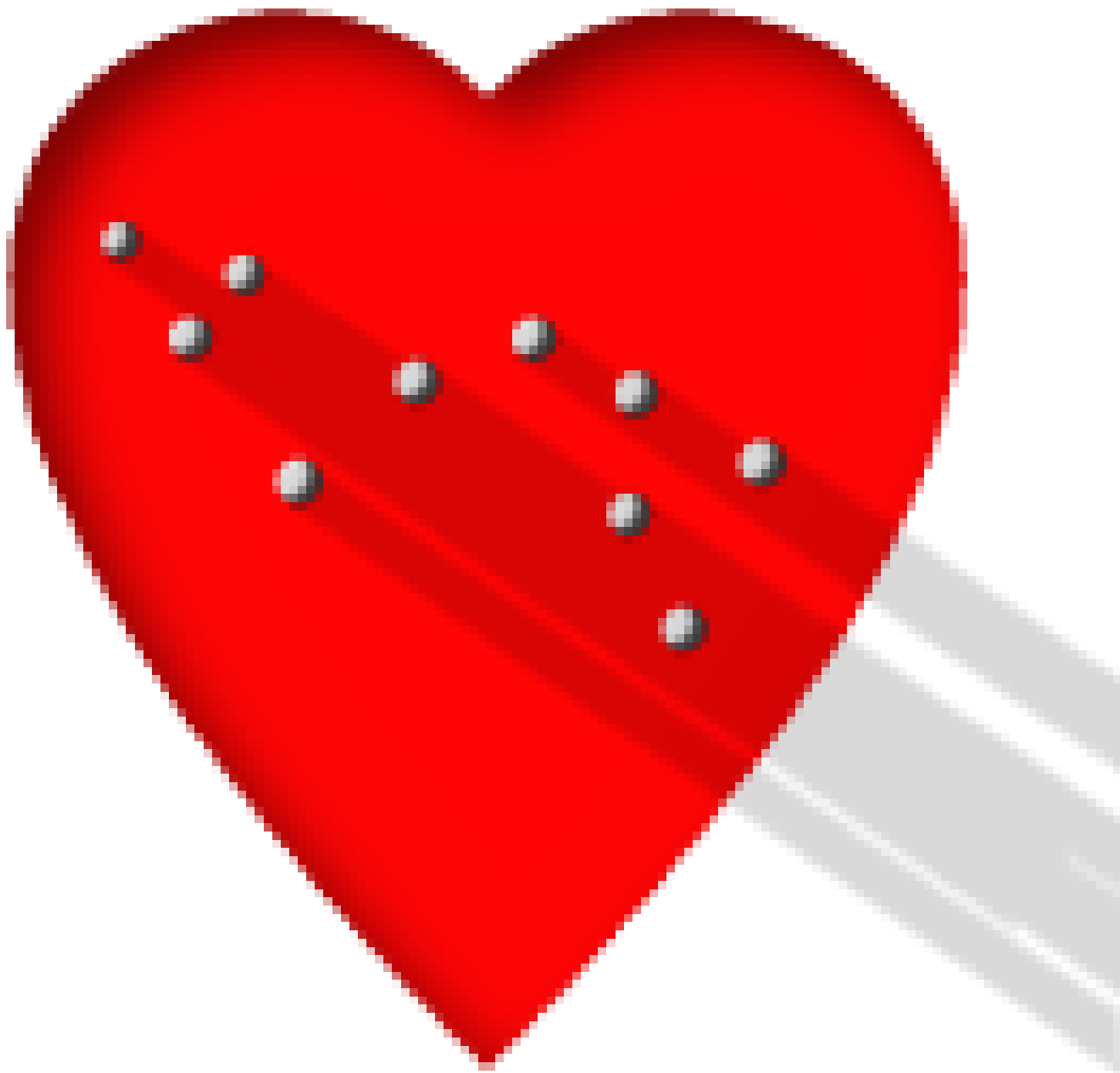


math

Volume 85, Issue $\log_3(27)$

NEWS

Friday, February 16, 2001



Did Valentine's suck for you too?

Shhh... The President Speaks

The sun is shining and the living is easy. I hope all the mid-term stresses will soon be gone.

Legal and Illegal stuff:

- 1) They are looking for a Math Endowment fund chair for Fall01/Winter02
 - 2) Accepting nominations for Instructor of the Year, nominating your best prof now and give them the recognition they deserve.
 - 3) MathSoc Honorary Lifetime Memberships have also had their nominations
 - 4) Invite all your profs to Pint with a Prof on Thursday March 15 at 4:00 pm in the DC fishbowl.
 - 5) Enjoy the boards and display case in the third floor hallway, all the Math Clubs now have board space as well as the old clubs.
 - 6) We are seeking Random Volunteers to help out occasionally with MathSoc events, if you are interested there is a sign on the Whiteboards in the hallway.
 - 7) The Focus Group was very successful and many great ideas were proposed, look forward to exciting new changes coming soon.
- Have a last laugh at the world and give me a call! I would LOVE to here from you!

Sincerely,
Paul Royston
Math Society President
888-4567 x6515
pres@mathsoc.uwaterloo.ca

Your tireless 2001 yearbook editors vent again

First off, thanks to all of you who submitted grad comments, or at least thought about it. We got 165 comments, beating last year by a long shot. (Not like we're being competitive about this or anything. Really.)

"So, Steve," you ask, "as the only person who's read all the yearbook comments so far, are they any good? What jewels of worldly wisdom have this year's grads extracted from the blackened coal mine that is Waterloo Math?"

Alas, to find out, you must buy a yearbook. They'll be conveniently on sale whenever Grad Ball tickets are, before Feb. 28. Prices are \$35 for basic yearbook, \$40 with your name on it.

Pictures: Thanks to those who brought them in. We have a only few pages left for our last deadline, but YES, we still want more pictures, of all sorts. Additionally, by popular demand (sigh!), we're planning on having a Baby Picture page. This your last chance to show us how high you stood on the scale of late 70's kiddie fashion. (Bonus points for really big collars.) Get all photos in to MGC by Feb. 28.

That's all for now. If you have any questions about the yearbook, get in touch with us at mgc-yearbook@mathsoc.uwaterloo.ca.

Steve
Sleepless in MGC

lookAHEAD

mathNEWS

February 16	Issue #3 shares the love
February 26	Issue #4 production night 6:30pm, MathSoc (MC 3038)
March 2	Issue #4 marches on

Math Faculty

February 28	Course Withdrawal Deadline
March 12	Info Night @ 4:30pm
March 19-23	Fall Term Pre-Registration

MathSoc

February 26/27	Frosh Leader Info Sessions
March 12	FHIATC
March 13	Campus Day
March 14	π Day
March 15	Pint with a Prof
March 16	Pink Tie Day

MGC

February 19	Valedictorian award nominations open
March 1	Intent to Graduate forms due
March 10	Math Grad Ball

MEF

February 23	Winter proposal submissions due
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Miscellaneous

February 22/23	Reading Daze
February 27	Mardi Gras
February 28	Ash Wednesday
February 29	Doublecheck that Calendar

Math Orientation 2001

We are going to play a game that I am pretty sure all of you know how to play. It is called Simon Says. Here we go. Simon says touch your nose (without putting down *mathNEWS*). Simon says stand up. Hop on one foot! I didn't say Simon says. Did I catch you? Don't worry, I think we can let that one slide. Simon says get involved with Math Orientation. Simon says become a frosh leader. How can I do this, you ask? All you have to do is pick up an application form outside the MathSoc office (MC 3038) and return it to the Mathsoc office, or bring it to one of the info sessions February 26 at 5:30 and 27 at 4:30 in MC 4040. My lovely assistant director (aka Orientation Princess), Nory, will be conducting these sessions, as well as the (brief, informal) interviews this term. This is your chance to get involved, have fun and meet the frosh. So don't miss it.

Please note, that if you do wish to take part in Orientation week, but have not ever completed the PACO training sessions, you must do so. Sign up for these sessions online at http://www.adm.uwaterloo.ca/infosas/Orientation/train_form.html

If you've already filled out an application, but have not done an interview, come to the MathSoc office after reading week - there will be a sign up sheet posted!! Interviews will be held on March 3 and 5. If you can't make either of these days, don't despair, just contact the Director at orientation@student.math.uwaterloo.ca or extension 6732.

Doug Edwards and Nory Prins,
Orientation Director and Orientation Princess

I Meficus

Ladies and gentleman, boys and girls, the time is NOW! The deadline for submitting funding requests to the Math Endowment Fund for W2001 is Friday, February 23rd. MEF has \$40,000 sitting around collecting dust just waiting for someone to come claim it, and that someone could be you!

So, you ask me, just how do you go about getting your grubby little hands on some of that cash? The answer is simple. Simply check outside the MathSoc office or the MEF office for copies of our funding submission form, fill it out with an explanation of your qualified project and return it to us by 5:00pm on the 23rd.

Qualifying projects should fall into one of the following categories: Improved learning facilities, Improved Teaching Assistants, Improved Computing Services, Other Lab Equipment, Support for academic Math clubs, Funding of classes that students want offered, which otherwise would be cut or not offered, Projects of various departments/students with an academic purpose, or Guest Speakers.

Some of the projects that MEF has previously funded include

computers for the 3rd floor labs, course notes for core Math classes, teaching aids for upper year classes and more. MEF is a great opportunity for students, faculty and staff to get directly involved in improving this wonderful place we call the faculty of Math for those of us who are here now and for future generations of mathlings.

Not only is MEF looking for worth projects to fund, we also need your help to decide where your money is going to go. Nominations are open for positions on MEF's funding council as well. Deadline for those nominations is also February 23rd. Remember that \$31.42 that gets added to your fee statement every term ... well, this is your chance to see that it is well spent. MEF funding council needs representatives from each year and department of study, as well as two representatives from St. Jeromes. Forms are available at the MathSoc or MEF offices.

Robin J. Stewart
MEF guy

Special Pink Tie Notice

So it is time for Pink Tie Pledge Challenges and I know what you're thinking. "Nadia, you're the Manliest Man in Math [MMM for short. She started Men In Math too ya know — Pete Love]." It's true, it's true. "I'm sure that you have some sort of testosterone filled challenge for all us little pansies. Please oh strong one, show us what it is to be manly." OK, maybe that isn't **exactly** what you're thinking but it's close enough. Well I do indeed have a challenge for y'all. But it won't be easy. It'll be trechearous, involving death defying feats and baffle the imagination of mere mortals, it involves risking life and limb in the singular hope that you triumph... oh wait, that's my next family dinner. I remember now. You see, I'm kind of like Mr. T. [You weld things too? — Pete Love] All manly and tough on the outside, but a very feminine woman on the inside [Mr. T was a cross-dresser!?!? — Pete Love]. Now I know you all want a chance to see the inner me, so here's the challenge. Don't worry, you don't have to eat cake with a knife or scratch yourself with a spatula (although you can if you want, just don't tell me about it).

If \$35,000 dollars are raised for the PTP (Pink Tie Pledge), I, Nadia V Ursacki [This just sounds wrong, I had to type this in, and I ain't Nadia!?!? — Pete Love] will come to Grad Ball (you've all bought your tickets already right?) wearing an extremely skimpy dress (it's currently on display in the MGC display case). You know you want to see it, so pledge now, so that you may be rewarded later [On another note, if PTP raises 1 Billion dollars, then I will work on an issue of mathNEWS that is actually funny — Pete Love].

Nadia Ursacki
interpreted by Pete Love



Point/Counterpoint: The Provincial Cabinet Shuffle

from interviews by Ruttigar Gunnarson

“I Can Be Finance Minister”

vs.

“I Want To Be Minister of Fine-Ass”

I Can Be Finance Minister

I know that I can serve this province well as the next Minister of Finance because I have the skills, I have the courage, and I have the chutzpah to stand up to the corporate fatcats instead of kowtowing like some greedy Tory capitalist. I had to grow up in a single-parent family, so I know how hard it is to make ends meet. I will reform welfare so that the needy and underprivileged are the first to get a helping hand. Furthermore, I will make Mike Harris and all those other Tory ministers who are big rich jerks take a pay cut and donate all of their salaries to charity.

Having to work two jobs while going to school just so I can afford to wear shoes has given me the experience I need to reform corporate taxes. No more loopholes for John Q. Moneybags, no indeed! And, Mrs. Denchall gave me an A on my economics assignment, and she said it was one of the best small business plans that she has ever seen. So I know all about the needs of the small business person, and that they may not even be able to own a working fridge or eat every day, and they may have to sleep in plastic bags at night.

I promise that I will stop the overexploitation of our natural resources, and ensure that there is more money for our schools and social programs, and I will reduce taxes and balance the budget and get rid of this whole “mega-city” nonsense, and I will set aside funds to build shelters for the homeless and make sure that they all have nice, clean, dependable shoes. Because it’s really really important to have shoes, and who would know that better than I?

And Mike Harris, you better watch your fatcat butt as you light up your cigars with the newly designed \$50 bill, cause I’m gunning for the Premier’s seat and nothing is going to stop me!

Judy Portland
high-school junior and insane socialist

I Want To Be Minister of Fine-Ass

Ladies and gentlemen, it has been my esteemed pleasure to serve you as the Minister of Finance of the province of Ontario, but now I must move on. I take with me not only the experience and wisdom that my years in public office have afforded me, but also hundreds of thousands of dollars in kickbacks and bribes. It is because of my severe, almost ridiculous, wealth that I can say the following: I am leaving office to become self-appointed Minister of Fine-Ass.

I will be the first Minister of Fine-Ass in Ontario, in Canada, even in the entire world. As such, it will be my solemn duty to appreciate fine booty. And subtle rhymes are only the beginning as I engage a new frontier of challenge and stimulation. I look forward to serving as the Minister of Fine-Ass, and all the perks that come with the self-appointed title. Perks like this nifty new t-shirt and badge, both of which are emblazoned with the proud slogan of my new office: “I grab ass for a living.” [*I met an ass grabber once — Pete Love*]

I am also proud to present our publicity campaign, which will include subway posters and television commercials featuring such ribald witticisms as “Does your ass have class?” and “How fine is your behind?” and “Is your booty quite the cutie?” and “Can you trump this rump?” This publicity campaign will be followed by a four-year province-wide tour, during which I hope to rectify (ahem) any flank-related difficulties of my constituency. Being an equal opportunity minister, no hindquarter will go unpinched; from schoolboys to grandmothers, from Lake Ontario to Hudson’s Bay. Of course, I will be measuring all butts with a standard ass-o-meter, which looks surprisingly like a large, knobby, 10-inch dildo. Not too surprisingly, this job is basically exactly the same as my previous position.

Ladies and gentlemen, I swear, I will not rest, will not sleep, will not even sit down until my testing is complete. And I promise, when I’m done, neither will you.

The Honourable Ernie Eves
Former Finance Minister of Ontario

Top 10 things you shouldn’t have done on Valentine’s Day

10. Hang up phone on your girlfriend
9. Then use call display to not answer her when she calls back
8. Write a *mathNEWS* top ten list...
7. Have sex in the math building (particularly MC 1056)
6. Pete Lizak
5. Have sex in roommate’s bed
4. Score some herb from your date’s dad
3. Forget to lock the door to your room
2. Going to the pharmacy to get a pack of condoms, only to go pick up your girlfriend half an hour later, only to have her dad answer the door, who conveniently just got off work at the pharmacy
1. Drive daddy’s Mercedes by the highschool, with the top down [*It’s february, isn’t that cold — Practical Pete*] and compete against the guys with the civics and preludes

The HorrorScope

It makes no sense.

Delving into the depths of the Undergrad Calendar, the secrets of the respective majors and faculties have been decrypted ... encrypted and decrypted again.

MATH Refrain from any Chinese Remainder you may find in the fridge or, like Fermat, it may be your Last. Carry some Pepto-Bismol to Eliminate any Gauss. Be careful when you use Occam's Razor or you may nick yourself.

Give up on that MATHBUS. There's no REAL connection.
Your lucky number is $e^{(\pi*i)}$.

CS Concurrently working on assignments and trying to get that special someone will not work. Try a little change. Using iMacs may put a little colour into your life. Writing code to woo the person of your affections isn't exactly the best way to achieve that goal [*Yeah, ask Ray — Pete Love*].

The attention, you are paying to that Hot Potato in AHS, will soon be rewarded.

Your lucky number is a 1 on a DEX check.

AM France might be la place to spend your time searching for that someone who is currently frequenting your mind. You need a break from your courses. I recommend you take stop by England and get some of that London life. Make sure you take some insurance with you. People do dumb things. It's not an option.

Keep a lookout for that ARTS frequenting the beaches.
Your lucky number is 250.

ACC Watch that partying. You may soon find yourself taxed. Instead, spend some time on your books. You will find that investing some effort into your studies will have great results.

You will soon find yourself working close to MATHBUS.
Your lucky number is 5.0 Altman Z-Score (what the f**k!?!).

ACTSCI Casualties are foreseen in your future. If you avoid risk, you can lower the probability of any problems experienced in life and death. Just relax, guy. Have a beer.

ARTS are not impressed with your grim predictions. Offer money instead.

Your lucky number is between the ages of 50 and 75, with no medical exam.

MATHBUS Deregulate your schedule and embark on to new business opportunities. Bringing Laurier girls to CS and selling them off will be the most profitable venture you will ever have in this faculty.

If this venture goes well, CS shall worship you.
Your lucky number is 75 University Ave.

OR You may have some problems with complex real world situations. For that reason, join some fringe cult like ENG. Drink milk. Does an OR good.

Looking through the skylight of BMH won't get you any closer to AHS.

Your lucky number is UNDEFINED.

C&O Prepare to optimize time outside while the weather is warm. Spend some time graphing the local pubs to establish the fastest path. If you see a black cat, close your eyes. After all, you can't take a porcupine, throw it into a bar, light it on fire, and expect to make licorice.

The way to SCI's heart is a k-complete graph.

Your lucky number is encoded in a generating function.

STAT I NEED A FOR LOOP, STAT! I'm 95% confident that you will meet a man named Gauss in a dark alley by the full moon. If he offers you a carrot, buy it. Do not deviate from this standard, unless he offers to sell you a golden ball bearing.

Even though the probability that all ENG are ugly is a chi distribution, sleep with them anyway.

Your lucky number is Greek.

PMATH Go to TheSpark.Com and test your purity. If you are less than 10, pursue MATHBUS for a business transaction. If you are less than 5, pursue AHS. If you get 0 or less, phone me.

MATHBUS/AHS takes you to court. Expect restraining order.
Your lucky number is a lawyer's fee.

ARTS The squeegee water has E. Coli but drink it anyways 'cause you have nothing else. Your new logo is a sign of your imminent doom. So pray hard to one of the older programs like MATH.

You're praying but MATH's not listening, but he/she's looking.
Your lucky number is only 2 cents.

ENG Prepare to Take Back The Comfy. If a poet comes offering beer, give him a kiss. If a CS comes offering beer, take him/her home. If I offer you a beer, it's Miller time, baby. Bring your Crisco and your tennis racket. No. AmIHotOrNot.com is not considered a hobby.

Avoid contact with PMATH. It'll just cause confusion.

Your lucky number is "currently washing their hair."

SCI Your test tubes are cracked. Be thankful that those are the only things that are cracked. Take advantage of those long lab coats to hide those unsightly oil stains from cooking on the bunsen burners late at night.

No. SCI and ACTSCI has no relation. Give up.

Your lucky number is 9.81.

AHS There is no cure for that warm fuzzy feeling leftover from Valentine's Day. The best you can do is to satisfy your desire for romance. Watch any movie with Julia Roberts. If that doesn't work, go out and drown those feelings with a few pitchers.

Turkish MATH KISS you.

Your lucky number is dial-a-bottle.

MonkeyMan & Co.

The Frosh Cornered (v1.2)

A Frosh Cornered Preamble

Due to a printing error last week, The Frosh Cornered and several other articles were left out from the "Pimping Groundhog" issue. This week, we bring you a fresh "The Frosh Cornered" (Labelled "The Frosh Cornered V1.3), and the column intended for last week Labelled "The Frosh Cornered V1.2). V1.2 comes before V1.3, so please read it in such order. Why version numbers, you ask? Well, I'm a geek. I hope this eliminates any confusion.

A Cornered Frosh CONTEST!!!

Reaction to my picture that was tagged at the end of my column last issue ranged from "Is that really you?" to "You looked like a geek then, and you still look like a geek now." Nonetheless, the candid photo of myself posed for the Government of Canada struck some sort of nerve in the student community. Therefore, I would like to milk this situation as much as possible. So... *mathNEWS* proudly introduces the **Corner The Frosh Contest!** All you have to do is be the first one to corner me, Raymond "The Cornered Frosh" Lai, and say the following sentence:

"You're the good looking guy in the citizenship card photo in *mathNEWS* last week!"

If you are the first person to corner me and say the above phrase, you win a *mathNEWS* prize pack. You can win one of the two following prizes:

- A "UW Math Girls Kick Ass" Tank Top, and a C & D Gift Certificate, prize worth totaling \$13.00! OR...
- A UW Math Shotglass (Great for all your late night booze in the computer labs, or during lectures.), and a C & D Gift Certificate, worth totalling \$10.00!

So, find me, The Cornered Frosh, and win BIG!

Legalese: Employees of MathSoc and mathNEWS are immediately disqualified from winning this contest, although nothing stops you from cornering me. The following people are also disqualified to win the prize: Any of my friends, Cubby, any member of UW DEX, and/or anybody within my vocal radius as I write this right now. You must be a complete stranger to me to win. You do not have to be in the Math faculty to win this contest. All decisions will be made by me and all decisions will be final. I will disqualify anyone who I suspect has prior knowledge of who I actually am, although rules may be bent for good looking girls. You do not have to be female to win the tank top, although we may ask you to wear it for us to take a few pictures to publish it in the next mathNEWS for all the Mathie population to regale in your masculinity. mathNEWS does not condone the drinking of alcoholic beverages during lectures. "Cornering The Frosh" actually means that you have to corner me, physically, then say the above phrase. The above phrase must be said in its exact words, and any incorrect words uttered will disqualify your entry. Any physical harm dealt out to me will result in automatic disqualification, and your name will be added to my list of "Things I must destroy before I graduate" list.

Letters to the Cornered Frosh

From: The Guy Who Does UW Daily Bulletin

To: Raymond Lai

Subject: Bland? Me Bland?

Thank you (I think) for mentioning the Daily Bulletin in your column in yesterday's *mathNEWS*. I'm so glad that we were able to make you aware of the outrage the university is perpetrating in making the Descartes contest optional! But look, what's this about the Bulletin being bland? And more to the point, do you have any constructive ideas about how to make it less bland, other than getting you to sign on as a columnist? I'd be pleased to hear from you.

best regards

That Guy That Does The UW Daily Bulletin
Information and Public Affairs, University of Waterloo

When I said bland, I should have said "lethargic", or some other descriptive term that would encapsulate the drowsiness of the site itself. Seriously though, the Descartes Contest Fiasco shall forever go down in history as the biggest gaffe this university will ever make, forgoing tradition and the public humiliation and torture of the contest. As for your suggestion to come to the Daily Bulletin as a columnist, I'd be happy to defect if you can top what mathNEWS is paying me (Current Salary: \$0).

Thus ends this week's *Letters to the Cornered Frosh*. Now, onto this week's featured column.

Joe Murphy, CS 134 Student In Distress; Lessons Learned

Nothing goes right for Joe. If something looks right, it will never compile. If something looks properly formatted, the last line of the printed page will always be cut off. If he finds an open Windows terminal in the MC, it would probably suck him right to hell or explode in his face. If he stumbles onto a Unix machine, he would probably crash the thing four times over. If he meets a girl (and that's a HUGE if), he'll probably get slapped on both cheeks (and he'll probably like it, too). Joe has to be the unluckiest CS134 student there is in this hellhole. Murphy, as his friends call him, is probably the nicest guy on campus, but if anything can go wrong for him, it will.

These past few weeks have been very trying for Joe. The big CS134 assignment was due last Wednesday, and he had 3 weeks to work on it. Even though he started early, he can never get past the planning stage without ripping some of his hair out. With 2 weeks left until the due date, he got what seemed to be a satisfactory program outline on paper, he started coding, and what coding it was.

The assignment called for 2 objectives in general. After 6 straight hours of coding, Joe completed 1 of the 2 objectives, although it wouldn't compile properly. Seeing it was three in the morning, he went straight to sleep. Joe got up at around 8 and coded some more until the program compiled properly. Now, the program perfectly executes objective 1 after 8 hours of programming. Feeling quite proud of himself, Joe took a break to go to class (What a break!), and vowed to continue after taking the aforementioned break.

Coming back from the break, Joe sat down to finish off the program he started, only to find Winblows 98 had crashed on him and somehow corrupted his program. He retrieved a backup, which had 90% of the program still intact, and ventured to reprogram what was lost. After the reprogramming was

complete, he set out to implement the 2nd objective. However, he went into shock when he found out that his current design was not able to handle the implementation for the 2nd objective. He screamed and kicked and yelled until his lungs gave out. “A day’s worth of work WASTED!”, he said.

Knowing quite well that his friend who lived in the room next door was a whiz at computer science and math (He was in MATH 145 and 147, and he survived!), Joe went to his next-door neighbour for advice. Then, a flash of enlightenment shined upon him, with the help of his friend, and he set out to code the rest of the program. After hours of work, he got his program compiled and completed both objectives. He finished his assignment, well ahead of schedule. Joe thought he could sit back and relax the next few days, but Joe thought wrong.

On the due day of the assignment, Joe submitted it to the system and went to lunch. When he got back, he got a message on his e-mail account saying: “Program Not Compiled: Java.Lang.OutOfMemoryError”. Joe panicked. He has never seen that error message before, and the program compiled fine at home. So, Joe ran to the CS tutorial center to seek help for his problem, 3 hours before the submit deadline. He went into the tutorial center, showed a TA his code, and hoped the TA could help him. Brandon, the head TA, was completely baffled at the error message, and started to look over the code line by line.

Suddenly, Brandon yelled; “AH-HA! What is this?”, pointing to a line of code. Joe responded: “It’s a 2D array”. The TA countered, pointed to the line immediately underneath the first suspect line: “And what the hell is this?” Joe immediately responded: “It’s another 2D Array. What’s wrong with having 2D arrays?”. Brandon, feeling confident than ever, laughed and said: “Well, there’s no problem with having 2D arrays, but there is a problem when you declare each array 1000 by 1000.

Apparently, Joe declared two 2D arrays, each using 1,000,000 memory spaces. That overloaded the Unix compiler and was the culprit for the “Java.Lang.OutOfMemoryError”.

Joe immediately changed the the code, and submitted the now working program. Thanking and worshipping Brandon as he left the tutorial center, Joe collapsed from the stress that had accumulated over the past few hours.

Now, in his own words, lessons learned by Joe Murphy, CS134 Coder:

1. Windows is a bitch.
2. The school’s computing resources are pre-historic.
3. CS134 Tutors are gods. CS gods. In particular, Brandon is a CS god. There’s another CS god, but I don’t remember his name. He’s sorta shorter, and sticks around Brandon a lot. You know who you are. Sorry Rob, you’ve been replaced.
4. If it compiles at home, it never compiles at school.
5. You’re bound to run into an error NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE.
6. Never declare a 1,000,000 memory-spots array.
7. Planning is for geeks, geeks with full heads of hair.
8. Smart friends are untapped resources.
9. Pulling out hair hurts.
10. Food tastes weird at three in the morning.

Send get-well letters and assignment answers to: r3lai@student.math.uwaterloo.ca.

Raymond CT Lai
The Cornered Frosh

A little desperate for love and attention

Is it just me, or are employers getting desperate to attract resumes?

Sure, I’m a 4B CS student, working concurrently on a degree in English Writing, and I’ve had 7 terms of work experience in everything from testing to programming to object-oriented design to marketing. I’m highly employable. My roommate in 1B CS, who has been rejected by every company he’s applied to for co-op, would probably disagree. So would many of those non-CS mathies who don’t want CS jobs.

But to me it’s a little sad. It’s like a desperate date who just keeps trying and trying to get your attention and won’t go away. They keep calling, emailing, offering gifts, and no matter how hard you try to let them down gently, they just won’t take the hint.

(The mathie stereotype tells me that usually we are in the position of the desperate date. I’m female — my view on the dating thing is a tad different from most of you.)

Job hunting is like dating, but with the timeline on methamphetamines. You meet up with each other through other people or through ads. You look at each other’s qualities. If it looks like a possible match, you talk to each other and find out what each has to offer the other. Then you either turn them down, or make a commitment.

When I was searching my last co-op job, I got an offer from Microsoft. I turned them down. In September, I got an email from them inviting me to an interview.

I hadn’t applied. I’m not even looking for a job.

I emailed back to ask why, and the recruiter told me that they offered me an interview BECAUSE I turned them down, and they wanted to give me another chance.

This is like having some arrogant @\$shole [You mean asshole? — Pete Love] ask you out, turning them down, and then having them come back and say “I know you turned me down. Clearly, you regret this — there is no reason in the world why you wouldn’t want to go out with me. But I’ll give you another chance.”

(Note to those who ask more than they get asked — don’t ever do this.)

What part of the word NO don’t they understand? I’m not asking for another chance — don’t give it to me. (Give it to my poor 1B CS roommate.)

Isn’t it a little odd that Trilogy offered up a luxury car in exchange for resumes? To me that says “Take this car; I just want your phone number.” I mean, if this happened to me in another context, I’d be looking into restraining orders.

I wouldn’t want to date someone who hands me big expensive gifts just to get me to notice them. I might take the gifts; I just wouldn’t date them (Note to the dating-challenged — don’t do this, unless you’re looking for gold-diggers).

Have companies so little respect for me as a person that they would attempt to buy me? All I’ve ever heard about Trilogy is that they give you tons of money. To me, this says that they don’t want people; they want prostitutes.

Since we pay Career Services to facilitate this process, does that mean that they are our pimp? [Good point, and if so, are they related to the groundhog pimp of last issue? — Pete Love]

Sonal Champsee

The Frosh Cornered (v1.3)

“Corner The Frosh” Contest Information

Since the announcement of the “Corner The Frosh Contest” was not made last week, I have decided to extend the contest and make the contest effective today (Friday, Feb 16th, 2001). So, if you still want to win, you can still do so! Just read the contest details in the v1.2 of “The Frosh Cornered” for contest restrictions and instructions!

Into The Abyss We Venture (I mean, Happy Valentine’s Day)

There are three kinds of people in the world: Those who are in a relationship right now (notice I didn’t specify if they were happy relationships or not), those who are ‘single’ by choice, and those who cannot find a date if their life depended on it. For each of these groups of people, Valentines Day can be both a blessing and a curse of the hells of our inner souls. I’d like to think each group goes through some sort of hell and heaven on Valentines Day, but some groups experience more hell than heaven, and vice versa.

Some of my closer friends may say I am definitely not an authoritative figure on relationships and romance. Heck, I came from an all-male CATHOLIC school, for Pete’s sake [*Well, I don’t know, you keep breaking cardinal rules of dating and relationships, like using Java to ask a girl out. What where you thinking? Really?!?! — Pete Love*]. One cannot get more stereotypical than that. Upon receiving this disturbing information, many people respond by: “Oh no, how did you survive?”, or “Do you even know any girls?”, or the very popular “Are you gay? You have to be gay. I mean, being in a gay environment for 5 years doesn’t help.” Given, learning in an all-male educational institution for 5 years does not make me homosexual. [*Damn straight! — Tel-Ed*] In fact, that stereotype is extremely incorrect, and I usually get fairly inflamed by it. However, the topic of my school and its alledged link to homosexual behaviour is for another time, so lets just leave it be for now. The fact is, I have absolutely no luck when it comes to interactions with the fairer sex. It seems I have this invisible repelling field that surrounds me wherever I go. The repelling field has given me a unique experience on exactly what not to do when you open your mouth to initiate conversation, or otherwise other forms of communication.

Back to the subject at hand. As Valentines Day approaches (or have past as you read this right now), I reflect on the implications of this festive season on the above mentioned three groups.

People currently in a relationship

Some people think if you are in a relationship, Valentine’s day is a confirmed day of joy and bliss. The fact is, like any other day, Valentine’s Day can be as unpredictable as the BUS111W midterm. In fact, I have a friend who was dumped on Valentine’s Day. So for you singles, the fact that your roommate has a girlfriend/boyfriend doesn’t mean he/she is better off than you are.

Given, if everything goes well, these couples will spend a blissful day together, commemorating their love. However, this commemoration takes a lot of time and money, and that is the personal hell I have refered to. The amount of cash that is spent each Valentine’s Day craters over every other holiday except Christmas. Making “The perfect Valentine’s Day” for your significant other apparently is not easy, both on the soul and on the wallet.

But everything cannot be measured by pennies and cents. I

have heard that spending the day with your loved one is reward enough. My father has always advocated that using your emotions is sometimes richer than using your wallet, and in this case, parental advice cannot be further from the truth.

The point that annoys me is that many of these couples make it their point to ensure Valentine’s Day is perfect for them, and attempt to make it a success for their single friends as well. These people do not see the inner anguish of a single, rejected time and time again, goes through every time February 14th rolls around. Instead of a celebration of love and life, it turns into a day of reflection of opportunities missed and love lost. The fact that this holiday is pushed into the face of these singles by couples mutates such reflections into a mirror of hell, reflecting back at its poor on-looker.

That’s not to say every happily matched couple will make singles feel bad on Valentine’s Day. In fact, one can gain encouragement and support from these singles, if it is done right. Seeing happy couples walking down the sidewalk holding hands is encouragement enough for any self-depressed individual to pick up the slack and correct the problems that are generating the ‘repelling field’. Wait a minute, usually the picture of a happy couple holding hands makes one MORE depressed. Forget what i just said.

Individuals single by choice

I don’t know if I should admire these people for their courage and conviction or feel sorry for their past losses that have brought them to their choice. Either way, these people can neither be majorly hurt or benefitted from Valentine’s Day.

A friend told me recently: “Having been in several relationships that has crashed and burned, I feel liberated not to feel compelled to pick up the next girl I see walking down the MC.” That truly is a couragous individual. Although I believe that the hunt for a companion will resume when he finds the ‘right’ girl, he can spend Valentine’s Day guilt free and baggage free. To spend the day of love without feeling compelled to spend it with a person you love is truly a feat of individual greatness.

However, there are a small number of individuals who prefer to spend the day with someone, but choose not to by hiding in this category. It brings up the question: Do these people truly believe in what they preach, or are they just afraid of the consequences of uttering the words (or writing on a note, whatever.) “Will you go out on a date with me?” Many people squeeze themselves into this category to use it as a smokescreen. Using this cateogry as an excuse, one tries to avoid the personal reflection of stupidity and failure that comes with being single on this day. That is not to say EVERYONE in this category uses this as a smokescreen. I truly believe that people who choose to reside in this category really want to be in this category. But just like any category of life, there are black sheep who exploits this niche to escape the inevitable.

Singles by default

Default is a rather strong word. Either you tried and failed or are too afraid to try, people in this category gets the largest negative impact from this holiday. It’s easy to get bitter at your happy coupled friends, but the only right thing to do is to take a deep breath, sit back, relax, and have a true reflection of what you did wrong.

I can almost hear people opening up Outlook to write me a inflamed complaint letter, but hear me out for a second: One

cannot displace blame for your less-than-successful endeavours on others, and especially towards the people you have once dated. The painful fact is: There's something wrong with you. You may be too loud, too forgetful, too rude, too dirty (which is a common occurrence seeing the Comfy inhabitants), or any combination of the above. Nonetheless, Valentine's Day for these people is best spent on personal reflection and conviction to improved what is erred. It doesn't help you or your friends around you to mope and complain that you can't a date even if the world is to come to an end in 3 minutes (Don't you all start counting now).

The fact is, many single people spend this day in a depressive funk. Over the years, I've realized that's not the best thing to do. In fact, that's not THE thing to do. If there is one thing I do well, it is coping rather expertly with this 'holiday'. Convincing yourself that you're unmarketable and committing yourself to a convent doesn't help one's love life. There are people, however, that swear not to even acknowledge that this day exist and choose to ignore it and its positive implications. Yes, I said POSITIVE implications. This day can be a turning point in your life as you identify and improve on your downfalls. By not acknowledging that you have failed but vie to succeed in time, you'll only turn your Valentine's Day funk into an explosive powder keg, ready to explode. Needless to say, it doesn't help to exact revenge on your objects of failed affections either. Planting a thermo-nuclear device under the bed of your ex isn't a particularly good idea. First of all, you'll kill him/her, along with everybody in a 50 km radius, but most of all, you're not tackling the real problem: YOU. It's a painful truth that must be learned. The idiom "You have no one to blame but yourself" is characterized perfectly here, and no apocalyptic weapon can change that. Although, building a thermo-nuclear device may be fun as a hobby, but getting ahold of some used plutonium may be against federal laws.

I may sound like a commercial for a 12-step anti-depression program, but the fact is the problem resides with YOU, the single (If you'd like to pay me for my advice, please do so. I'm not going to stop you.). It's time to stop acting like a little child that whines and complains at the drop of a hat and sit down to eat your peas (uh... I have no idea where I'm going with this).

So there it is. From where I stand (or sit typing), I'll be spending a quiet night in my room doing some personal reflection of my life (TRANSLATION: Play Counter-Strike until I have to start my assignments). For you couples out there, I hope you all have (had... whatever. I don't like this 5-day time lag in between writing this and publishing. It screws up all the tenses) a blissful and tranquil Valentine's Day. For those who are dateless by choice: Have a day, any day, just as long as you people have a day. Finally, for those dateless by default: Don't get too disheartened and don't listen to the "There are other fish in the sea" crap. Get your act together, and before long, you'll see your self-improvement take fruit. For those who got dumped on the day of love, get a head start on building that thermo-nuclear weapon. Plutonium from dying submarine reactors in Russia are quite cheap in the underground market these days (not that I know. REALLY, I don't build thermonuclear devices in my room. And please, don't call CSIS to search my premises for Russian plutonium. That reminds me: LOST: 2 long green sticks, sort of glows, neon green colour. Reward if found.)

You ask: BUT, what does this guy know anyway? He's a geek

who can't get a date if meteors start raining down on the MC this very minute, AND he's from a Catholic all-guy school. (SARCASM ALERT: CUT WITH KNIFE) The fact is, after entering a depressive funk year after year, I have realized the secret to success lies within oneself.

Send letters of condolences and/or letters of inflamed complaints to: r3lai@uwaterloo.ca (HEY, apparently you DON'T need the student.math stuff. It's COMPLETELY USELESS!)

Raymond CT Lai
The Cornered Frosh

Holy Crap, Frosh Cornered is like the never ending story!!!

***math*POLL (Formerly *math*NEWS Poll of the Week)**

Last week's response to the *math*NEWS *Poll of the Week* was unprecedented. Some people say that more and more Mathies are reading *math*NEWS while others say that the poll results were created with a script. Nonetheless, *math*NEWS poll of the week attracted **6881** hits! (Notice I didn't say 6881 people, that would be wrong).

A whopping majority of you, 6872 responses, wondered what we were smoking when we came up with the pineapple question. The kicker is that the majority also asked where they can acquire some of said drug for personal enjoyment. Let us assure you that the *math*NEWS drug vault is under 24 hour lock and guard, and any unauthorized entry into the sublevel vault will trigger the automatic defensive guns to come online. Any injury suffered by you in the hands of our capable automatic response system is not our fault [*So how come I don't know about this vault???* — *Pete Love*].

This week, in keeping with the Valentine's Day theme, we ask the following question: *What is worse to do on Valentine's Day???* Your choices are as follows:

- Standing in front of The Bomber and waiting for a drunk person of your desired gender to come out on Tuesday nights.
- Spending 5 hours writing and compiling Java code to woo the person of your dreams.
- Spending 6 hours in the hospital after a failed dinner preparation attempt.
- Spending the day with *math*NEWS editors. (Only females need apply)
- Spending the night in front of IRC complaining that you can't get a date

Don't forget, polls close on February 26th, 2001!. <http://www.freevote.com/booth/mathnews/>

Have fun, and try not to be too depressed.

Amadaeus, *math*PollMaster

profQUOTES

“So if you look over the faculties, men earn more women than money.”

Chipman, Stat 231

“Threads are like people. If they commit suicide, you can't expect them to clean themselves up.”

Burkowski, CS 354

“I might give this to you as a really deadly series of exercises on an assignment. That way I won't have to lecture on it.”

Jackson, Math 245

“If we both dip into the same box of nuts and bolts, then your nuts will fit my bolts.”

Cowan, CS 498R

“Has anyone ever seen a dialog box?”

Cowan, CS 498R

“Professors don't have all that much on going on in their minds.”

Cowan, CS 498R

“The problem with being a human being is that there are too damn many things to learn.”

Cowan, CS 498R

Regarding the midterm: “It should be fun. If your idea of taking an exam is fun... How do you prepare for it? I would go see a movie the night before.”

Berry, CS 445

“These are the types of programs that people agonize over at night for hundreds of thousands of hours.”

Cowan, CS 498R

“Uh-oh, grammar has imbalance!”

Munro, CS 240

“For a specific ciphertext, you get bullshit for most of the keys.”

Wolf, C&O 487

Student: “What's wrong with confusing people?” Prof: “Ask me that question on the midterm.”

Mann, CS 251

“It's not something you worry about... especially not in this course, because you never build anything.”

Mann, CS 251

“Don't worry about these letters... they'll be removed from the slides for next term.”

Mann, CS 251

“Why would I count like this? Because I can't count?”

Mann, CS 251

“We needed more work to give you... there's always a good reason like that.”

Mann, CS 251

“You're in CS... you're not expected to know who's going to win the Super Bowl.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“The English language has a structure... I don't know what it is.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“... and the second problem with experts is that they don't know what they're doing.”

Pidduck, CS 480

“If you think this is easy, this is the hardest idea you've seen in math yet; now, let's make it easy.”

Crippin, MATH 136

“The majority of new jobs are full-time jobs, not McJobs.”

Smith, ECON 102

“It happens on occasion that I forget what I'm discussing about ... What was I talking about?!?”

Smith, ECON 102

“There, you people forgot it already, and it's not even 30 seconds.”

Smith, ECON 102

“If we have a chance to screw the consumer, we will do so!!”

Smith, ECON 102

“Economics is the universal language. No matter what ethnicity, we're all greedier than sin.”

Smith, ECON 102

I won't ask you to understand fractions. All we ask is for you to press a few buttons on your calculator. You don't even need to like fractions. See if I care.”

Smith, ECON 102

“Now, divide by 0. Now your calculator will have trouble with this.”

Smith, ECON 102

“One Macroeconomics mistake and it'll haunt you for the rest of your life.”

Smith, ECON 102

“And I swear, I will go to your dean and you'll never exist again.”

Smith, ECON 102

“Yankee Economy needs more blood to sustain itself.”

Smith, ECON 102

“Whenever the US wants to stabilize the economy, they'll go to Asia and start a war.”

Smith, ECON 102

“The guy gets “excited” when he hears of inventory control.”

Smith, ECON 102

“Zeller's wants you to know they have Martha Stewart's Colours, the weirdest person on the planet.”

Smith, ECON 102

“I fear for your future if you can't go from Arkansas to Detroit.”

Smith, ECON 102

“You all understand? Or you all don't care because it's just a proof?”

- Mammon, MATH 138
 “I won’t go into the proofs, you read the book, which you people don’t do anyway.”
- Mammon, MATH 138
 “By reading the book, you will actually understand (the material), but most of all, you can make sure I’m right. Don’t just believe me.”
- Mammon, MATH 138
 Prof: “How much is the textbook?”
 Student: “\$120.”
 Prof: “Ok, I think you all should start reading the book.”
- Mammon, MATH 138
 “Cheating in a first year course will haunt you in 20 years, when you want to run for Prime Minister of Canada, or worse, President of the US.”
- DiMarco, CS 134
 “Did I teach that? I don’t know ... Sometimes I completely black out.”
- Chateauneuf, MATH 136
 “The best stake I’ve ever made.”
- Crippin, MATH 136
 “It just drives me crazy when people in math are having fun. It’s just not right. It’s sacrilegious.”
- Crippin, MATH 136
 “Most people do not delay getting their appendix out due to an economic slowdown.”
- Larry Smith, econ 102
 “You will give me four of your cows and half of your house because you need this pot so badly.”
- Larry Smith, econ 102
 “Probably the right word for it is a word that starts with ‘c’ and ends with ‘onfusing’.”
- Bill Cowan, CS498r
 This is just one of those things that happens to you, like getting sick after drinking too much.”
- Bill Cowan, CS498
 Prof: “This question is one I fully expected you guys to bugger up.” Student: “I didn’t let you down, sir.”
- Reynolds, ACTSC 221
 “Audience are more interested in a balanced game, like breaking the tie at the last shot at the last second; not a professional boxer beating the hell out of a kid.”
- Safeyani, MSci 311
 “I didn’t say Kennedy was a donut ... it’s the only thing you’ll remember from the course ... too bad it’s not on the final.”
- Munro, CS 240
 “Question 7 is really easy, too easy, (so) that it’s not on the midterm. There are 6 questions in total.”
- Munro, CS 240
 (Holding a calculator) “How do you think these things give an answer when you push 2 and hit the ln button? A little guy in there with a book of tables?”
- Ferguson, MATH 138
 “Then we’re going to look at improper integrals, whatever they are. Some of us feel that all integrals are improper.”
- Ferguson, MATH 138
 “I either expect your full, undivided attention or for you to sleep quietly in your seat.”
- Kierstead, CS 134
 “Are you guys even blinking? I swear I see dust settling on some of your eyes.”
- Kierstead, CS 134
 Student: (referring to question numbers) “What’s the difference between 34 and 36?” Prof: “I don’t suppose you’d accept 2.”
- Crippin, MATH 136
 (holding up a box of Vector cereal) “This is the only vector space that has a finite number of elements.”
- Crippin, MATH 136
 “I just figured out the problem with this class. I’m explaining the material too clearly ... you understand it. Maybe you should talk.”
- Crippin, MATH 136
 (stumbles on the overhead projector cord): “I could’ve provided more entertainment if I’ve fallen over and broken my neck.”
- Munro, CS 240
 (writing on board) “C++ allows otherwise unrelated classes to ‘share their private parts’ via a mechanism called ‘friendship’.”
- Godfrey, CS 246
 “If you’ve got a fetish for purple underwear, then purple underwear will be there.”
- Larry Smith, ECON 102
 (In regards to the authors of a new stats text she recieved): “I think they are warped, as well.”
- Struthers, STAT 450

FEDquotes

Here are a couple of great quotes from our last FEDS Students Council meeting.

Snuggles

“Some of you are very tiny, some of you are very big.”

Desire Tariq (VPSI) on the Committee of Presidents

“To prevent being humiliated in front of the Student Body yet again ...”

Chris Farley (PREZ) about voting to break a tie

“I feel like God here.”

Chris Farley (PREZ) on the powers of the speaker

Food For Thought

Shots from the Peanut Gallery

When the idea for this column - Food For Thought - first occurred to me back in the summer I thought an appropriate name would be something along the lines of the title of this particular article - Shots from the Peanut Gallery. In retrospect I am rather pleased that back in September I forgot about my original name and used a common platitude. (Otherwise I would have been breaking with the very name of my column with my Lexical Analysis piece.)

None-the-less I think some cheap shots are in order, because frankly, the current government of Ontario is a disaster.

Alright I have to know, what the hell is going on in Queens Park? Does anyone know if Harris ever wrote an IQ test? Did he get a passing grade? (i.e. greater than 50?)

I mean what is going on here? You may think, like my fellow columnist that your tuition dollars are cheaper in Canada then they would be in the United States, and outside of Ontario you would be correct. Guess what though, if you go to a state college, as most American post-secondary students do, and if it is your home state then your college education will actually be cheaper than it would be to go to school in Ontario.

I believe that Floridians pay \$3,500 per year to go to FSU (Florida State University) and well I am paying about \$4,000 (\$3,000 per term * 2 terms per year * .67 Canadian exchange) to go to UW. Except who pays more taxes me or the Floridian? Oh yeah but I have health care, if I want an MRI and don't want to wait six months to two years? Then what of that great health care? It's in Buffalo, New York.

Of course the Floridians vote does not seem to count unless s/he voted for Pat Buchanan or Dubbya Bush — but that's a small price to pay for effective health care (for the elderly health care is head and shoulders above ours) and lower taxes.

Now don't get me wrong, any country that can have a man as evil (in this case I really believe evil is the right word) as John Ashcroft appointed Attorney General must have problems. But at least the American's do not have Michael Harris.

Okay another thing that pisses me off, back in December or maybe November of 96, just after the announcement that the City of Toronto was about to be amalgamated into mega-disaster. Stats Can released some interesting figures to augment Harris's claims of the time that the Tories had created ten thousand new jobs in Ontario that month.

Some forty five thousand jobs had been lost in Ontario outside of the greater Toronto area and fifty five thousand jobs had been created, primarily in the old city of Toronto. Makes you wonder why Harris is trying to kill the one engine of actual growth in this province.

Actually I really love the news coming from Queens Park these days. Hands up everyone who went to any government funded high school on or after 1994 outside of Metro Toronto. (By Metro I mean the people who give their phone number as 416 followed by seven digits.) If you had to raise your hand then my parents (who I live with on work terms and before I went to Waterloo) helped pay for your education.

Okay but we all live in the same province right? Yeah except that you never helped pay for my years at Northern Secondary. For that matter if you lived in Mississauga for example, or really anywhere outside of 416 land, I am helping to pay for your roads and sewers and police. You know what you are paying

for in return? Keep guessing, as long as you are answering with more than the empty string you are wrong.

You know how everyone says Quebecers could never survive economically outside of Canada? Well Canada could never survive economically without Toronto. Really, 3 million people, more people than the six smallest provinces in Canada combined. More people ride the TTC everyday than live East of Quebec. Of course Toronto does not have a constitutional veto, what would we do with it? Kick Harris out would be a good start in my books.

How is the income tax I pay to keep Newfoundland fishers on welfare and BC loggers out of Clayoquot Sound improving my lot? Truth is, its not doing very much for me. Oh sure my University tuition is only covering about 25% of the cost to educate me but that is the same no matter where you are from. So how is my income tax helping me? It's paying for ads on the TV telling me how great the latest Tory Medicare program is, its paying for the Tories to run royal commissions that report, guess what, amalgamation in its present form does not work.

You know why the present government is driving me nuts. I have to pay all this property tax and income tax so some idiot golf pro from parts closer to the tree line than Bay Street can determine how much I should pay in Tuition. What is up with that? Mr. Harris sir, people like me give you that cushy office in Queens park and that booming economy. And you know what, people like me can always move to parts warmer.

If I really hated my co-op job I could drop out of co-op and quit my job. Can I drop out of University with my three years of undergrad, get a B Math, General, and quit being an Ontarian? Like most Ontarian's I never voted for the Tories, why do I have to put up with them?

Michael Cole

Valentines Day Rules

When I was a kid I used to give Valentines day cards to everybody in my class, and yes I did get cards back. Then as I grew up I got to Junior high and became a geek. Geeks don't give out cards especially on valentines day. So I grew up some more and reached high school and I just didn't care about valentines day. I was single, I was in high school, and was good looking (oh you know it [*Oh yeah, you were hot!* — *Pete Love*]) but I wasn't popular. So every Valentines day I used to sit around and well... hack and program (yes I'm in CS). That trend continued until this year. Now this is highly unusual because as everybody knows, Tushar does not go on dates. Well my friends I must say that Valentines day rules because somebody took pity on me and decided that they might as well go out with me. Yes Valentines day, when geeks and nerds alike can feed off the pity of hot women (or is it my stunningly good looks? [*Definitely your good looks. I feel your pain!* — *Pete Love*]). So that's why I love Valentines day (this year). Please don't be a cynical b@st@rd [*Do you mean bastard?* — *Pete Love*] like some other people we know...it's not corporate propoganda. Who doesn't love giving or recieving flowers, or chocolate...mmmmm...chocolate...or little teddy bears (or Monkeys!!!). So Valentines day is really a really cool day...plus I can get off work early!!!

Tushar "Quack" Singh

General l'Hopital

Why won't that place just die?

"Your ex claimed exclamation marks!" exclaimed Max Value. "Exactly, extraordinary exchange," expressed experienced Expo executive Exeter excitedly. "Except extremely expensive experiment, exporting extracted exam exclamations! Excerpts exited existence exponentially!"

"Excellent extra example," Max said, hanging up the external extension.

"Explain what function that call served?" Ana asked the PI.

"I can add it to my composite," Max revealed. "I now have many prime cases with odd factors."

"Are you positive?"

"Naturally." Max proceeded to pull several files. "There is just one common thread I've seen running through all these processes. Observe the following cases! Colonel Space spoiling nachos. Jordan missing cannon nickel forms. The Gram Schmidt ortho gone, Ali Zay's shun process—"

"Enough!" Ana interrupted. "What is the common factor?"

"Its identity," Max said, "Is... punctuation! Or more precisely a lack thereof."

Ana frowned. "But Electra's case involved no missing punctuation, it had to do with lopped off decimals," she recalled.

"Ah, unfortunately I've discovered that connection has time doubt," Max remarked. "So while the decimation of her numbers does occur within the same time period, I must set her case aside temporarily to concentrate more closely on the punctuation caper."

"But while we caper and bandy about, who is left to orchestrate how l'Hopital Central conducts itself?" Ana noted. "This is the pits!"

Indeed, back at the l'Hopital, things were hardly peachy. "I'm plum tired," Electra remarked gingerly to Dr. Waterson. "Earlier I saw a man go by with the key we needed for a pre-cot storage area. I'm so berried in work I was nuts enough to let the seedy guy leave."

"Work is a mixed bag," Dr. Waterson agreed. "Even my breakfasts of late are not Special K-complete."

"Do you think there's any angles or incidents we can pursue to help with Max's investigation?" Elly reflected.

"Perhaps. But we should look before we leap or something may throw us for a loop," Dr. Waterson stated.

Suddenly, the form of Dr. Waterson was encompassed in a wash of blue light, accompanied by a tingle of static energy. Unnoticed by anyone, she had just been replaced by Dr. Sham Breakit of *mathNEWS* Quantum Loop fame.

"WHILE I think I got that, could you REPEAT UNTIL I know FOR sure?" Elly asked.

"Oh boy," Sham concluded.

To be improved...?

Greg "hologrami" Taylor

Top 10 things done if you're single on Valentine's Day

10. Call mom and dad at 1-976-...
9. Take one for the team
8. Call up the kid that you tutor and watch pokemon
7. Write top ten lists for *mathNEWS*
6. Call Katie's Budget Sluts (both male and female escorts). Their motto is: "Quality is for the rich, not you."
5. Bang on roommates door
4. Go to the movies by yourself
3. Drink in the *mathNEWS* office...
2. Assume the vulture position, go to the bomber, wait for drunks to stumble out, and take them home
1. Sit in your room with the lights out, eating peanut butter with your hands and drinking a beer, while Radiohead plays softly in the background and staring at your computer waiting for ICQ to flash, and thinking "Why doesn't anyone love me?"

Pete Love

Top 10 things done if you're taken already on Valentine's day

10. Go to stages, check out the cougars
9. Turn up the radio
8. Explain once again, why you don't believe in premarital sex
7. Hole dinner and dancing spiel
6. Pass out your single roommates number on ICQ, and tell everyone that (s)he is super hot!
5. Study for the damn OS midterm scheduled the day after Valentine's day!
4. Assume the vulture position, go to the bomber and wait for drunks to stumble out, and take them home
3. Explain why you have a rule against sex in the math building
2. Push the subwoofer under your bed
1. Lock your door so roommates don't get in and do the same thing as last year

Pete Love

Voting: A Simple How-To Guide

Nothing smells quite as good as democracy. It's like a cool summer's day, sprinkled liberally with the aroma of freedom, with just a hint of sulfur and brimstone. For a quick whiff, I suggest strolling leisurely to the FEDS website www.feds.ca, where you can smell democracy in action.

What surprised me most about the FEDS online voting system is how archaic and quaint it is. I mean, come on. Other universities instituted online voting an entire year ago, why is Waterloo technologically always the last one at the party to get a piece of cake? Where is the high-speed wireless direct-connection chip that I can plug into my cerebellum to make voting both easy and fun? Why can't I meet the candidates (or at least their avatars) in some wonky virtual reality forum where the Mad Hatter and Charles De Gaulle are asking the questions instead of the ever-odious Imprint staff and their rollicking sidekicks, uwstudent.org?

For those of you who don't know, "voting" is something that the inhabitants of a democratic nation are called upon to do whenever the upper echelons of the power hierarchy want to don different facemasks. Because most of the facemasks look surprisingly similar, many voters find that staying home to fill their bathtub with ejaculate is a more productive use of their time than trying to, say, read a website using a font that is normally saved for inscribing the Bible onto a grain of rice.

Some citizens question the efficacy and viability of a democratic system. "Who in their right mind," they ask, "would vote

for Chris Farley?" And right they are to question, for what would inspire the majority of voters to decide, of their own free will, to elect the Barney Fife of student politics as their leader? Sure, he's a loyal friend, but there's a reason he has to keep his bullet in his pocket. Mr. Farley's Citizen-Kane-esque rise to power does illustrate one important fact about present-day democracy, however: people will vote for someone they dislike as long as they dislike the other candidate more.

This is the reason that debates are full of more mud-slinging than a monster truck rally hosted by Regis and Kathy-Lee simulcast with the Cain and Abel Reunion Special. Actually, throw in a mud wrestling match between Monica and Hilary co-officiated by Oprah and Rosie and then you'll have satisfactorily approximated the down and dirty meanness of a modern-day political Q&A. It's also the reason that virtually all candidates seem to come off like some freaky oneupmanship contest on a Doublemint commercial: "I'm for improving housing and increasing visibility!", "Ha! well I'm for increasing visibility while improving housing!"

At the end of the day (or week, if you haven't managed to acquire the direct-feed brain chip) the question remains: is democracy worth it? Well, no, but my bathtub is already full of ejaculate. To the voting booths!

Ruttigar Gunnarson

FASS 2001 ends in bloodshed, violence

This year's performance by FASS (an annual musical theatre production put on by Waterloo faculty, alumni, staff, and students) entitled "FASS 2001: A FASS Odyssey" [*Actually that's "2001: A FASS Oddity" — HoloEd (retired)*] was ruined on Friday by needless rowdiness that eventually lead to violent and riotous behaviour on the part of the audience. On February 2nd at 1:45 AM, the local police were sent to Hagey Hall to calm down the riotous group of audience members. The audience members had broken into "The Chartered Accountants Room" in search of objects to break but were stopped before any serious damage could be done. "I'm glad they were mostly mathies and arts-folk," exclaimed constable Oscar Doe of the Waterloo police force. The police made no arrests but five individuals were diagnosed in with injuries ranging from minor to trivial.

Critics of FASS blame the violence on the excessive number of homicides portrayed during the show. Dr. Michelle Cairns, noted psychologist, explains: "Many tests have concluded that

violent imagery leads to violence in all humans. During the show, there were 71 or so deaths portrayed on or near stage and more than a googolplex of deaths implied, including the murder of 500 RCMP officers. Near the end of the play, the audience was already in a frenzy yelling 'Kill Him, Kill Him' and 'Make him Die' urging the actors to kill lead scriptwriter Greg Taylor. [*No, no, that was Mel O'Dee, a music minor! — HoloEd (ret.)*] Obviously, this riot was not just a random act of violence. FASS is responsible and should be fined millions of dollars for destroying the minds of these innocent people." It seems that the play has brought about more than just violent urges. When asked about the play during intermission, first year math student Mike Ruth exclaimed, "Some of those FASS girls are hot, I think I might join FASS for just that reason." Despite the controversy, FASS has decided to continue next year with a new original production involving a record e^e ($e^e \approx 1000$) deaths entitled "FASS 2002: Punnier than Ever".

Nick Sullivan

Valentines Day Sucks

Valentines day is corporate propoganda. Cooked up by millionaires wanting to be even richer. Take a good look around you ... okay you're in math right now so go someplace that has a life and look around... balloons, stuffed toys, chocolate ... all being mass marketed so that corporations can once again fill their coffers for that slump between Christmases (yet another corporate propoganda). So boycott Valentines day and join WPIRG in yet another mindless march.

Rahsut Hhnig

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Respective Heads of mathNEWS Canada and UK: Peter Lizak and Bradley "Troublesome" Smith

mathNEWS Counter-Strike Team

For those of you who play **Half Life: Counter-Strike** religiously, there has been a small group of UW students playing on a group of servers under the squad tag of [UW].

It is time to unleash the powers of UW Mathie Counter-Strikers to the world.

The servers in question belong to `Playway.net`, a fairly reliable and fast host with no less than 5 servers running on a daily basis. Ping times are fairly decent from Waterloo, and [UW] has quite a reputation on Playway for a long time. Now, we need YOU, Mathie Counter-Strikers, to join our good fight.

The only thing you have to do is to put a [UW] tag behind your name. (eg: [UW]Colonel.Lai) Once you do that, frag to your heart's content. Remember, normal server etiquette applies. That means:

- No cheating
- No swearing
- No camping
- No disrespectful behavior

The admins on Playway have a Zero-tolerance policy for llamas. That means, if you cheat, you're banned for life. I ask you not to ruin the good name of [UW] by cheating, camping, swearing, or otherwise exhibiting disrespectful behaviour.

The servers webpage and forum are located at `http://www.playway.net`, and the two main servers themselves are located at:

- 198.69.131.17 — Playway Executive Game
- 198.69.131.24 — Playway Operation: Llama

Have fun, and happy fragging.

Raymond Lai, aka [UW]Colonel.Lai

FASS 2001 ends in bloodshed, violence

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Nick Sullivan



Quotes from Comfy at 4AM

"That sucks, stupid sucks."

David Nicholson

"It's only kinky the first time"

Anonymous

"I'd give you a quote, but my brain's fried"

David Nicholson

"Ok tree, you've had your fun, but show us where the locker is now."

John Doe

"If you want to escape the enemy camp, strip completely

naked and walk calmly out."

Directed at John Swan

"Stop peeing on my leg"

"I didn't say that"

Mike and Co.

"Why the hell are we here right now?"

"We needed filler, remember?"

"Do we get danger pay for this assignment? I mean Brad get danger pay for the UK dilly."

"Yeah, but really, it's only cause Brad is a big cluts, and anywhere he goes is pretty dangerous."

"True, let's kill him, and then I can take his keys."

Two **brave** mathNEWS productionists

Snuggles Sez

It's like Simon Sez, but Simon says "Hooters, Hooters, Hooters, McBooby, Hooters." So it was New Year's Eve and I was invited to go to Hooters. A fine establishment with upstanding moral values. And one of those places you expect I've been too (little do you know...), however, contrary to popular belief (there are theories about me somewhere, more on that later) I've never patronized that particular institution of higher staring. Anyway we weren't sure when they closed so it was decided that I would call and find out. I knew that no good could come of this and that I'd make some dirty comment (me, never) as soon as anyone answered the phone. So to get it out of my system, while on the phone with the people I was going to go with I said "Hooters, Hooters, Hooters, McBooby, Hooters." I Hung up on both of them and called up those fine defenders of Owls everywhere. Luckily for me, a male answered the phone (I'm not sure if I could have handled talking to a woman at that point, as you will soon discover I could barely talk at all as it was), and I asked if they were open tonight. He said no. And I proceeded to attempt to ask what time they close at, but I couldn't quite figure out how to say it, and I came up with "At what time are you no longer open at?" Somehow he managed to figure out what I said (probably used to people being tongue tied, figuratively and literally) and all was good in the world (other than the fact that they closed too early and I still have never been to Hooters).

Well, I wrote most of this article two weeks ago (I'm adding stuff now) but I only got it in on Wednesday and so it didn't make it into the issue. I decided that instead of doing the Classic Snuggles Sez vs. New Snuggles Sez as I did once previously I would just add stuff to this article. So my references to time are a little skewed cause I didn't feel like fixing it. Deal with it.

Hmmm, I keep a file on my desktop called "mathNEWS ideas.txt" in which I write down interesting things that happen to me, but sometimes I forget all context so I'll just put this down and if you know what the hell I was talking about please remind me so I can laugh at it again: Someone: "Dan plays with him exactly like he wants to be played with" Me: "I hope you're talking about a pet" Someone: "He's a giant shnauzer"

Since I wrote this I've been reminded what happened. It was one of my roommate's best friends (Colleen, hi, welcome to the wonderful world of *mathNEWS*). It doesn't make it funnier but I like to give credit where credit is due.

I've been reading *mathNEWS* from cover to cover lately (it's really quite good). And I want to say that I have really been liking Michael Cole's articles. Good shit. I don't necessarily agree with what he says, but I value the fact that it's being said. Well, I agreed with the George Dubya bashing. Raymond CT Lai has also been catching my attention with his random verbal assaults on the Quebecois (I was born in Montreal, and a huge portion of my family lives there, I still find it funny). Just thought I'd send some kudos out to my fellow columnists. (Quick Note: I like all of *mathNEWS*, I just picked what stood out in my mind (and what I could remember at 2 AM on Tuesday (Well, technically Wednesday) when my article was supposed to be in on Monday, but I was coding) right now) ... Mmm, embedded parenthesis, tasty. I'm kind of confused on one point though (Hey Pete, look here, answer this question), is Bradley really in London, England? How is he editing from

there? (If the answer is very slowly, try again). Just wondering [*Yes, Bradely is editing from the UK, and from an internet pub. Apparently they don't have internet cafe's, but rather internet pubs. — Pete Love*].

I'm kind of pissed at Imprint this term. I was in two successive issues, both times they spelt my name wrong, but it was spelt wrong differently in each. I know that they were writing it down off a written copy (they were listing the roll call of the vote on the proposed WPIRG referendum, which took 3 and a half hours of council discussion by the way), is it really that hard to copy a name down right. And if you're not sure, just ask, I talk to Imprint writers all the time. Arg, I'm very protective of the spelling of my name.

The Daily Bulletin got it wrong. When they posted a correction it was titled "What's in a name? Consonants." That's pretty funny, they're forgiven for the misspelling cause they're I'm in PSYCH101 this term (a lot of fun) so I get extra credit for participating in psych experiments (they save money by bribing students with marks, everybody's a winner). Anyway I got a phone call to go to my first experiment and I got all excited and told all my roommates. To which a certain person who lives but a wall away told me that either they're going to be completely baffled by me and throw out my results, or they're going to ask for a new grant to study me. I was amused. As it turns out they threw out my result (I figured out what they were really doing, they never really tell you the whole story, tricky, but extremely entertaining).

Here's another great quote — "I don't like Tulips, they look funny." I didn't say it and I'm not saying who did.

I'm also in BUS111 this term (also a lot of fun) and my Prof was trying to explain the stock market. She said "if I was a company and I IPO'd you could buy a piece of me." Haha, got your legs. Or another surperflous nipple to add to my collection. Or that extra elbow I've always been looking for. Speaking of that course, it has mandatory labs, but it's not bad, my TA is fairly entertaining. Although she upset me in the last lab, she called me Cuddles. Who forgets Snuggles? I mean really. Everyone laughed at me (especially the person who actually knows me in the course, actually she laughed at me over that for a good couple of hours).

I was walking down the hallway in the third floor where they're building the new Nortel room (love Nortel, just thought I'd tell you) and I saw a door leaning against the wall. On this door was a sign that said "There are more terminals available on the sixth floor." I was amused. Cause the door was just leaning on the wall. Hmm, moving right along.

I was looking at the housing board in the SLC (I was bored, look at the board when you're bored hehe, I'm really easily entertained) and I read this gem: "2 Rooms for 2 hot guys. Girls preferred." Wow, make up your bloody mind. Speaking of Mel Gibson (I was talking about Mel? No I wasn't, well I am now). Apparently on the set of "What Women Want" Mel Gibson was talking with Helen Hunt and said "So what do they really want?" to which she responded "You." I found that funny. I have my own little theory as to why a lot of people went to see that movie. Women went to see Mel Gibson and laugh at clueless guys. Men went cause they thought it was going to tell them the answer.

Continued on next page

More Snuggly Goodness...

I was at a site with a random joke generator and here is what it came up with, I thought it was pretty funny considering it was made by essentially a random mad lib. This lady walks into a bar. The bartender says "Look, we don't serve ladies here." The lady says "I'll take a tequila shot." The bartender looks around and says "See that hooker over there? If you pull down your pants that hooker will take you home and make love to you all night." So the lady says "I'll have a vinegar and water." I was in shock when I saw that come up (most of the ones don't make any sense), but this one has some possible interpretations.

More stuff from my psych class, this time from the Prof (ya, this should probably go in *prof*QUOTES, but I feel like taking credit for writing this down, it's really long) "A paralysed male can't feel sexual arousal but can still get an erection if properly stimulated" (moves hand up and down with partially clenched fist, if you know what I mean) "The organ can be stimulated by the hand. I know, I have done it, not with a paralysed person. Oh that's going to appear in that math newsletter." Of course

she also said "There is no gene for doing a pirouette after flushing the toilet."

Right now William Shatner is on Conan O'Brian and old Kirk's ghost just plugged Shatner's new movie. Go figure.

Assuming you are reading this on Friday (as in the 16th), go out and vote in the FEDS elections. www.feds.ca will get you there, but an easier way is <http://www.feds.uwaterloo.ca/elections/index.htm> (gets you past the flash stuff). Go vote, it's your last chance (well, until the next election). Actually somebody told me that the last Laurier election was won by one vote, that's nuts. Anyway, that "go vote" was my little plug that I felt like slipping in to this otherwise happily irrelevant (and possibly irreverent) article. I'll see you all in a couple weeks.

Stephen Snuggles Skrzydlo

Compromise is the essence of communication
(just something I thought up and felt like sharing)

Favorite Sayings and Such

OK... this is little liam here, and I've gotta a couple of Favorite sayings... I just figured I'd share cause... well I'm a nice guy and why not ... so here you go... some are offensive ... sorry... they all made me laugh the first time I saw them ... if you want you can e-mail me your favorite saying and/or sayings, and which one one of mine you liked the best, I'll compile an article comprised of all the sayings I got ... (lj@dorey@uwaterloo.ca)

1. Sex is like air, It's only important if your not getting any.
2. A Bartender is just a pharmacist with a limited inventory.
3. Procastination is like Masturbation, it feels good, but in the end your only fucking yourself.
4. Make it idiot proof, and someone will make a better idiot.
5. Some people are only alive because it is illegal to kill them.
6. It's always the darkest just before dawn, so if your going to steal the neighbour's newspaper that's the time to do it.
7. Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines.

8. $2 + 2 = 5$ for extremely large values of 2.

9. One Advantage of talking to yourself is at least you know somebody is listening...

10. Mother told me to be good, but she's been wrong before...

11. Don't tell any big lies today. Small ones can be just as effective.

12. Gravity is an unforgiving motherfucker.

13. When it all boils down to the essence of truth one must live by a dog's rule of life: if you can't eat it or fuck it, piss on it.

14. If you want to do something big: go fuck a giant.

15. Did you know that there are 71.9 acres of nipple tissue in the U.S.?

thanks go to fortune and elol for most of these ...

Little "Itsy, Bitsy" Liam

My god this is unreadable...

Ok... kids... it's time for another round of spew... this week's topic... hmm... blue... no reason it was just the first word that came to mind... though I do wonder if that has something to do with the copious amounts of blondissima in my hair (for those of your who've never bleached, the bleaching stuff is blue...)... Anyway... I've never been blue due to hypothermia... which is somewhat surprising considering some of the wacky shit I've done here and there.... but nuff said... in truth sailing is fun... (water is blue)... I have a laser... no not a laser like as in the laser I use to project on to the pavement from my balcony and watch dogs chase... wow... the owner got really annoyed... hmm I'm digressing... but anyway.. I mean the boat kind... they sail one nice and comfy, two somewhat comfy, and more if you feel like squeezing... but ya... I like to sail... it's fun.. and on a real boat... like say a 28 footer... I could probably go disappear for several weeks in the great lakes... but back to blue.. I have a blue fleece... and ya.. I'm a bit blue now... something to do with the

cold air... see the stuff that's on my head... (the blondissima) stinks... really bad... it reminds me of horse piss... ever clean a horse stall... unfun... and stinky... just sharing :) ... anyway... it also burns... not like fire burns... but like chemical burns... it's a decidedly annoying feeling... and for some reason it made me think of MathNews... and here am I writing an article... SCUNT ... ok Scunt wasn't blue... but it was DAMN GOOD... ok... I'm going to rant a bit about politics ... never mind.. I was going to, I even wrote some stuff down... and deleted but... shrug... whatever it's really not that important and hopefully next time around there will only be one math team... anyway...on the to Scunt fun stuff.... I have to say the carriage ride was fun, and I could have done without the makeover though... the lipstick wasn't so bad... cause it came off easy but the eyes shadow was going a bit far... and ya... nuff said..

Little "Teeny, Weeny" Dorey

TECH SPECS: A Critical Analysis of the Tech Industry

Why Toilets Shouldn't Be Wired to the Internet

Soon, all our refridgerators will be wired to the Internet ... (it) can even re-stock food for you!

LG Spokesperson, on the creation of the Internet Refridgerator

A few weeks ago, at the Metro Toronto Home Show, LG Electronics showcased their 'Internet Refridgerator' that was hardwired through a broadband connection to the internet. Any user can access the latest sports scores while dicing carrots and frying mushrooms.

Creation of new products that involve convergence of existing technology is all good, but how useful is the internet anyway in the preparation of foods? Do we really want the fridge to automatically order cheddar once we run out?

What people fail to see is that this is just the beginning of "Internet Convergence" and the potential invasion of privacy it may spawn. If a company can hardwire an ordinary kitchen appliance to the Internet, the spontaneous appearance of other "converged appliances" is inevitable. Just think of it: A toaster that will detect the type of bread being used, reach the breadmaker's website, retrieve the optimal toasting time, and then toast the bread according to the specifications, effectively taking the guesswork out of toasting. To the everyday user, it may seem like a convenience to have the thing toasted the right way, but what is to stop these breakmakers from keeping your personal information on where you live and what you eat and selling it to other people for a profit? Not only will the companies we don't trust have our information, any site that provides "toasting tips" will have the potential of gaining out toasting preferences as well.

What about the human touch? Having something automated is one thing, but having it controlled and monitor on the internet is another. Being a part of a dynamic demographics of people who use a specific kind of dijon mustard, or being monitored on my consumption of iceberg lettuce seems like an invasion of privacy. Even worse, Coca-Cola can track usage of various Coca-Cola products around the world, and send consumers advertisements thru the Internet Fridge. What happened to freedom of choice without the interference of the manufacturer? The extra bombardment of advertisements limits our personal ability to truly pick and choose what we want to consume or not.

What if the information on our daiy consumption of cheddar cheese got public? One can only imagine that some punk high-schooler would create a website called "Cheese-Track," and

track the consumption of cheese according to the demographics of age, sex, and even individual tracking as well. What's to stop these teenage hackers from getting a hold on our preference of the brand of butter we use and using the information to black-mail us? One can only imagine that if this "Cheese-Track" site got famous, they would hold annual conventions and discuss more efficient ways to track cheese consumption. Laugh if you wish, but "CheeseCon 2005" isn't that far off.

If they can hardwire a fridge, they can basically hardwire anything else. The government can monitor how many times a particular washroom was used, or if a person flushes after using the toilet. Parents can track the number of bowel movements their child has per day, and regulate it if they wish (any parent who regulates their child's bowel movements is sick). The public can know how many contraceptive aids you have in your Internet-wired medicine cabinet, and send you bulk-mail samples of more when you run out. One can only imagine the shocked expression on a parent's face when they find bulk samples of contraceptives waiting for their unexpected addressee in their mailbox.

If the above sound like a farce, you may be surprised to find out that it may all turn into reality soon enough. The signs of the next level of Internet Convergence is upon us. Last week, Microsoft announced the birth of Office and Windows XP (Code-named Office 10 and Whistler, respectively). To much herald, Microsoft keyed the high points of the new programs with the words "Internet" and "integration" in just about every sentence they uttered. Now, Microsoft Outlook will have Hotmail and Messenger capability integrated into the core programming, and Windows will have an entirely new interface independent of their existing Windows/Start interface that is "Internet enhanced," whatever that means. The introduction of the XP Brothers is just the tip of the iceberg to massive Internet convergence. Microsoft has been developing Microsoft .NET for quite some time now. Even though Microsoft has .NET wrapped up tightly with media blackouts and non-disclosure agreements, Microsoft has made it clear that .NET would revolutionize the way we use the PC. Instead of having the PC centered around a beige box that sits in front of you, file transfers and daily operations that occur on your monitor will revolve around the dynamic world of the Internet, where information is free to flow like a dam ready to burst.

Internet convergence isn't all doom and gloom. The new additions to Microsoft Outlook that would allow any user to efficiently check multiple Hotmail accounts and log onto MSN Messenger while checking their POP3 email and newsgroups definitely sounds appealing, and the new "Internet Enhanced" Windows XP interface could peak any experienced users' curiosity (that's what XP stands for, it stands for Experienced). However, some things in life should be left out of the public boundries. The idea of someone monitoring how many times a bathroom is used and what it is used for is reason enough to instill a glimpse of fear into anyone that is convinced internet convergence of everything in sight is a good thing.

Raymond CT Lai

mathNEWS Technology Columnist



Corner this frosh
Win Big Prize
(No, not him)

mastHEAD*McDonald's, why McDonald's?*

So this is an issue all about love, and stuff like that, which, unfortunately, most guys in math don't know much about. But we, here at *mathNEWS* are quite experienced in the ways of handling ladies (and men, we have females on our staff too!). You see, we are very irresistible, and although I might be on the list of things you regretted doing on Valentine's Day, at the time you really enjoyed it. It's like Taboozing. Fun while your doing it, but you swear you'll never do it ever again. Until the next weekend.

So this Valentine's will be pretty exciting for me, I'll actually be going out, probably to the bomber, and probably gonna flirt with lots of girls, and come home with my roommate, and we'll proceed to eat several 2 pound variety boxes of PC cookies, and drinking bailey's and milk (oh so good to dip cookies into) until the sun rises. But you see, we live in a basement, so we don't have windows that will let the light in. So we'll drink until we run out of alcohol or we pass out.

Hopefully when we wake up in the morning, we'll not be in the same room (My room mates a nice guy, but he's not my type). Anyway, if we do wake up in the same room, I'll just hope it's on the kitchen table, with our heads face down in the boxes of cookies. Maybe some will be heart shapped.

Haiku Time

I am not Bradley
I am actually here
Writing for mathNEWS

I'm in the UK
To drunk to actually
Do anything good

Three am, still up
Writing good mathNEWS filler
Sleep would be good now

Corner this guy
and watch him
retaliate like a
squirrel in a
furious rage



So onto McDonald's. What does this have to do with Valentine's day? Well, McD's is everywhere, and everyone eats there (I've met people who were allowed to eat at McD's, even though their religion strictly said no beef). It's like Valentine's day. My theory is some guy was really depressed one day, and wanted a good reason to blow his brains out (not that I'm suggesting that anyone do that), so he makes this holiday, that if he is loved by someone, they will be guilted into showering him with love and affection, and if not, then he just blows his brain away, cause he's a loser and no one loves him. Problem is, no one has any guts, and if this were the case, we'd have a lot of suicides, and hence, more burger meat at McDonald's.

So it's 3:25am, and I don't think I'm making sense. This is probably worse than a Liam Spews or a Snuggles says, but hey, at least I'm talking about food, probably because I am damn hungry. This damn 5 meals a day training is really good. I'm becoming a little broke over the whole situation, but what can a good looking lad like me really complain about (besides Valentine's Day).

OK, so back to the heart of the matter, the bullets in my heart. Yes, love is cruel and stuff, but I figure if I get itsy bitsy little umbrella's, like smurf sized, and take off the waterproof material, I can use the umbrella's skeleton to cover the wholes, and according to sound medical knowledge, heart tissue will grow overtop of the umbrella skeleton, and cure all my heart aches. I love smurfs.

Well, society is weird. You become single, and everone wants to know when/who/why/how/where you are going to hook up with. Why? Can a guy not be single. I know all of us here at *mathNEWS* are so irresistible (provided we don't use Java code), so I can understand the girls asking (trying to work their way into our heart). But really. If we want to be single, let us be. And guys, why do you care about it at all? Are you afraid I might be interested in that girl that you've had a crush on for the last 4 terms but don't have the guts to talk to? arasdhfadjhasdf Lot's of letters in frustration... which leads to the *mastHEAD* question, "How/who/what/where/why/when did you do on Valentine's Day?". The answers where: Ken "A monkey, in a closet, wheelbarrow, at the equinox" Chung, Greg "How/who/what/where/why/when wants to know?" Taylor, Kyla "Seeing as it is only Monday now, I'm not quite sure" Hawrelluk, Jason "Mark McDermont on top of the MC when the moon's on top of everything" Lau, Tushar "Monkey Sex" Singh, Raymond "Public Valentines_Day {if person.equals(Raymond) {person.goToHell;} else {person.haveASplendidDay;} raymond.beatTheCrapOutOfHim;} Lai (That's JAVA code, if you haven't noticed), Richard "Travelled back through time to monday so that I could tell myself how I travelled back through time to monday night so that..." Bilson.

Thanks go to Gino's for yummy pizza, and they have dipping sauce, who knew Ray was right? He's frosh. Oh, thanks to Graphics services as well. They are so prompt, curtious and on time, and they develop film apparently too.

Peter "with big Mac sauce/Bradley T Smith/McNuggets/McDonald's/We were hungry/at dinner time" Lizak
Bradley "Pete/Pete/Pete/Pete/Pete/Pete" Smith

mathNEWSquiz #45763*subtitled for your enjoyment*

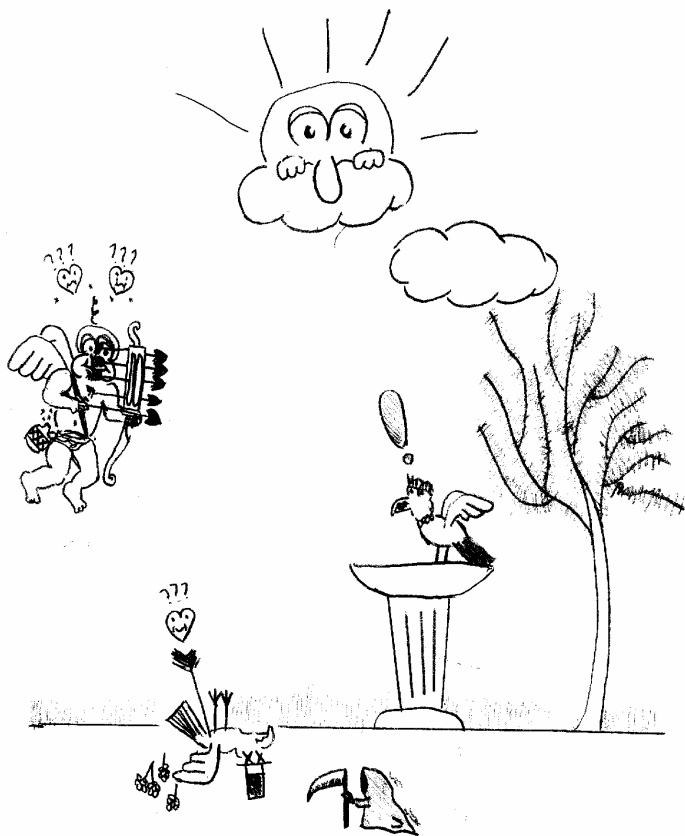
Hey there! Last week was an 'interesting' squiz, but now I am back and have with me a new partner Kyla, and together we have put together yet another amazing squiz. So you know, answers can be e-mailed to mathNEWS or to squiz@MathSoc.uwaterloo.ca, or dropped off to the mathNEWS office. For Those of you interested, the answers from two weeks ago were, MOVIES: 1. Alec Guinness - Star Wars, 2. Kevin Spacey - American Beauty, 3. Sean Connery - Diamonds Are Forever, 4. Sean Connery - The Rock, 5. Bette Midler - Beaches SONGS: 1. With or Without You, 2. Take a Chance On Me, 3. California Dreaming, 4. Circle of Life, 5. How Do I Live. MAPLE LEAFS: 1. 1967, 2. Bill Barliko and Ace Bailey, 3. Arenas and St. Patricks. GEOGRAPHY: 1. Yukon, 2. Point Pelee, 3. Newfoundland, 4. St. John, 5. St. Lawrence. POLITICS: 1. 301, 2. Indian Affairs, 3. Flora MacDonald, 4. Mulrooney, 5. Quebec So, good luck this week!

Stuff about the last squiz

We had a submission, and if they had put their name on it, they would have one 5 bucks in C&D money, sucks to be them, loser!!!

Pete and Raymond

And you thought that you had a bad Valentine's Day...

*Movie Quotes (One point for movie, one for actor)*

1. One day the war will be over. And I hope that the people that use this bridge in years to come will remember how it was built and who built it. Not a gang of slaves, but soldiers, British soldiers.
2. I do wish we could chat longer, but I'm having an old friend for dinner.
3. Well, the thing on my mind right now isn't the good coffee in my cup, it's the dead nigger in my garage.
4. I'm a convicted murderer who provides sound financial planning. It's a nice pet to have.
5. You've been given a great gift George. A chance to see what the world would be like without you.

British History

1. Who was Elizabeth I's mother?
2. Which English King was forced to sign the Bill of Rights?
3. Why did Richard I (the Lionheart) have no children?
4. Oliver Cromwell succeeded which King as English Head of State?
5. What happened to Edward VIII's reign as King?

Star Trek (Original Series)

1. How many episodes were there of the Original Series?
2. Who played Capt. Pike in the original pilot?
3. Of the major crew members, which were played by Canadian actors?
4. The Gorn were featured in what episode?
5. What physiological condition do tribbles have at birth?

Chocolate

1. What chocolate candy is described as "Vanilla Graham Cashew Crunch"?
2. What chocolatier's chocolate piece names include Demitasse, Paola, Davis Cup, Fabiola, Nippon, Open Oyster and Almond Butter Dome?
3. What chocolatier's gift box names include Opus, la Perlina, and la Trufflina?
4. What chocolate bar, when broken in half, spells two words: one possessive and one exclamatory?
5. What chocolate company's namesake is a heroine from the war of 1812?

Sexual Records (that have been medically verified)

1. What is the record for the longest erect penis?
2. What is the greatest number of functioning (able to lactate) breasts a woman has had?
3. The oldest known male virgin died at what age? BONUS: What was his name?
4. What is the weight of the largest recorded scrotum?
5. What is the longest clitoris recorded?

Well, good luck everyone, don't forget to submit to the BLACK BOX, now in the MathSoc office, but soon to find a new home, somewhere...

Kyla Hawrelluk and Andrew "future stats major" Drummond

Limmericks

A square and a half of a circle
Is the path of a fast snapping turtle
From inside his lair,
to who knows and who cares,
Since I just made a rhyme out of purple.

This film: we just found in the closet
This couch: we just sat down upon it
This evening: divine
Our lips: now entwined
The film: we forgot to un-pause it.

In a hole that's right under a boulder
Lives Teddy, the bear, who gets older
While his heart grows more sore,
Since his love lives next-door
And he's shy, so he hasn't yet told her.

One day after drinking some booze,
Two enemy's minds seemed to fuse.
With no push nor shove,
The pair fell in love,
And all night they screamed their "wahoo"s!

Assortments of candy and flowers.
To choose one would take many hours.
With almost no ink
I give a (wink, wink)
Which I think has so much more power.

One looks at a trash can and knows
That that's where the world's garbage goes.
But in people — oh hell.
It's quite hard to tell
When trash cans are open or closed.

Now Bob had his eyes on this gal in Rome
But his folks always kept this young stallion home
This girl, they called Anna
Like Bob, wore bandanas,
That's why she became his good palindrome!

No filler here!

To follow, frosh week revival:
Too bad we had to take out everything dirty.
Brown squirrel, brown squirrel, (hands clutching chest)
swish your bushy tail. (insert booty swishing here)
Brown squirrel, brown squirrel, (hands clutching chest)
swish your bushy tail. (insert booty swishing here)
Take that peanut in your hand (you, holding nut)
SHOVE IT UP YOUR LITTLE NOSE! (insert shoving motion
here)
Brown squirrel, brown squirrel, (hands clutching chest)
swish your bushy tail. (insert booty swishing here)
Second verse, same as the first, (your fingers, two, in the air)
bigger the nut makes the nose hurt worse. (ain't that the truth)

Conventional Grid Clues

Across

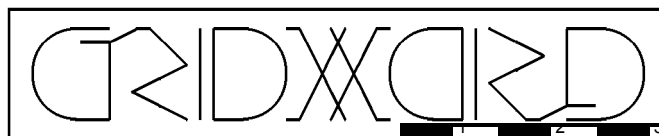
8. Close tightly
9. Already started
10. Appeal to higher powers
11. Made cynical
12. You're on your way with them
13. Veronica's father (2 words)
17. Steady gait
18. Respite from the desert
19. Make do
21. Conformity
23. Dryers can catch it
24. Wilde's Portrait of the monster as a young man (2 words)
28. Paper fibres
29. Mad knight of the lake
30. Classical outdoor bench

Down

1. In the open air
2. Words to follow an understatement (3 words)
3. Boundary line
4. Without feeling
5. Hack & slash?
6. Lovelier than a poem
7. Untrustworthy person (2 words)
14. Amber, e.g.
15. "Super"-hero comedy (2 words)
16. Circles back and forth
20. Ship that deserves three cheers (and one cheer more)
22. As part of a choir
25. South American tribe
26. The simplest set
27. Brute memorisation

Solution from last issue's grid

		A	M	E	R	I	C	A	N	P	I	E		
	S	N	O	W		A			E	D	G	E		
O	P	I	N	E	S		N		B	R	O	O	C	H
L	A	M	A		A	T	A	P	I		L	I	T	E
I	R	A		A	L	A		O	E	D		S	O	Y
V		L	O	R	A	X		T	R	U	S	T		N
E			H	E	M	I	O	P	S	I	A			I
R	O	M	A			D		O			U	P	O	N
S			R	E	P	E	R	U	S	A	L			E
A		F	A	K	I	R		R	A	I	T	T		T
R	N	A		E	L	M		R	V	S		U	A	E
M	A	L	T		E	Y	R	I	E		A	N	T	E
Y	A	C	H	T	S		O		D	A	N	N	O	N
		N	E	O	N		O			G	A	E	L	
			R	U	N	L	I	K	E	H	E	L	L	



gridCOMMENTS

They said it couldn't be done!

Matt here. So it seems that I'll be sharing space here in the GridZone with Linda Carson, who has written a lovely little cryptic puzzle to warp all of your impressionable little minds. (I'm sure she's written some comments for herself, so I won't steal all of her thunder.)

What this means to you, the reader, is that you now have a choice: you can either do Linda's Cryptic Grid, or else my Conventional Grid. Or you can grab a second copy of *mathNEWS* and do both, since they have utterly different solutions. (This used to be standard practise in *mathNEWS*, in case you young folks didn't know, but we haven't been able to pull it off on a regular basis for almost three years now.)

The winner of last weeks *gridWORD* was Steve and Steve (AKA Guidi and Denny) and Justin Petrillo and the OS Guru. You can pick up your prize at the *mathNEWS* office, if you ever find me in there. Actually go find Peter or check the mathSoc office. Honourable mention also goes out to Markov and Co. But it was Rook, not Rink or Rank.

So I guess that's about it. Submissions are due by next production night, Monday, February 26. And if you're of a mind to, answer the *gridWORD*: *Why did the movie Hannibal suck so bad?*

Ta,

3 Make door of tipi easy to use (5-5) Matt in the Hat

4 Abide by sounds of the water (4) Conventional GridGuy

5 Pine, even starve yet (4)

6 UCLA mascot held buck (4)

7 Publicity is no accidental pen (6)

14 Route turns in here, baby (5)

15 Average of French circle winding (10)

16 Buff guy (first person before Al) just touched the curve (10)

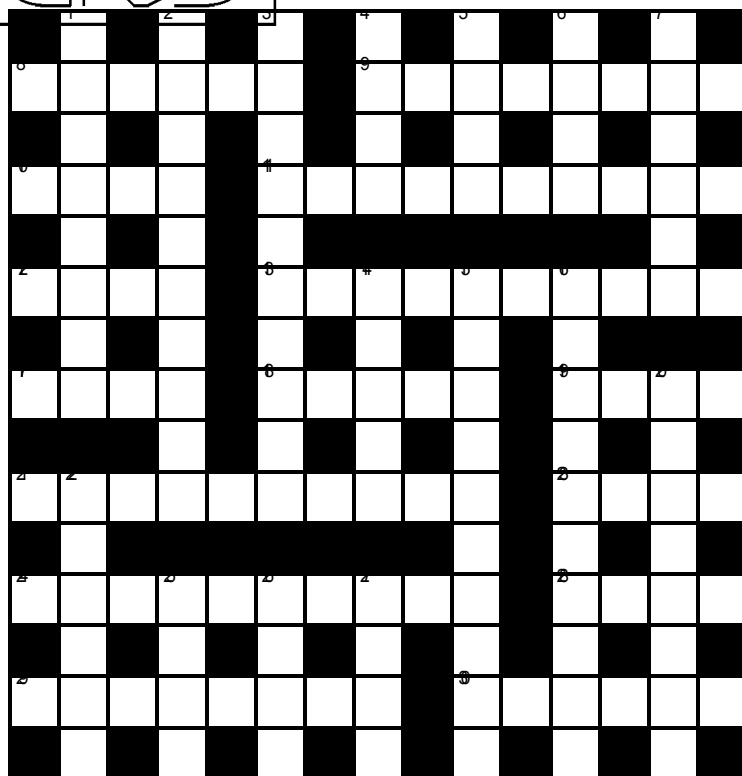
20 What a chemist uses to check for a flat (4,4)

22 Flirted wildly, lost her tail (pinched!) (6)

25 Low voice inside says "Halt or I'll shoot!" (4)

26 Push method versus middlemen (4)

27 Shove note (with fifty) inside (4)



Across

8 Sound man scratched (6)

9 Bug Larry about theft (8)

10 Switch hands left-to-right, right-to-left (4)

11 Bad song key, Max, for breathing (6,4)

12 Overheard: "Give up building blocks?" (4)

13 Doling out fruit before falling (10)

17 Roles in this house seem rigid (4)

18 That's the end of Greek (5)

19 Crazy rats! (4)

21 Deluge doubly well-lit (5,5)

23 Elise omitted one alternative (4)

24 Key result of slugging an officer (1,4,5)

28 Did 22 skirt hearing? (4)

29 "Fat Elvis" Mixer is fair (8)

30 Local Presbyterians stirred by loss of priests (6)

Down

1 Key criminal unbroken (8)

2 She wraps so loosely but never in midstream (4,6)