Clue #10 (Tew Falls, Dundas):

#### Dead Easy:

Ic fs pemsdgixm. Pbrc bl wje jhcxw yx alwckzcf uez  
pgcvfgujl.

(George Webster will tell you how to read this, so you should try to find him before trying to solve this one).

Tew Falls and Webster Falls are in the same conservation area. As teams walked towards Webster Falls, they would pass George Webster's tombstone. They would need to use what George Webster "told" them to help solve the clue (teams were expected to realise this, of course).

George Webster

died Feb. 27, 1876 aged 33 & 7 mo.'s

Come near my friends and cast an eye  
Then go your way prepare to die  
Learn here your doom and know  
you must One day like me be turned to dust.

A loving husband, a dutiful son, an affectionate brother

Good luck.

Jamie, Ben, and Mike.

## The Final Interrupt

I've been here before, I think, telling you that I was going when a failure from the winter term altered my plans a bit. So here I am again, expounding my thoughts on you people who probably care only about the *prof*QUOTES. C'est la vie.

Many things have changed in the past five years. When I first came to U(W), Bob Rae had just won the Premiership. Now, he and his party must watch as their hard work is destroyed in the name of a "common sense revolution." Similar upheavals have happened across the country and around the world.

The battle lines between people of different genders, races, religions, and social classes seem as ill-defined as ever—some are drawing them just as quickly as others try to erase them, and it confuses me sometimes just which is which.

As for me personally, the naïvité and innocence I brought to Waterloo from my home near Creemore (half an hour west of Barrie) is all but gone. I find myself succumbing to cynicism, distrust, fear, and disappointment much too often to be healthy, and I doubt I am alone.

Sound depressing? Well, it is.

Sound hopeless? Yes, but it isn't necessarily so.

Can we still build a future as a community, a society, a nation, a planet? Not easily.

So how do we do it? No one knows, because it has never been done before, even with the many attempts.

A society doesn't change so much as it evolves. Too often has a society resorted to "quick fixes" to placate the impatient, only to cause unrest leading to heated arguments, radical shifts in the social order, and even violence.

So, with this rather mixed message, I take my leave of you, dear *mathNEWS* reader. I hope you and I do well in the real world, because no matter how much we shut it out here, it's still out there.

Darren Morby

## The Ultimate Adventure

Two weekends ago, as the mercury slowly rose to above forty degrees and the humidity caused a few local trees to melt, five brave men set out from Waterloo for Ottawa, a city in which they would go for the ultimate adventure, involving the ultimate game.

The story begins with your humble storyteller being picked up Friday afternoon, remarking to himself that it seems odd that the passenger should be wearing no shirt. Upon entering the car it becomes blatantly obvious why - the air conditioning was broken. Never fear however, the windows were open, and there was still lots of room to stretch out in the car and cool off. That was before, however, the fifth person was picked up.

Now imagine five people, average height over six feet, in a small Ford Tempo, with no air conditioning, on a record breaking hot and humid day. No, it was not a pretty sight, yet as we departed for the highway, watching the paths of the sweat as it dribbled down the backs of the seats was an amusing, if not somewhat disgusting, diversion.

Yet we were off onto the 401 now, driving quickly towards Toronto, well on our way and in high spirits. Dreams of kicking Wax's butts drifted among the cars occupants like the smell of the Waterloo countryside wafting about the car. All was fine as we cruised at 120 down the 401, until, of course, we hit the traffic jam.

Now Friday at about 3:30 entering into Toronto one would not expect a traffic jam, yet we hit one. [Driven in Toronto lately? — Ed.] Backed up, traffic barely moving, Paul in the backseat happened upon another amusing past time - watching the needle indicating engine temperature rise until it was pegged. Thus with Joe protesting that he'd never seen it that high before for as long as he had owned the car, Calvin declaring that everything would be OK once we got moving, Paul laughing at the fact that the needle was pegged, and Jason sitting there worrying silently, and I myself yelling to take the next exit, the five of us slowly crept along the 401, taking note to ourselves of all the Ford Tempos we passed abandoned on the side of the road.

Thus we stopped in Toronto for a few hours to let the car cool down and try and skip the rush hour traffic. Let me tell you, Yorkville Mall is an exciting place. There is not a better place in the world to play five handed blind euchre.

We arrive at roughly 11pm in Ottawa and work our way down to Roo's place, who has our team shirts and is a fellow Waterloovian, on a work term. There, upon introducing ourselves (the only connection between our two groups was Joe and his brother John), we decided to make our shirts that night instead of the next morning, and thus proceeded to stay up until 1:30 am (at least) spray painting our team shirts with our logo - the big Z.

But finally, the day arrives and we journey to the game field in Manotick to discover that we have a first round by, only to be followed by four games straight. Undeterred, we rest up for our first game, which can be classified as amusing.

### *Game One*

Zen Tofu hits the field for the very first time as a team. The Waterloo people are working together, the Waterloo people on work terms are working together, and the people we picked up are working together, but none of us are actually clicking. We lose, quite badly.

### *Game Two*

Zen Tofu proudly proclaims the fact that they got more than one point, they got two. The Zen of Ultimate still has not entered the team, yet boy, did we have spirit.

### *Game Three*

By this point, we're all pretty exhausted having put effort into the previous two games to compensate for our lack of team unity. Yet we start to gel, as we score more points than ever before, and actually manage to put up a fight. We should have won, if we had ever played before. However, our spirit is better than ever, and our Zen cheers are getting better than ever ("Those who want the least are closest to the Gods").

### *Game Four*

Simply exhausted, various injuries starting to occur, and vicious sunburns all around, this was our closest game that day, and the one we should have won if not for the fact that it was the fourth game in a row for us. The spirit was lagging too - we were just too tired.

Yet we got through the day, and decided to go home, to rest, recuperate, shower, and then go to the party.

Often one of the most important objectives in an ultimate tournament is to win the party - be the last team awake, or the team to party the hardest, and often this is more prestigious than actually winning the tournament. However, our beloved Waterloo team Zen Tofu just couldn't muster up any spirit, especially since Jason happened to be falling asleep on his feet, literally.

Sunday rose, and with it our last chance at winning a game. We were in the elimination round now, if we didn't win our next game we were out of the tournament. Bouyed by the fact that we had a 'perfect record' up until this point, and that we were extremely consistent, we knew that we were to win this next game. And indeed, Zen Tofu gave it its all. Mary dropped out with Shin Splints. Jacques dropped out due to simple pain. Paul dropped out due to a sprained knee, and I your humble narrator dropped out because he simply couldn't breathe. [The lesson is, boys and girls, there are some things more important than **Ultimate**. — Ed.] It was not a good sight. Our sideline littered with injuries, our team still managed to put out their best performance yet, highlighted by the 'Parting of the Seas' play executed flawlessly for a point midway through the game. Pushing it to overtime, Zen Tofu almost capitalized when Roo had the disk just outside the endzone with only one more point needed, yet it was not to be, and the winning point occurred less than five minutes later at the other endzone, a wild throw being caught by a freakishly tall person on the opposing team. A valiant attempt, yet Zen Tofu was shut out.

As the two teams shook hands, the faces of Zen were held with mixed emotion - yes we had lost once again, yet in our tired and injured state, we did not have to play again - while the faces of our opponents were the same - they had won, yet they had to play again.

Thus after a short rest Zen Tofu again broke up, with five sweaty and injured Waterloovians driving back to their humble abode. It was a good tournament in all, the ultimate experience



## Post-Teen Angst: Eye Goo! Get Your Eye Goo! Part IV - Dark Secrets

Or,  
"Another Pointless Monologue With Much, Much  
More Punctuation than the First Pointless  
Monologue"

Yup. Everyone's got 'em. Nasty, dank, malodorous little tidbits skulking about in one's head, just waiting to burst forth and declare themselves to the world. My advice: don't go digging for 'em. They'll just cause you trouble. Again, I speak from personal experience in this matter. Allow me to elucidate...

The Roommate and I were standing on the porch, doing our damndest to inspire cancerous growths in our lungs, add to the Greenhouse Effect, put ash into the ground water, smell bad, and get a nicotine high *all at the same time!*

'Okay. Cigarettes. Fine. Move on, fool,' mutters Average Reader

I sez to The Roommate, "So, my good man, have you any dark secrets that you would wish to share, and thus release your soul from some of their burden?"

"No," replies he, and he quickly butts his cigarette with his peg-leg, and hobbles back into the house.

"Hmm. Too bad."

Smoke.

Smoke.

Smoke.

Smoke.

Smoke.

Smoke.

Peg-leg? "Jinkies! I think we've stumbled upon a mystery here, gang!" thinks I. So I follow The Roommate inside, intending to get to the bottom of this. First off: clues. (Scooby, Shaggy and Velma, you go look downstairs, whilst I nip off to the Mystery Machine with Daphne...)

In the living room, I happened upon my first clue. Wood shavings underneath the cushions. Hmmmm. Interesting. Nice wood, too. Next, the kitchen, where there was another clue; this time, a pile of dull paring knives sitting in the sink. But how does it all go together? Peg-leg, wood shavings, and now knives? It just didn't make any sense.

Just as I was pondering these elements, The Roommate came into the kitchen. We both jumped — me, because I am a generally skittish person, and he, because he was *sheepishly putting another dull knife in the sink.*

Confrontation seemed the only way to get any answers in this affair, so I subtly sez to The Roommate, "That, uh, peg-leg is new, iddnit?"

"Peg-leg? What peg-leg?" replied he. The look on my face showed my disbelief in this feeble ploy. New tack. "Uh, I got it in 'Nam. Yah. 'Nam, that's it. Peg-leg from 'Nam, uh-huh."

"Say, wasn't 'Nam in, like, the early seventies? Weren't you about four at the time? And were there even Canadians *in* the Vietnam War?"

"Yah, there were... Uh, I was drafted. Computer error. Just drop it, okay?" After this flurry of lies, The Roommate yanked open a drawer, pulled out another paring knife, and bolted back into his bedroom. With the feeling that enough was enough, I decided to follow him.

I open his door and instantly regretted it. The scent of cedar was in the air, and he was sitting on his bed, buck-naked, whittling with himself. His head snapped up, and a look of utter shock and embarrassment arrayed itself on his face.

"Shut the door! Shut the door!"

I did.

So there, Gentle Reader, you have it. I advise you to heed this warning, and *do not pry*. People keep their dark secrets for a reason. You just never know when *you* might have a roommate made entirely of wood who whittles with himself and wants to keep it private. You just never know...

Ian "Son of God Complex" Milligan

## 5 Seconds of Confusion

*continued on next page...*

## vapidFIRE

The Tories, newly elected to the leadership of the provincial government, are rapidly moving ahead with their perceived mandate to slash expenditures. According to the *Toronto Star*, Dave Johnson, Management Board chair, stressed that "just because a program is good or necessary, doesn't mean it will be safe from the axe." Ex-premier Bob Rae, commenting on this, said, "I guess that means that the cutting of expenditures itself is safe, since it is neither good nor necessary!"

The Paul Bernardo trial has taken many twists and turns as defense lawyer John Rosen cross-examined Karla Homolka. He repeatedly attempted to shift the blame from his client to Homolka. During the cross-examination, he accused Homolka of: orchestrating the drugging of her sister, Tammy; of drugging and killing Leslie Mahaffy herself; of picking out Kristen French to be abducted, then later killing her; and of giving oral sex to British actor Hugh Grant.

The Canadian Human Rights Commission has decided not to hear the case of a Canadian Forces captain who claims the military has violated his rights by posting him to Manitoba. Said a spokesperson, "We feel that it is quite frivolous for the man to claim that him being posted to Manitoba is a violation of his rights. He might have had a case had he been posted to CFB Petawawa, but not Manitoba!"

European ambassadors have denied that Premier Jacques Parizeau told them that a Yes vote in the upcoming Quebec sovereignty (or whatever they're calling it this month) referendum would make Quebecers "like lobsters thrown in boiling water." Said one unnamed European official, "At no time did M. Parizeau make that comment. What he actually said was that Quebecers would be 'like shrimp thrown in boiling water.' There's a big difference."

The 36<sup>th</sup> International Mathematical Olympiad was held last week at York University. The team of six high-school students representing Canada helped Canada to rank 19<sup>th</sup> overall, out of a total of 73 countries participating. This *mathNEWS* reporter would like to express his pride in their achievements, his respect of their abilities, and his advice: TURN BACK NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

The Red Cross of Canada has issued a recall of their entire blood supply because a donor afflicted with Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease gave blood. Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease causes dementia and death within a year after symptoms appear. The recall states that "if you are currently using any Red Cross blood or blood products, please go immediately to the closest body shop, where they will be repaired or replaced free of charge."

American Elvis impersonator Johnny Seaton, who was supposed to open the Molson Indy Toronto by singing *O Canada*, forgot the words to our national anthem. Seaton, noted for his portrayal of Elvis on Broadway and currently playing the Pharaoh/Elvis in *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, later remarked, "I feel so bad. I'm all shook up by this. I wasn't being mean — don't be cruel, my mama always said

— I just forgot. Sometimes I think I should take my brain and return to sender. Believe me, I'll be in Heartbreak Hotel over this all week."

American televangelist Jerry Falwell has threatened to withdraw his *Old Time Gospel Hour* from Vision TV if the cable channel limits his attacks on gays and lesbians. On his show, Falwell has called homosexuals "anti-family moral perverts. . . who want the right to violate any child of any age." He has also equated them to thieves, perverts, and murderers who "want to sodomize and rape and destroy [children]." Falwell, apparently, seems to be the leading American expert on sodomy; he certainly seems to have his head up his ass.

A team of scientists in Kearney, Missouri, have exhumed the reported grave of Jesse James in a bid to determine whether the famous outlaw is indeed buried there. The exhumation is aimed at settling the popularly-held question about James: Did he fake his 1882 death? However, the scientists have no plans to answer the even more popularly-held question: Who cares?

The Rogers Cable Company has launched a home-security company called CanGuard. Apparently Ted Rogers feels that, after having robbed us with negative-option billing, he is the perfect man to try and keep other burglars out. Marking his territory, perhaps. (And we consumers know how dogs mark their territory!)

The Saskatchewan Court of Appeal has upheld Robert Latimer's second-degree murder conviction for the mercy killing of his mentally disabled daughter by a vote of 2-1. The dissenting Chief Justice called Latimer's sentence, life imprisonment with no parole for 10 years, "cruel and unusual punishment." Meanwhile, now that Karla Homolka has finished her testimony in the Paul Bernardo trial, she has been put back in a Kingston penitentiary to complete her sentence: 12 years, with eligibility for parole in a few years. Long live the Canadian *justice* system!

Health Canada has rejected demands from anti-smoking groups to declare the nicotine in tobacco a drug, despite the fact that the American Food and Drug Administration did so the week before. Health Canada said that it has no plans to classify nicotine as a drug because the government has already brought in legislation to decrease the demand for cigarettes. Since the government has laws to decrease the demand for amphetamines, crack cocaine, and heroin, Health Canada should be de-classifying these as drugs sometime in the near future.

Russian president Boris Yeltsin, breaking a longstanding tradition of Russian leaders dramatically downplaying their health problems, has told a national television audience that he had a heart attack rather than the milder blood-supply problem that had been given as the cause of his hospital stay. "Thank God!" said a Canadian embassy official in Moscow. "We were afraid that the Red Cross had screwed up again!"

Mike "This Hammer Has 22 Minutes" Hammond

## profQUOTES

"When it works, it works very well, but when it fails, it fails miserably ... kind of like a Pentium processor."

LeBlanc, AM 351

"Thank your lucky stars that we're not doing a proof of this theorem."

Astels, PMATH 336

"How do you like that hand tremor? Magnified a little bit by the distance. [using laser pointer] Yeah - those are the drugs!"

Shallit, CS 340

Prof: "What's your name? Did you hand in [an identity] card?"

Student: "I'm not in this class."

Prof: "What?! Are you an astral projection??"

Shallit, CS 340

"So, if you want to prove that your algorithm is better, just do a lousy job implementing everyone else's!"

Shallit, CS 340

Prof: "Someone give me a random number between 1 and 20."

Student: "19"

Prof: "19?! That's not random!!"

Shallit, CS 340

If my grade 12 English teacher read this sentence, she'd *kill* me! ... Well, maybe not. She's dead."

Redekop, ECON 211

"So don't bother studying for the final, just watch the 'O.J. Simpson Trial' on CNN."

Naqib, ECON 221

"If I had to take a full course load in the summer, I would be forced into heavy drinking."

Maley, PSCI 101A

"I don't think it's obvious. Maybe it is. Let me think."

Reeve, Burris, MATH 146

"There are the products that sell themselves and those that marketers can't sell."

Reeve, PHIL 215

"Don't talk ... if I see you next time, I'll spank you."

Kannappan, MATH 136

(student sneezes loudly)

"Bless you. Does anyone in the front row need a towel?"

Downie, ACC 372

"You think I've got skinny wrists now, you should have seen me when I was eighteen..."

Talvila, MATH 237

"Of course Riemann didn't call it the 'Riemann Sum'—he likely called it some 15 letter German word meaning 'The thing I did on Tuesday.' "

Talvila, MATH 237

"... in math 237. That is if anyone gets that far."

Collins, MATH 138

Prof: "... we should assume that somebody is not trying to trick us."

Student: "That's a pretty stupid assumption!"

Cowan, CS 246

"Has anybody found my mistake? (no response) I flunk all of you!"

Kannappan, MATH 136

(rolling book on head) "You're free to do this if you want."

Collins, MATH 138

Prof: "Is my heart here or here?"

Student: "That's an unfair question; you don't have one!"

Cowan, CS 246

"Just a mental collapse I guess."

Richmond, C&O 230

"You can tell this guy's been coding in SIMULA. So have I, but you can't tell."

Cormack, CS 442

Student: "Are you going to talk about the assignment today?"

Prof: "I'm going to talk about it on Friday."

Student: "Today *is* Friday."

Richmond, C&O 230

"What the heck's the point of that... I want my money back."

Astels, PM 336

"'Duh' is not good enough for the exam."

Astels, PM 336

"We may not know what we're talking about yet but we have letters for it at least."

Astels, PM 336

"We'll call this a theorem 'cause it's actually useful."

Astels, PM 336

## Engineerese Unveiled!

Greetings to one and all. In my summer vacation I have had time to contemplate many things that those of you busy working away at school work do not regularly get a chance to notice. One of my biggest discoveries (actually my ONLY one) is that the Engineers have developed their own secret code language. What makes this so shocking is that this special code language, which I have dubbed Engineerese, is ingeniously crafted in such a way that it is virtually indistinguishable from English. It could have gone on undetected for years (as who would have suspected them of such craftiness) if I had not stumbled upon this discovery.

One of the best examples of this code language is the chant that the Engineers teach to their eager Frosh. To most it seems like nothing more than a "Hurray for the Engineers" chant, but the hidden meanings have been discovered! Now for the first time anywhere I will show the hidden meaning of this chant by translating the Engineerese into English.

**Chant:** We are...  
We are...  
We are the Engineers!

**Translation:** (In whiniest Jerry Lewis voice) Hey! We're the Engineers! Hey! Over here! Pay attention to us! Come on! We stayed up all night painting these hard hats!

**Chant:** We can...  
We can...  
Demolish forty beers!

**Translation:** We are alcoholics!

**Chant:** We build 'em straight! We build 'em straight!

**Translation:** We use straight lines in all construction designs, even when curves would be preferable, or even necessary!

**Chant:** So come along with us!

**Translation:** We practice mutual masturbation!

**Chant:** And we don't give a damn for any man  
Who don't give a damn for us!

**Translation:** (In childish tones) If you don't like me, then I'm not going to like you. So there! You can't come over to my place to play with my toys any more! Nyah!

Thus you can now see the true meanings that lurked so long behind the veil of Engineerese. Now that you have been warned, do not let yourself be fooled again by Engineerese! I will bring you more translations just as soon as I find source material.

This has been brought to you by the research of  
Mark (Hiding from the Engineers) Visser

## This Issue's Grid Solution



*continued from page 7*

was had. Our game really did begin to come together near the end, yet exhaustion was our enemy. The drive home was a time for rest, and for getting Paul's disc run over almost twice, yet that is a different story. Next time, we're hoping to get a few wins under our belts.

If you're interested in playing ultimate, come out to the Village Green at 4pm on Mondays and Thursdays and you can meet the five beleaguered Zen Tofu members, Paul Kry, Calvin Li, Joe Ulvr, Jason Hildebrand, and myself, Max Stevens, and even toss the disc around. Our next tournament? The Ultimate University championships, in October, in Ottawa, once again. This time, we will prevail.

Max Stevens

## profQUOTES

"Psychologists don't like belligerent subjects. That's why we use albino rats... and you people."

Corning, PSYCH 101

"Nothing about graph theory in this course... I forbid it!"

Astels, PM 336

"I don't care about the book. I scoff at the book!"

Astels, PM 336

"Call this a theorem because it's actually useful."

Astels, PMATH 336

"That's a *very* good question, and I'm afraid I won't answer it."

Kunze, AM 353

"I hate this function. We see the error function in Stats and, well, I hate Stats... I hate Stats so much that I can't remember what the function looks like."

Kunze, AM 353

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Your Wonderful Editors: Stephen Johnston & Stuart Pollock

## mathNEWSquiz The Last

Here Endeth the Summer Term

Good Wednesday morning, and I mean good, because classes end today! Whoo-hoo! The bad part is that exams start Monday, including for yours truly. But I bet you're wondering about answers from last issue. Here they are: **The Green Hornet:**

1) Black Beauty; 2) Editor of "The Daily Sentinel" newspaper; 3) His secretary and the Chief of Police; 4) The Lone Ranger. **Phil Collins:** 1) Now it's too late ("Do You Remember?"); 2) Nothing without you ("Everyday"); 3) But I don't know how ("Sussudio"); 4) And that's why I carry one ("Both Sides of the Story"). **O Canada** (Another Jerry Han Category<sup>TM</sup>): 1) The British North America Act; 2) Nobel Peace Prize; 3) Lake Superior; 4) Diamonds; 5) 1982. **Gimme Another Quarter, Please...** (A Bonus Jerry Han Category<sup>TM</sup>): 1) You could smash the barrels being thrown at you; 2) Saving the last human family; 3) Destroyed all enemies on the screen; 4) 1,000; 5) Earth.

Our three submitters to the penultimate squiz were Slaves to the Gridword (13), The Church of Latter-Day Sporks (14), and Pokey & Phil Collins (15). P&PC may show up at the MathSoc office to collect their squizprize, if it is there. If not, go bug the editors; it's their fault.

I know what you're asking: how can I get in on that fabulous squizprize? Well, you can't, because there is traditionally no prize for this, the traditional last squiz of the term. I'm sorry, but you've had your chances and you wasted them. Whining won't help, either. Just take it like an adult. Good luck on your exams.

Darren "Ren" Morby

### ENGL 140R Midterm Questions:

#### A Tribute to Professor Vardon

Correct the mistakes in each of these sentences.

1. PBS is characterized by its wonderful children's programs. One of which is *Barney and Friends*, a show about a purple dinosaur who has had a lobotomy.
2. I hate you you hate me we're a dysfunctional family.
3. In our writing, one must ensure that you don't shift pronouns.
4. The; only' punctuation! that, belongs—in; this, sen'tence is; a? period.

### Song Lyrics

Name the song or the artist

1. If I had \$1,000,000 (if I had \$1,000,000)
2. Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
3. Superman never made any money  
Saving the world from Solomon Grundy
4. Pretty woman, walking down the street  
Pretty woman, the kind I'd like to meet

### General Knowledge

1. Why does *chrisREDMOND* of the *gazETTE* think we're called *MathNews*?
2. Why did it take so long for *Full House* to get cancelled?
3. Why are the new MC 3022 laurent monitors so damn small?
4. Why are you reading this instead of studying for finals?

## An Exciting Weekend Event

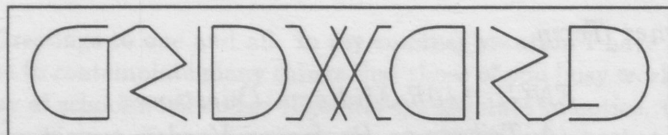
Believe it or not, someone asked me to marry her this weekend. It was a total stranger, so all she was going on was looks. All of *mathNEWS*'s female readership is thinking, "Who in their right mind would want to marry a butt-ugly, geeky-looking computer boy?" Well, she wasn't crazy. You know, I might have even said yes if she hadn't been even younger than my car. Yes, a nine-year-old asked me to marry her this weekend.

I guess I should start off by explaining when this happened. You see, I deliver pizza. It's a glamorous job and women just swoon when they hear what I do. And when I drive up in my ten-year-old car with a Pizza Hut sign in the window, and then get out, wearing a green baseball cap and a red jacket, it's like a magnet. Hey, stop laughing. Apparently it attracts some women—after all, that nine-year-old seemed to like me when I delivered pizza to her neighbour. Unfortunately, though, nine years old is about when it stops. I remember delivering a pizza one night, and as I was giving the woman her pizza, her 14-year-old daughter and her two friends, apparently having a slumber party, peeked from around the corner, saw me, and started laughing hysterically. Yes, this is a true story.

The other women I know seem to have the same opinion as these 14-year-olds did. In over two months here this term, I haven't even found someone who would be willing to go out to lunch with me! Nobody's laughed hysterically at me, but the response still hasn't been overwhelmingly positive. Instead of hearing, "You're really good-looking! Will you marry me?", I hear such lovely sentences as "I'm embarrassed to even know you," and "It would be really funny if you got struck by lightning." Why can't I find a woman who has the taste in men of a nine-year-old?

Anyway, I politely told the girl that, although I would love to marry her, I already had a girlfriend. Not quite true. In fact, not true at all, but it's the best thing that I could think of that wouldn't hurt her feelings too badly. I pulled away from that townhouse complex saying, "If only I was ten years younger..." Well, that was my first proposal. Now, I just need them to come in at a more regular rate...

Drew "Butt-ugly, geeky-looking computer boy" Hamilton



## Grid Clues (Cryptic)

Across

1. Unknown? Caesar thinks it might be ten (1)

Down

1. Graphical windowing system in text (1)

## Grid Clues (Conventional)

Across

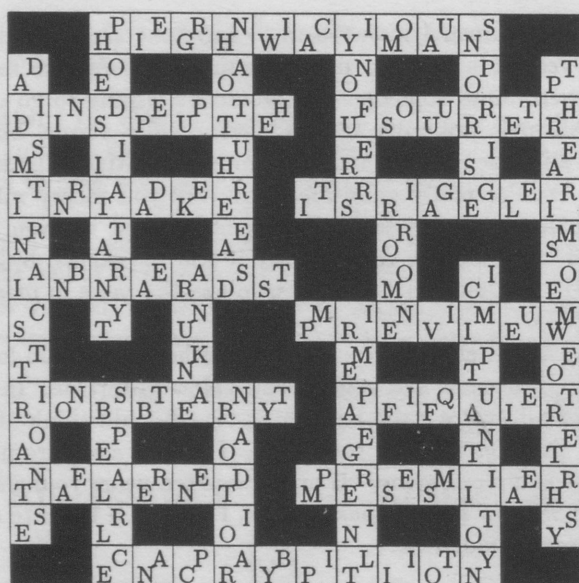
1. "Two of Hearts" by Stacey \_\_\_\_\_ (1)

Down

1. Star Trek nemesis (1)

1

## Last Issue's Grid Solution



Hello, and welcome to the last batch of gridCOMMENTS. I must say that the BLACK BOX and the e-mail box was quite full of submissions from these people, with ideas on what we'll do now:

- Pokey & Phil Collins: Perfect Cryptic and Conventional. Suck on a lozenge.
- Stefan Mrozewski: Perfect Cryptic.
- Rob Vanden Heuvel: Perfect Cryptic. ...must...sleep...
- Peg-Leg Dete and the Sneaky Pirate... and Bob: Perfect Cryptic.
- Graham and Raj: Erred on Cryptic 1 Down.
- Slaves to the Gridword: Perfect Cryptic; erred on Conventional 13 Down. What *won't* we do now?
- So-Krates & Club 21: Perfect Cryptic; erred on Conventional 13 Down.
- Master of the Obvious & Mr. Boy: Perfect Cryptic. Create a planet.
- Prof. Peril: Perfect Cryptic. Eat olive loaf 'til we puke!
- Ziv Zero: Erred on Cryptic 2 Down. Pelvic Thrust Laughter<sup>TM</sup>.
- Ian "The Word Guy" Facey: Perfect Cryptic and Conventional. Rig the "random selection" process so that I win.
- Anti-Tall-Skinny-Chicken-Boy Club: Error in Cryptic 2 Down. Sleepsleepsleepsleepzzzz...

The random selection is being made. While we're waiting for that drawing, may I point out that the last gridprizes to be given out before September will be waiting for our winners in the MathSoc office—unless our editors forget. Drum roll, please. The cryptic winner is... Professor Peril! Our conventional winner is... Pokey & Phil Collins. Congratulations, all.

gridCOMMENTS: "Are there actually any prizes yet? Whenever I ask for mine at MathSoc, they act like I'm crazy." "Last week's AFTER (36 Across) should've been ASTIR, I say." "I just solved the cryptic! So much for that 'beer kills brain cells' theory!" "If we lock up a man for having the mind of a child, why do we let children run loose in the streets?" "See K-M-S in 3038 to join." "NATURES???" "Ack! Pthbbt!" "Have we or have we not done vaginal juices?" "Why don't you try creating a database of words with nifty clues and then use those words to make the grid, instead of arranging words in a grid and then trying to create clues with very limited success?"

Thank you all for participating in the grids done by the various gridmonsters—old and new—this term. To end my reign as gridmaster, I present the smallest Gridword ever! There is no prize for it, but you're welcome to give it a try. Goodbye.

lorby

5167 16