

# mN GUIDE

September 21  
Volume 87, Issue 1

# MATH TREK

## THE FIRST GENERATION

SCOTT BAKULA  
takes the helm of

# *math*NEWS

Bradley and Pete take off to Jamaica

No Sucks



Allowed

# There is no Prez Says, so instead, we will talk about...!

## MEN!

So what does it take to be a real man? Examples these days seem scant, and the perception on campus seems to be that most men are as well rounded as the Math building. It's about time someone scraped two cents together on the topic, and with that formidable task in mind, the initiative has been put into a brand new publication on campus with the aim of showcasing, in print, the art and literature of men. What's that, you say? Men? Yes, men.

Inspired by ... other ... annual publications, the as-of-yet unnamed journal is looking for submissions from men both real and aspiring, as well as volunteers of either gender. Submissions blurring genders will also be welcomed. Questions and submissions should be directed to asklo@uwaterloo.ca and/or lsmmchug@uwaterloo.ca.

Aylwin Lo

## What? Pubs? Watpubs!

You've only just arrived at UW and you might already be thinking about leaving ... more specifically, leaving on your first co-op term. When the dust settles after the job interviews you might be heading to a city away from home. While it's great getting experience living in a new city, it can be a bit daunting. Wondering how to meet people and have a good time after the workday is done? That's what Watpubs are for! Organized in major cities where co-op students spend co-op terms, Watpubs are social events held throughout the work term.

Getting involved is easy. Melissa Alvares, a UW student who has been in Ottawa for several terms, describes how she initially got involved: "I had never been to Ottawa before and didn't know anyone in the city, so for my first term here I signed up and started going to the events. I met a lot of people, not only from Waterloo, but from universities across Canada." A quick visit to the Watpubs web site, [www.watpubs.org](http://www.watpubs.org), will tell you about any upcoming events in your city. You can even subscribe to email updates with details about new events that are planned.

Still wondering what exactly a Watpub is? Aaron Lee-Wudrick, another Ottawa co-op student, talks about his best Watpub experience: "My favourite Watpub ever was a double decker bus tour/pub crawl that took us all over Ottawa on a Saturday night. We had a photographer taking pictures, and we got to see all the tourist attractions in Ottawa-Hull, a bunch of bars, and top it all off with a big after-party at one of the local clubs."

These days, Melissa and Aaron are the coordinators in Ottawa. Coordinators are the people who plan when and where events are going to take place. They enjoy picking out the next fun event location. You can get involved as a coordinator too. Too busy to be a coordinator? Just signup for the email updates at [www.watpubs.org](http://www.watpubs.org) and pick and choose which events to come to. Work terms aren't just about work.

J. Ryan Stammers (Comp '01)

Vice President Education, Federation of Students

Watpubs is run by Co-op Student Services,  
part of your Federation of Students.

## lookAHEAD

### mathNEWS

September 21	Issue #1 embraces the fall
October 1	Issue #2 production night 6:30pm, MathSoc (MC 3038)
October 5	Issue #2 falls like leaves

### Math Faculty

September 21	Course Add deadline (for undergrads) You still have time. Hurry!
September 24	Winter Term Course Enrollment
September 28	Free Drop Deadline

### MathSoc

September 27	MathSoc meeting
Thursdays	Movie Night
September 28	MathSoc fee Refund deadline

### MGC

September 24-25	Grad Portraits
Wednesdays	Pizza Day

### MEF

September 28	MEF Refund Deadline
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### Co-op

September	Postings
October 3	Interviews begin

### Miscellaneous

September 21	Equinox
September 26	First episode of <i>Star Trek: Enterprise</i> One more reason to stay inside
September 28-29	EngScunt
October 1	Full Moon Beware of wolves!
October 8	Thanksgiving Day

## UW ACM Programming Contest

Waterloo's local ACM Programming Contests will be held this fall, Saturday September 22 and Saturday September 29. All students are invited to try their programming skill in C, C++, Java, or Pascal.

The results of the UW contests will be used to select our team for the international ACM Competition. We will send two teams of three to the East Central Regional Competition on November 10. If we do well in this competition, as we have for the last nine years, we will be off to the World Finals in Honolulu in March.

Full details and online registration can be found at <http://plg.uwaterloo.ca/~acm00/>

## Friday == SlackDay

If you are reading this and you are in class, get up and leave.

**Every Friday is SlackDay!** At least until it gets cold. *[At which point you should be wearing slacks, oh it's late — TaxiEd]* We'll play Frisbee from 12:30 to 2:30 on B.M.H. green (in front of AHS building) on Friday and get some much needed exercise.

Or you could stay inside and do e-mail.

Kev(o)

[kwanmink@uwaterloo.ca](mailto:kwanmink@uwaterloo.ca)

## Scunt Fall 2001

The name's Scunt, EngScunt. What those who have been on this campus for more than 3 weeks already know and what those who have only been on campus for less than 3 weeks are about to find out — scunt is coming. Just as a quick reminder, or perhaps a primer, here's a brief explanation of what Scunt is.

In a dark and stormy place far beyond the mental concept of people on this little campus there was great distress. A war was taking place between two great beings whose combined power would destroy the very fabric of the land they did battle over. They saw this was no good. So instead they decided to create the greatest candy bar the entire universe had ever heard of ... they called it scunt! All over the universe beings just couldn't get enough Scunt.

Meanwhile on back on the Earth, Engineers had fallen on hard times. The power-that-are had stated that scavenger hunts would not longer be allowed on the campus of University of Waterloo. A group of Engineers were sitting outside playing with their tools with this great problem hanging over them. Just at that time a small meteor entered the atmosphere and hit the green with a tremendous WAAAMppppt. The Engineers let go of there tools and ran over to see the immense structure. They surrounded it and look up on its blackness and saw on its face was engraved the word "SCUNT." They ran away from the big singular-lith in fear. They picked back up their tools for comfort. Then one brave Engineer stepped forward and approached the great structure and saw something the others did not. Not only did he now understand how his tools could

be use for more than just playing with — they could used to build things and improve their lives — he also saw a solution to their great problem. He turned to the others and shouted aloud "SCUNT!" A female Engineer slapped him in the face. Then a great silence fell over the Engineers and they let go of their tools once more. "No!" The enlightened one started, "Ow that hurt. I meant SSSScunt. We can call our competition a Havenger Scunt." A great "Oh" that shook campus was hear and it was good. Amen.

And so boys and girls that how the name Scunt came about. Now what is Scunt? Scunt is a collection of games, road trips, acquisitions lists, trivia, a headquarter visit, plus anything else you want to add to the grand enjoyment that is Scunt. Math usually has the largest and most spirited team so come out and join us. "How?" you ask. Merely read on. This term, Fall of 2001, the Engineering Faculty has planned for us and them a James Bond themed Scunt. It will take place on the 28<sup>th</sup> of this month from 12:30 pm to 12:30 pm of the 29<sup>th</sup>. If after reading this you still happened to be interested please e-mail [mathieteam@scunt.org](mailto:mathieteam@scunt.org). If you have any special skills or ideas to offer please include them. Also you will probably want a t-shirt so send us your shirt size (it will help us get you what you want but no guarantees). If you were really lucky you were at the meeting this Wednesday and learned all about it. If not and you still want to be on the team e-mail the above mentioned address. Happy Scunting.

"Phat" Albert "The Entertainment" O'Connor

## No one eats the Rumble Puppy

The Rumble Puppy was the friendliest cat around. Rumble Puppy liked going to the mall with its friends. They had much fun. But one day the Rumble Puppy was accosted by a group of werewolves. Little ones with smelly tails. They wanted to eat the Rumble Puppy.

Rumble Puppy remembered what its ancient Kick-Ka master, The Great Orange One, had told it. "Werewolves don't like chihuahuas." Sadly, there were no chihuahuas around. So Rumble Puppy kicked some ass.

**No one eats the Rumble Puppy! Not even your mom!**

Milhouse the Magician  
Mage of the Age

## Lemonade, 25 Cents

The "cutest" Lemonade Stand and the three cutest Lemonade volunteers would like to thank the following people:

- Bradley T Smith — Construction engineer
- MonkeyMan Chung — Lemonade Architect
- Kev(o) Wan Min Kee — Marketing Specialist
- Jeff Sawatzky — Lemonade Supplier
- Liz Nuff — Support Crew
- Van Lee — Boy in Sailor hat
- Yolanda Dorrington — Sitter extraordinaire
- Raymond Lai — Lemon Decorator
- Derek McCart — Support Crew
- Dave Nicholson — Security
- Laura Edwards — Morale Support
- Science and Fem Eng — Morale Boosters

On September 12, 2001, \$52.67 was raised for New York City Relief at 25 cents a glass and a few donations. Thanks for taking time out of the day for some refreshing lemonade. It was a perfect day for doing absolutely nothing.

Kev(o), MonkeyMan, Bradley Tang Smith



## What Is Better Than QUEST?

- Whopper
- Chicken McNugget
- My dirty socks
- STAT 230, heck, even STAT 231!
- iMacs
- The Frosh Cornered v1.0
- TACO
- Brian Boitano [*Obviously!* — Pete Love]
- Cheeseless, meatless, sauceless, crustless pizza
- The world's largest windmill in pickering that doesn't actually work
- Kitchener tap water, with a cherry on top
- Lines for OSAP
- 1978 O.J. Simpson rookie card
- ACCESS

Amadaeus, with quotes from Monkeyman

## mastHEAD

*No, honey, put your thingy over there...*

Well, the last week has been an interesting one for all the first years on campus. They all moved into their little pigeon holes in Village 1, 2, or 3, and have been busy getting colds, and working on putting on their frosh fifteen. Wow, all these little kids bulking up. I'm going for my frosh 30. I can double them all, I'm an old grad student frosh now. It's too bad that the frosh can't beat me. I guess age is better than beauty.

To make matters worse for the frosh, they are now in the position of buying a poster from Imaginus, and for the life of me, I don't like any this year. Maybe, I should look through a little harder, but whatever, it's Imaginus. I figure someday, they will be back, with a Prodigy poster that doesn't suck Big Kahuna...

Speaking of posters, how many of us all have a copy of the imprint spread from the frosh issue on our kitchen walls? Well, more than I thought. But looking at things, it seems that lots of people liked it, and just a few silly people (or at least people I felt that are silly) felt it inappropriate, and pulled it from the stands. So, we were wondering, what would it take to get *mathNEWS* pulled. We had some spoof ideas on the issue, but decided it was probably in bad taste. But what the hell, we'll do it sometime this term.

So, back to the question at heart. "What would we have to do to get this issue censored?"... Albert O'Connor (Let our readers all join Pete's Club), Louis Mastorakos (Punky Brewster), Dan Woodley (Illustrated guide to using pico), Robson Clark (The question is 'who,' not 'what'), Chris (Say my whole name three times fast), Jason Lau (Record all conversations and interactions between productionists on Production Nights), Adam Shelton (Nude centerfold of pink tie), Ian W. MacKinnon (text-only version of "How to have sex"), Soo Go (If I say \*censored\*), Katya (A bunch of articles about softies :), Nadia V. Ursacki (Put it in the Villages), Kevin Wan Min Kee (Countdown to Olsen legality), Anton (Duck duck goose), Raymond (A 50 000-word Frosh Cornered!), Mark Toivanen, If I told you, I'd have to kill you!), Emerald Kushnier (Other uses for the MathSoc novelties), Latrell (Ads for MathSoc 1-900 numbers), Ken (Have all readers join Pete Love's club), Snuggles (Ask for T.A.C.O. approval), and Scott Bakula (Two words: Space sex).

Pete Love (Something with Ryan Matthew Merkley and a pair of Burdizzos)

Bradley T Smith (Have people read it)

*Call Mr. Bakula, That's My Name, That Name Again is Mr. Bakula*

Let's start with a quick Bakula-track through time, shall we? The year was 1954, a throw-Bakula to an earlier era before colour TVs and *mathNEWS*, a year before Marty McFly would go *Bakula to the Future*, it was the year when Scott Bakula started his life.

When he started a rock band in grade 4, he probably had no idea he would jump Bakula and forth through time, changing people's lives. One **Golden Globe** award and **Tony** nomination later, Bakula is finally ... Bakula ... in the future, and has taken over *mathNEWS*. Using his NASA-powered starship, his Enterprise gets to exist in a world before Kirk and Picard exist, but after they've both retired from their ships ... that seems strange doesn't it ... I mean, "All hail Captain Bakula!"

chris-h

## Bakula's Back, All Right!

*(to the tune of Backstreets Back)*

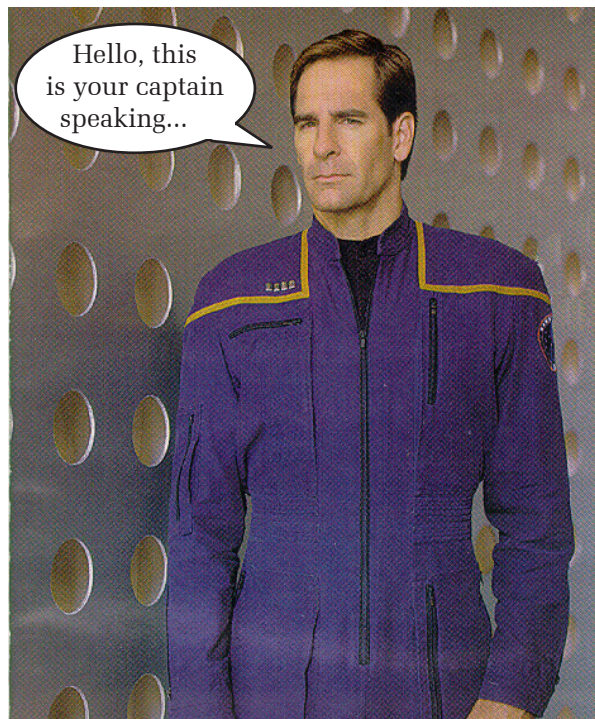
*Another Shameless Bakula Plug*

Do you remember that early 90's show *Quantum Leap*? [Okay, how about the *mathNEWS* series *Quantum Loop*? — *TaxiEd*] What, you're in the University of Waterloo and you don't know what *Quantum Leap* is? Well, here's the most important part of the show — it had Scott Bakula in it. Well that show had its time, and its now part of **Bakula Past**. It's actually still playing at 3:30 in the morning (channel 21), and if you turn your mind to swiss cheese by drinking a case of vodka (or your choice of mind-altering beverage) before watching the show, it seems so much more believable when Al sticks his head through the floor — of the plane going mach 3 — to talk about coffee.

Imagine if you had a name like 'Bakula' — it rhymes with so many things ... spatula, Dracula, ummm ... Calcula, attackula, whackula ... probably some other words too, but I doubt it.

Bakula to the point, his new show, **Bakula Future**, or as you probably heard about it, *Star Trek: Enterprise*, starts on September 26, CityTV at 8:00 pm. You'll never guess what the show is based on — yup, you guessed it — To explore strange new worlds, seek out new life and new civilizations and to boldly go where no humans have gone before — Is that imaginative or what? Anyways, if you miss it on the 26<sup>th</sup>, try Sunday night on the Bakula channel ... I mean Space ... everything is Bakula now, and Bakula is good.

chris-h



## Fuzzy Survey

1. Logic?
2. Bears?
3. Wuzzy?
4. Chi-chi-chi-Chia?
5. Nipple?

Submit your answers to the Bakula Box (I mean BLACK BOX) and we will announce the winner next issue.

## World's Largest Windmill

Hooray! The largest windmill in the world is proudly Canadian. Pickering has installed a freakishly-tall power generator right beside the nuclear power station. But you can't build a windmill without breaking a few eggs.

During breakfast in the early days, several eggs were literally broken but getting Bakula to the topic, the real trouble came with the anti-phallic protesters. Angered by the massive erection not unlike the disgustingly male CN Tower, protesters converged on the power station. Mervin Fleischman, director of the project, addressed the crowd: "Look, dudes, what have you got against it? I mean, it's got a freakin' propeller tip! Geez, how un-phallic is that?" Upon hearing his clever oration, all but one of the protesters left. The last guy looked sheepishly from side to side like he had a propeller in his pocket or something before darting off into the lake.

Then there was the whole issue with the knight errant. This senile guy comes up and panics because he thinks the windmill is some massive sea serpent doing a head-stand. He began thrusting his lance into the side, but was unable to pierce what he considered to be "a magically thick hide." He then began climbing the side in order to attack the beast at its weak point, but the blades were sharper than him and, zoinks, no more knight errant.

But the Dutch would have none of that. Angered to lose their position as the top windmill, they mounted an army and put them in three, count them, three submarines. These subs cruised across the Pacific (they'd been stationed in New Zealand) then up the Atlantic and into the Saint Laurence Seaway. Torpedoes armed, the fourteen subs surfaced but there was an adorable bunny frolicking in the sand, and they decided to just kidnap a couple employees instead of blowing up the joint. Hooray!

So, in conclusion, windmills are a good thing. Sure, they may anger people who don't like things looking like penises, knight errants, and fanatic Dutch, but hey, they power a few hundred homes, so don't let anyone tell you it is infeasible to construct several dozen because that will power a hell of a lot of homes without wasting fossil fuels which also are creating many harmful biproducts. So until we can all drive electric cars powered by wind, solar, and hydro-electric power only, use motor vehicles as sparingly as you can and ride your bicycles and use public transportation.

Rock on.

Bradley Tirade Smith

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Not allowed to make the next jump until everything is made right with *mathNEWS*: Scott Bakula, Pete Love, and Bradley T Smith

## What Time Is It?

*Time to write a work report in ten minutes or less*

It's that time of the year again — the days are getting shorter, the leaves are changing colours, and the comfy lounge smells funny ... wait a minute ... that's every time of the year. After only two weeks, that stockpile of sleep we've built up over the summer has been vaporized. As I'm writing this, I realize that I still need to do a work report for my co-op term, but put it off once again for the last ten minutes. For those of you uneducated in the way of the work report, doing one in ten minutes requires skills equivalent to calculating the exact value of pi. By hand. Try to imagine yourself writing a 1500 word report on a work term — that's even longer than Raymond's articles last year — look at last year's *mathNEWS* to see what I mean — they're supposed to be grammatically correct too ...

If you really want to be like me when it comes time to do your work report, here are a few tips to help you finish on time:

- Hire Clark Kent as your secretary. He can type faster than a speeding locomotive and leap tall buildings in a single bound (He's Superman ... duh).
- Try to sneak as elephant many zoo animals rhino into your work monkey report as giraffe possible zebu.
- Watch *Quantum Leap* at 3:30 am — time travel with Scott Bakula can really get your mojo going.
- Get your report bound in the MathSoc office on your way up to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor Undergrad Office to hand it in.
- Get rid of all those zoo animals you mentioned in your work report — what would possess you to do such a thing?
- Proofread it. Get other people to proofread it. Your employer marks you based on content, while the University marks you based on your llama grammar. (damn I missed one)
- Make a time machine. You will need more than ten minutes. Especially if your work report looks more like the inventory for the Metro Toronto Zoo.

chris-h

## Little People Matter

Our friends the leprechauns are being sadly ignored. Once a year on March 17<sup>th</sup> we celebrate the wee folk and their wonderful land. Sadly, the rest of year they are ignored (except for that Lucky Charms guy, but that guy sold out in the 70s). One habit the leprechauns have picked up in their offtime is croquet.

One of the major problems with croquet and leprechauns is the balls in croquet are very large compared to the little people. This has lead to many deaths due to Small people Croquet Kills (SmaCK). SmaCK has taken the lives of many leprechauns. We must support our little friends in this, this their time of need.

Please send funds to the Bomber care of More Green Beer. This fund has been specifically imagined for supporting this cause. Go, enjoy and celebrate the wee ones. Only you can stop the madness. Go Punky Brewster!

The LongPlay Master

## In Laymond's Terms

*We Don't have Turkeys in Hong Kong*

I was at a friend's house recently, dropping names of my new column for ideas. When I mentioned "In Laymond's Terms", one of my friends almost burst a liver laughing. He also promised to read my entire column if I used that column name, so Josh, prepared to be tortured beyond your belief.

For the record, I didn't start the name "Laymond Rai." I don't know who started it, but I'm looking at your direction Kev(o).

I had fun at Frosh Week. Herding Frosh like cattle through Needless Hell (I mean Needles Hall. Wait, No. I really mean Needless Hell.) and through The Theatre of the Arts for Single and Sexy gave me insight on how rewarding a career in cattle ranching can be.

Seriously, Frosh Week was a hell of a lot of fun, for both Frosh and Frosh Leaders. However, the road to becoming a Frosh Leader was particularly difficult. A story starting off as a harmless email from the Orientation Director ends up with me in **anger management classes**. Dare you read on?

Early July, Doug and Nory (Orientation King and Princess) sent out an APB for coordinators. For some odd reason, all coordinator spots were taken within days except one: Food coordinator. The food coordinator spot was left untouched for weeks, and like a deer looking at the headlights of an oncoming automobile, I took the position. You see, as a metaphor, taking a coordinator spot usually means you're a deer who is about to be hit by an oncoming vehicle. Different coordinator spots mean different kinds of vehicles. Tie Guard could loosely be translated to BMW, while Scunt is characterized by a large 18-wheeler transport. If someone had told me that taking the food coordinator position means you're going to be hit head on by a high-speed bullet train, I would have worn some sort of protection, like kevlar.

Ordering food for 1200 Frosh was ... an interesting experience.

Ordering food for people with multiple allergies is ... heart attack inducing. Breakfast was easy enough, rolling 500 bagels and 400 muffins down from the MC to the DC hall was an easy task (in comparison to my OTHER tasks, of course), but ordering pizzas for people with allergies was very trying, especially when those allergies are written in code, and encrypted using the legendary form of bad writing. Apparently, there are Frosh who are allergic to "Red and Brown," "air," and "You." One Frosh, in particular, marked the food allergy box in his Frosh registration form, and wrote "many" as his allergies. Yeah, thanks for being precise. You're getting a cardboard box for lunch.

I ended up having a heart attack on many occasions, although I kept telling people I didn't. Places I had heart attacks include:

- Waterloo Park (1200 Pitas + 30 pounds of Ham + 700 Frosh = Lots and Lots of leftovers)
- DC (Distributing pizzas)
- Tie Guard
- MC 3<sup>rd</sup> Floor Men's Washroom
- MC 3<sup>rd</sup> Floor Women's Washroom
- MathSoc Office
- Hallway Outside Office
- In My Car
- Costco
- Waterloo Park (Again)

I had fun though. Would I do it again? Hell Yes. I mean, would I risk multiple, concurrent, heart attacks a la Homer Simpson?

Hell yes, bring on the Nitrogen Pills. I'm ready for next year. I can take on 4 ... 5 heart attacks at the same time ... I think.

Laymond Rai  
The Cornered !Frosh

## Congrats Math Orientation!

I realize that having been a Frosh Leader this year puts me in a suspicious position if I am going to be praising Math Orientation. After all, praise coming from the Frosh, not from one of the Frosh Leaders, would be worth something. On the other hand, having been a Frosh myself in 1999, and having been a Frosh Leader for Software Engineering (not just Math) this year, I believe I am in a position to comment on Math Orientation.

I enjoyed Math Frosh Week while I was a Frosh, much more than Village Orientation. However, I did not really appreciate the integrity and good-natured attitude of Math Frosh Week until this September, when I participated in both the Math and Engineering Orientation activities with the first Software Engineering class. I was very impressed with the positive and friendly spirit of the Math leaders and frosh. I heard bursts of, "Septimania loves Anjou!" and, "We've got spirit, how about you?" directed to our team from other pink forces. Yet, on the south side of campus, I heard outcries of "I see something orange ... damn they're ugly!" directed to my Tangerine Engineering colour group (the Engineering frosh are split up randomly into colour groups, unlike the class or M-section divisions in Math). My problem is not that I think any Tangerines will be scared for life by cheers like this — my problem is that I cannot understand why such cheers are necessary. Maybe I was not paying enough attention to other Math teams, but I never heard a single derogatory cheer coming from them. And yet I think

the Math teams were just as spirited as the Engineering teams. I was also impressed that the Math teams seemed to be able to greet teams of other faculties across campus in a welcoming manner. The other faculties could only either stare back or chant their cheers at us.

Another thing that I liked about Math Orientation was that the level of 'sucking up' was controlled. While the Frosh had their chance to practice being sycophants during the Scunt, brown-nosing was not a focal point for the week. I wish I could say the same about Engineering. While the air of intimidation and command that Edcom maintained throughout the week was impressive, I am not sure that spending hours boosting Edcom's ego by cheering, entertaining, and bribing them is an effective use of time or that it promotes the kind of habits or attitudes we want to instill in the Frosh.

I understand that Frosh Week is about fun, and that the activities and cheers should not be taken too seriously. But if it can be done in good taste, why do it any other way? I know this may sound Mister-Rogers-like, but I have to say that I am proud to be among Mathies, who are able to have a great time in a friendly and inclusive manner. A special shout out to the Anjou frosh: you were excellent ambassadors, wearing your pink ties and your hardhats with pride. It was a pleasure to be stuck in the middle with you =). Long live the Pink Tie,

Michelle Cheng

# The Frosh Cornered

*All I Need To Know I Learned In Frosh Week*

The first thing I bet you're wondering is, wait, doesn't Raymond write this column? Well, I have overthrown him in a (mostly) blood-less coup and his reign of terror is over. I have been sent from a higher power to end the 50,000 word columns. My name is Ian and \*I\* am The Cornered Frosh V2.0.

The truth is that Raymond is no longer a frosh and was looking for some un-suspecting 1<sup>st</sup> year to take over the privilege, nay, the responsibility of writing The Frosh Cornered. Like I said, I'm Ian, and I am that frosh. I know some of you may have some outrage toward this. I know how hard it was to accept any person doing "The Weekend Update" other than Norm MacDonald, and I suspect this is much the same, but I'm sure we can all get along. A little about your new cornered frosh, I'm from Whitby, Ontario, I went to a school called Sinclair Secondary, and I'm a CS student like the vast majority of the frosh here.

With frosh week over, and all the hang-overs subsided, I have decided to reflect on some of the more important lessons that I have learned over the past week. Although some of these I was taught by my frosh leaders, I learned many of these by myself.

1. In a pinch, protractors can be used as spoons.
2. On the move-in day, if you let your parents go through your orientation kit first, there is a VERY uncomfortable silence when they see the condoms.
3. People in the Columbia Lake Townhouses do not like you taking the abbreviated version of their residence's name and trying to sound it out.
4. You should do your best to get on the Dean's list, because then you are allowed into the Dean's office, and let's just say there's a big bowl of candy to take from there.
5. The comfy lounge has always smelt like that.
6. As a frosh, you may have heard about mathies not taking showers, and you may try to avoid that trap, but I think we all know what is going to happen come midterms.
7. The "Women in Math committee" consists of all the women

in math!

8. You can easily tell a mathie by their spending habits, as they tend to spend more on caffeine and booze than food.
9. Telling jokes you heard at 5:00 am during tie guard will not help you pick-up, as what was funny then, is incoherent rambling now.
10. A good pick-up line is, "So baby, what's your co-op stream?"
11. Through an odd warping of space-time, Profs are able to talk for 2 hours in a 50 minute period.
12. The more you learned in OAC, the more you have to unlearn in MATH 135 and 137.
13. If your roommate is an engineer, you had best sleep with your tie on to protect it. Much in the same way (s)he will sleep with their hardhat on.
14. Hypnotized jocks are more fun than a barrel of monkeys.
15. Imprint absorbs twice as much liquid as the other leading brand of paper towels.
16. Software Engineers do not like being called "Softies."
17. RIM was cool enough to give flip-flops to all the mathies and engineers; people in arts got something called "The Shaft."
18. You must either be a fan of Dave Matthews Band, Hip-hop, or techno. There is nothing else playing in the residence.
19. You should have taken the blue pill.

That's enough rambling for now. I suspect that I will have to write more for the next time in order to keep up tradition of this column though. *[NO! — Ed.]* E-mail your comments to me, but be gentle, as it's my first time, and I don't have the thick skin that Raymond has developed.

Ian W. MacKinnon  
The Cornered Frosh V2.0

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## A Paved New World

*(But not a better one)*

Following a new wave of funding cuts, it has been determined that UW and its surrounding buildings should be bulldozed to literally pave the way to a future of ignorance. UW's campus will be replaced with a parking lot and mall.

A UW spokesman said: "The general trend over the last 20-30 years has been for popular culture and spinoff trends to become more and more vapid. Finally Mattel released 'Nsync fan Barbie,' and we realized the whole damn thing was hopeless. We can't teach these kids anything they don't learn on the street or off TV."

Students polled on this issue shared their comments:

"Whuh? A mall? Kick-ass!"

"Whoa! I'm gonna be in the paper!"

Further polling of students was vetoed because, "Most of them are morons anyway," according to an anonymous misanthropist and cynic. Well put.

Related faculty news:

- The Arts faculty will remain active but classes will be held between shifts at McDonalds, Fast Eddies, Taco Bell, and Sobeyes.

- It is anticipated that the Engineering staff and students will find gainful employment designing and building things that won't fuck up all the time.
- The Math faculty's MC building will remain intact, but will be converted to a crackhouse and opium den. The 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> floors, being already partitioned into convenient rooms, are to be outfitted with padding from comfy lounge furniture and converted to an asylum for realtime students. The real-time lab will be quarantined in future. The soon-to-be-former CS undergrads will be involved in a new software development project to create an OS that will neither suck nor go down all the time, while trying to find girls that do.

All other faculty buildings will be torn down to make way for the mall and parking lot slated to replace the campus.

Wilfrid Laurier University offered these words of consolation: "That's too bad. Well, sucks to your ass-mar." Indeed.

Robson

## The Naked, The Hungry, The Froshed

When we were young, we suckled in the warmth of ignorance. As the body grew, we chose conformity to please the masses. But when the mind matured, the blanket of the unknown was ripped away leaving us with two choices. 1. Think or 2. Don't.

Most of us lived up to the first and in a mystical transformation through the 4<sup>th</sup> dimension ended up here; a mathie frosh in disguise. The stress of moving in finally over we were told of the great challenge's that we must face to earn our pink ties, to make new friends, and most of all have the best time of our lives; so, like most sane people, we headed for the liquor store.

Unfed and unprepared we screamed corny slogans to the procrastinating cheers of our leaders. We were driven like sheep into rooms to practice our newly acquired battle cries to defeat the rival shepherds. To war they cried, to the prize; the strange metallic unbreakable public fornicating reflecting mathie, uhh I mean trophy. As impressive as the shows were we were glad it was only Monday after all with the greatest week of our lives approaching we were willing to accept a little b.s. That night, as tired and as hungry as we were, like all good mathies, we looked for a party. The Dons and unfriendly locks seemed to have another idea. But it was only Monday.

Tuesday. Screaming obscenities, we marched toward those happy pink coloured things used for that special time when a man and a woman come together in an orgasmic response, to the Pink Tie. Did I forget to mention that we were still hungry???? We played the best sesame street games available to the "square root of -1" world. (HA HA, that was pathetic). Oh I think this was about the time we got fed for the first time. Barely conscious we were dragged back to our prisons, I mean, residences. Rules about drinking and the pass out position were told to us by friendly dons and we thought "damn sounds like the party's just starting." Back at res, a shot of southern comfort sent James and Kelvin on a spin (James for a couple hours, Kelvin for a couple days). Trevis and I departed, to find a party. The Silence of the Lambs attitude seemed to preside around the villages. Annoying St. J's goats babbled drunken inquiries as to where and who we were going to see. At Mac King, we met up with the X-Files fanatics (nice people, btw) and finally on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor found ourselves at the door step of a party. That's about as far as we got when we were informed the don was going whacked at unsuspecting Village people. To home we went somewhat hungry, but decently satisfied that we had accomplished the first step of becoming a true math froshie; getting into and getting kicked out of a party.

Will skip Wednesday due to lack of motivation. It was a nice day ending with an insanely tiring scunt. Did I mention that night more than two people actually came into a room on my floor. Wow, I guess that's almost a party. Lucky for us they were almost all guys. (that was sarcasm)

And then there was Thursday. The sleepless, partyless, stinking, naked frosh stumbled to the showers, actually given time to collect their thoughts, we collectively decided that frosh week has been a sham of un-free food, and unimaginable lies. Naked and stinking as we were the few and mighty decided to have faith in our great fun frosh leaders. After all this was the greatest week of our lives (This is not sarcasm, our frosh leaders did a great job with the tools provided). Booze-free, we travelled the school, painting images and faces of the campus into and onto our heads. Raymond owes Marshall one fudgesicle. I got a pink

tie on mine. (yo Dave, good work buddy) For Monty Poppins night (G rated) we travelled dressed in our superb spiffy new ties to the SLC to play hard core b.j. and roulette. Not even the stuck up, stiff frosh ladies could ruin this night though, topped off with non-alcoholic drinks we stumbled around table to table playing our hearts out to win, well, nothing.

Friday, the bomb, the test; ELPE. Running to get pens and paper after an amazing performance of Single and Sexy (you guys really rock), told their would be plenty of time. I found myself standing in front of 2000 frosh; racing to get to the back of the PAC gym, I managed to trip over only a few hundred bags and various feet to my reduced time test. Why not just suck the blood and hope out right there? The dinner I can't criticize, it was great, Steve put on a amazing feast at his place. They fed us ice cream bars for dessert. On this enchanted occasion we started to cheer, loud. The sugar streaming through our bodies acted as a catalyst to the cheer lymph node. The corny bonfire turned out to be great. We cheered loud and hard. Led by our ever inspiring "Allemania, Allemania, will give you insomnia" cheer, the leaders thought up (any form of thought this week could be attributed to the incursion of an unknown and foreign substance into the body, mainly food, more specifically chocolate) a great wall cheer.

"How's the Wall?"

"Still there, still gray."

"Why oh Why?"

"Because were too cheap to pay the green men to come and take it down on Sunday."

WOOO HOOO

"When the mind is gone and body dead, the liquor will still flow," and so there was pub night. Wait, I thought night meant dark? If Night + Dark + Dancing + Booze then Good Times (If T then T=3DT). For all you non believers: If Night + Dark + Dancing + Booze then Bad times (If F then F=3D T). Oh isn't algebra good. Since you were too outgoing to go to pub night you didn't know what the hell happened, meaning you missed out on a hell of a time. But wait, Good "Times?" I came, I saw, I wasn't allowed in at 12:00 am because apparently last call was 10 minutes ago and they were shutting down soon. But didn't the all-knowing poster god say 2 am??

Ah Saturday, awakened by the banging and screaming of our way-cool frosh leaders, we were dragged to a morning danceathon to realize we lost (ah well, Go Pacific). Back to bed or to a football game for most froshers. They were, of course, in the spirit of things, meaning they were all hungry, tired, and stinking. Then, Toga, the bomb. Best time of the week. One of the few wet events was capped of by some excellent dancing and peeing into an outhouse with a security guard holding a flashlight so I could see which way things were moving and shaking. Aside from about 20 women who were more interested in finding their friends, who they just saw 2 minutes ago, then chatting and dancing with some cool West 6'rs (Exception for a couple of hard core ladies who know how to sing). SWEET!!! (like a sheep (I just figured the fox was hungry)) we had the best time.

Sunday wrapped it up with nothingness and worries and disappointments.

So you say, "Why did this weird guy just type 1200 words to bitch about frosh week?" I guess I wanted to express myself to the people who make the rules. I have friends across Ontario,

## Tonight At 11:00

*Marvin Martian the Illegitimate Love Child of*

*Mel Lastman and Waterloo Warrior*

In a lawsuit filed yesterday, Marvin Martian claimed that he is the illegitimate son of Toronto Mayor Mel Lastman. The lawsuit demands that Lastman pay \$4.7 million [*You could buy Charlie Sheen's house with that kind of money! — TaxiEd*] in retroactive child support. Marvin, raised in a single parent home by Ms. Waterloo Warrior, became suspicious when he noticed similarities between himself and the mayor. He acknowledges that he still looks more like his mother, but he clearly has his father's eyes. Marvin confronted his mother with his claims in a conversation last month. Ms. Warrior admitted that she had a short, steamy affair with Lastman in the 60s, and that Marvin was conceived under the bleachers at halftime of a Waterloo football game. "I regret the relationship I had with Mr. Lastman," said Warrior, "but the guy had the biggest input device since the keyboard."

When reached for comment on the suit, the mayor said, "I did not have sexual relations with that mascot: Ms. Warrior." He also added that he would rather be in a pot of boiling water with natives dancing around me than pay child support. Martian says that it was hard growing up in a single parent household, and that rabbits often teased him in school because of his family situation. "They used to call my mother a dirty whore? It was awful," said Martian in yesterday's emotional press conference. "The rabbits would always start their taunting with 'What's up, doc?' I wasn't interested in medicine and wanted to work with computers, like my mother did," Martian added. It is no wonder, then, that if he wins the case he will use the money to buy a giant death ray and blow up the Earth. [*Dude, you could live in Charlie Sheen's house! — TaxiEd*] In a related story, the Conestoga College mascot has dumped Laurie Golden Hawk. According to Mr. Conestoga, she was "below my level."

Pete "Silly" Tanner and

Bruce "Silly As Well" Mackenzie

*More naked hungry frosh*

*(continued from previous page)*

claiming insanity on frosh week. The expectation was high, the propaganda was large and loud, the result was, well, tame. I want to make it clear though, there really is no way in hell if I had to do it again I wouldn't do it. I did meet lots of great people. My frosh leaders, both res and fac, were great. But, changes are needed. More insanity; if you're a mathie frosh you probably have lived a pretty tame existence until now. I say we should enjoy it while we can, because we all know that were here to work. I definitely hope that whomsoever was in charge gets it that we were hungry and had to BUY, after being promised free, food all week. Also, parties are good times for all, including leaders, lol, don't forget DFTE. All you critics out there, I'm going to sign up to be a leader next year. Remember, you can make a difference, if you give a shit.

Send hate mail and naked pictures to [wrathburn@hotmail.com](mailto:wrathburn@hotmail.com).

Wrathburn

## Three Students Injured in illegal game of Duck, Duck, Goose

On the third night of frosh week, under a burning pink tie, an unsolicited game of Duck, Duck, Goose was held by renegade Math Frosh Leaders. More than 55 Frosh students participated in the game with an additional 4 leaders forcing the game to continue. Three students were injured in the prohibited event, claimed to be held by the Loonie Leaders Liberation (LLL).

Several accounts of the event mention leaders wielding Billy Clubs and baseball bats while dancing ritually around the circle of participants. Other witnesses state that the leaders were wearing pink hoods to hide their identities.

"It was horrible!" commented student Lyle Scott. "There was shouting and devil worshipping and — oh, it was horrible!" Scott continued. Scott is currently in critical condition in the trauma ward of Kitchener General.

"Where did they dig up these Frosh Leaders? New Jersey?!" asked another student.

Yet a third student made mention of the horrible virgin sacrifices held in the middle of the Duck-Duck Circle. "That poor, poor virgin Amaretto Sour!" she cried. "And that record company! Where will Stay-PuffDaddy release his new album?"

A lone student suffered from a mild case of pink-tie induced asphyxiation. Two more students were injured in the final round of Duck Duck Goosing while one was chasing down campus geese and another was confused with the game Goose Goose, Duck.

Kaydot Oh and SPU

## Walking Deemed Dangerous for Frosh

After a week of fun and exciting bliss, UW frosh were shocked to learn that walking, an integral part of Frosh week, is under review by the The Advisory Committee on Orientation, or TACO, as a banned sport for future Frosh Weeks.

A Fox Institute study, in conjuncture with MaDox University, shows that excessive walking, over 3 minutes a day, may cause the foot to be sore and socks to be impaled with a stench unknown to personkind. Upon hearing of the study, TACO called an emergency session to hold a vote to discuss the implications of the report and its impact on future frosh. TACO concluded that Frosh should be spared the inhumane torture of this physical exercise, and will review future rules that will rule out any kind of involuntary walking or strolling.

The Fox report focused only on the adverse effects of walking, and did not include other bipedal activities such as running, jogging, jumping, or crawling.

In a leaked memo, TACO intends to announce that all walking events will be labelled as "crawling mandatory, walking optional" events in frosh week timetables. Furthermore, the memo also stated that the act of breathing is also under review, as it is the leading cause of the common cold, and influenza.

Amadaeus

## Want To Be A Millionaire?

Marry me. It won't help you become a millionaire, but it can't hurt. Oh wait, I suppose it could hurt, but not much.

Brought to you by the WWTBAM lovers.

**profQUOTES**

“Who thinks it’s true? Who thinks it’s false? Who thinks?” [No students raise their hands.] “It is Friday, but still...”

Nishimura, CS 360

“Windows 98 is perfectly OK!”

Pretti, during Frosh Week

“Drawing in 10 000 dimensions is really tough. You can smoke stuff, and that will help.”

Furino, C&O 350

“Discontinuous functions are hazardous to your health.”

Wainwright, MATH 237

“If I fall asleep, just turn out the lights and leave.”

VanderBurgh, MATH 135

“One of the great things about teaching logic is that you get to use a lot of big words that don’t mean much.”

VanderBurgh, MATH 135

“You will notice that I can’t write in a straight line. Tilt your head and it’ll work fine.”

VanderBurgh, MATH 135

“If you go to class and sleep well, you will do well at university.”

VanderBurgh, MATH 135

“If [the answer] existed, we would just program a computer and have a monkey do it.”

Wood, MATH 137

“We don’t do arithmetic, we do MATH!”

Wood, MATH 137

[Professor flips a coin numerous times] “Now, can anyone tell me how many times I get head?”

Wu, STAT 230

“Any program using a zero is bad, especially Windows 2000.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“I used to program in BASIC, and those old adventure games. You know, the ‘do you want to go forward?’ type of stuff, with yes or no input. It’s all pretty exciting, especially after alcohol.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“I’m a lazy subprogram, I’m a middle manager.”

Vasiga, CS 241

““Let me, since I don’t have time to be formal just wave my hands a bit.” [waves hands insanely in air continues with lecture]

Cummings, MATH 135

Remember, only you can prevent a lack of *profQUOTES*. If it’s funny and worth sharing, write it down and mail it to *math-NEWS*, or be lazy and drop it in the **BLACK BOX**.

**On the Odour of Mathies**

Upon my arrival to the University of Waterloo, the first thing I did was read *mathNEWS*. Well, one of the first things anyway. Actually, I only did that once I ran out of other things to do. BUT, once I did open the frosh issue of *mathNEWS*, I found it quite amusing. I did notice a surprising number of references to the unpleasant aroma of math students. Seeing as how these statements were coming from math students themselves, I wondered if there might be some grain of truth to these accusations. I decided to investigate.

After having attended some lectures in the MC, I wonder no longer. Well, it’s actually not that bad. The only classroom which really had a detestable odour was in RCH. Perhaps this is because the class is two floors underground and is buried beneath layers of construction, effectively cutting off all hope of air circulation. But this room is in the Engineering lecture hall. Could the blame really lay with the engineers after all? Could they be the cause of the years of mathies being falsely accused of smelling worse than a fetid pile of compost? No. Proof? The Comfy Lounge apparently. I’ve never been there but I’ve only heard bad things.

So mathies are responsible after all. What could cause such a problem to be specific to one faculty? There are a number of theories. One such theory, and the theory that I prefer, is that CS courses suck up so much of your time that you don’t have time to do as many things as you used to. The list of priorities for math students puts homework first, then food and sleep, with cleanliness coming in a distant fourth. As you can see, when assignments start to pile up, personal maintenance is the first thing to go. This is hardly breaking news. So why the article? Because there is one more piece of the puzzle. Have you used the bathrooms in the MC? For your own safety, don’t. The water in the sinks is scalding hot. For a typical smathie (smelly mathie), who’s pain threshold is very small, it would be impossible to hold their hands under the water for more than one second. This would serve to augment the smell of any smathie. My proposition, decrease the temperature of the water in the MC building sinks by at least 50 degrees. This should see an overall decrease in the stink of smathies. Thank you.

Adam Shelton

**Top 10 Excuses**

*You’ll need them on co-op*

1. Don’t ask me — it’s my first day.
2. I don’t actually work here.
3. I’m not the *mathNEWS* editor. [*Uh-oh — TaxiEd*]
4. I dunno — it’s emacs.
5. 50 words is not enough.
6. Snuggles sez so.
7. PACO made me.
8. It’s a Windows problem.
9. Voices in my head are acting up again.
10. Don’t ask me — I’m just a co-op!

zer0man

**Woo, woo, look at this filler go!! Right across the bottom of the page!!**

## Love child discovered backpacking in Europe

Earlier this year, Pinky and Fuscia were returned to the jubilation of math students everywhere. It was discovered that while they were gone, they ran off to Niagara Falls and got married. This in and of itself is not so shocking, however, this past frosh week a revelation was made. During an innocent event where Pinky and Fuscia were making an appearance, boombastic music started playing, and the surprise of a lifetime awaited those who listened intently.

Apparently, during the courting period Pinky took a few liberties with Fuscia's innocence. Pinky felt no remorse, being a libertarian. A secret tryst was formed to prevent the world from finding out how far the influence of the 60s was felt on their relationship. In the disco age a third tie was born, he was shagadelic, out a sight, right on, peachy kean and hunky dory, he was da bomb himself, disco reborn in tie form, and his name was Shaggy.

To escape the pressures of living in his grandfather's forty foot shadow, he fled the Western hemisphere to discover the inner tie. And so our story begins, deep in the heart of the European jungle, you can hear the shagginess rumble, ooh, ahh, ooh ahh. In the jungle, the mighty jungle Shaggy sleeps tonight, aoooooooo, oooooo a wimba wimba way. Where were we, oh yes, shagadelic baby.

Shaggy partook in a cross-Europe backpacking trip that involved a lot of fine French wine, fine Dutch hash, and fine Italian women. As he voyaged across the European continent, he ran into many interesting characters. One of these characters happened to be an old gentleman in the olive fields of Italy. Here is a snippet of that conversation from Shaggy's diary:

Shaggy: "Yo. Where's all the good calzones at?"

Old man: "Mamma mia! A talking tie! AHHHH!!!!"

Old man's daughter: "That's quite the shag you have."

Shaggy: "You know it, baby."

Old man: "Mya princess ... Sofia-a ... you stayya away from datta tie! I no lika him!"

Needless to say, Shaggy got some calzone if you know what I mean.

Making his way north through Europe, Shaggy stumbled into Berlin, noticed how drab it was, and immediately headed for Amsterdam.

Shaggy: "Where can I get me some dope brownies?"

Old man: "Sumna beetch! Talking clothing!"

Shaggy: "Chill man, I wants me some of those brownies ... can you hook me up?"

Old man: "Okay ... you can haveda brownies ... but you stay away from my daughter!"

Old man's daughter: "I got some pot? You wanna get high?"

Shaggy: "Bring it on, baby."

Needless to say, Shaggy partook in some pot luck if you know what I mean.

Days turned into weeks, weeks turned into ... uh, more weeks ... as Shaggy continued his voyage, he enjoyed the culture and the people but longed for his homeland. He missed his folks, he missed life in southern Ontario but most of all his miss that dope carpet shampoo that they sold down at the grocery store that made him all clean and fresh at a very reasonable price. No matter where he went, he was always disgusted at the prices people in Europe had to pay for carpet cleaner. 40 Euros? Get

outta here.

Shaggy travelled to the east and, as Hannibal did before him, he attempted to conquer the world using a peanut and a marble. While reading a bad map late at night he found a place that would allieviate some of his homesickness. That's right, Thailand. And so Shaggy ended up in Bangkok as was inevitable. As luck would have it he ran into another old Italian man.

Shaggy: "Yo. I'm lookin for some old fashioned, home grown, Tie food, just like Ma used to make."

Old man: "Pappa pia! A talking carpet! AHHHH!!!!"

Shaggy: "Yo, yo, yo, don't make me pop a cap, I'm a tie, not a carpet, that ain't cool, you can't walk all over me."

Old man: "Apologies Don Tie, no disrespect was meant."

Shaggy: "All good baby, all good, now where your daughter at?"

Old man's daughter: "Sorry, I was blowing the carpet dry."

Shaggy: "Oh really ..."

Needless to say, Shaggy was adequately blown ... dry ... if you know what I mean.

Seconds turned into minutes, and minutes into days, and those days, they came together in a real team effort and managed to create a week. Except that loner Schmooday who was left out as a result. And that's why there are seven days in the week. Huh, oh ya ... So Shaggy decided to move in with some of his backpacking buddies into a commune in Luxemburg. There was much rejoicing, and shag fever got spread from person to person. One morning Shaggy woke up to make a startling discovery ...

Shaggy: "Holy crap."

Random Shaggy Groupy #1: "Come back to bed Wooly baby."

Shaggy: "Holy psychadelicacy!"

Random Shaggy Groupy #2: "I'm cold Shaggy-Waggy, come warm me up."

Shaggy: "Holy boombastariffic!!"

Random Shaggy Groupy #3 through #32: "We miss you Big Shag, show us why you're Shagaleicious."

Shaggy: "....."

What was this horrible fate that had caused the Master Shagster to be shocked. What possible affliction could cause the Shaggiest of all things Shaggy to be speechless. Shaggy had looked in the mirror. The great pink one no longer retained his original colour. He had turned Tye-die and this Tie was ready to die.

How was Shaggy going to overcome this horrible twist (twist of colours as it were), what would happen to the Shaggiest Tie of them All, tune in next issue, same Shaggy time, same Shaggy channel.

The Goon Squad.

## My Preppy Life in 50 Words or Less

No more Frosh Cornered for me. New column. Must contain less than 50 words or else Pete will castrate me with the bolt cutters.

Summer fun. Frosh Week incredible. Too many leftover pitas. Someone claim 30 pounds of ham left over from Frosh Week.

Yeah, no more words left.

Laymond Rai

## Olympic-sized Madness

*The Craze of Chess players*

In a recent report, the American Chess Association moved to ban all performance-enhancing drugs from its competition. According to the spokesperson of the ACA, the move was made as a step toward getting the International Olympic Committee to recognize chess as an event that awards medals in the Olympic Games. If the IOC approves the application, then we won't need any more proof to show that the IOC is nuts.

To begin with, practically everything can enhance performance in chess. Even coffee can "enhance" performance by keeping one alert. We will have to ban all "brain food" as it could improve a competitor's brain function. To prevent any consumption of "brain food," we'd have to keep competitors from eating hours before a match. That's just inhumane. Perhaps watching the players preparing for the match, where they go nuts trying to find the right diet and a good amount of rest, would be more fun than watching the match itself?

More importantly, correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't the Olympic motto, "Faster, Higher, Stronger?" Where does chess fit into that? At least one can get points for making great leaps in ballroom dancing.

If chess was to be included in the Olympic games, then enthusiasts of checkers, dominos, and board games could soon follow suit and make lobbies of their own. The Olympic games could easily become an unwatchable event. I don't know about you, but I certainly don't have the attention span required for watching a chess match wire-to-wire. I know, I am on a slippery slope here, but the thought of watching chess as an Olympic event scares me.

While we are in the madness of putting new events into the Olympics, why don't we consider getting the IOC to recognize ultimate as an Olympic event. At least in ultimate, players have to run "faster," jump "higher," and bump "stronger" to retrieve a frisbee. People will actually watch a frisbee game. We won't have to make coffee a banned substance. We won't have to leave the friendly confines of our place to see two giants fighting for a frisbee — and best of all, the participants don't have to be world-class athletes or need to have an IQ of 150+ in order to compete. So join the crusade and lobby to get ultimate into the Olympic games. That way, we can have an ultimate game in an ultimate event.

Jason "the Screamer" Lau

## The !Frosh Cornered

*Well ... Not Quite*

It's finally over. After a bloody nose and a bruised liver, Ian has finally ended my reign of terror.

Ok, I lied, I didn't get a bloody nose, but my liver still hurts. My point is, Ian has graciously taken over The Frosh Cornered this year, thus becoming The Cornered Frosh V2.0. I, on the other hand, will now be known as The Cornered !Frosh (Yeah yeah, I know how bad my puns are) since I'm no longer frosh, or so I've been told. In any case, Pete has issued a restraining order prohibiting me from writing The Frosh Cornered ever again. Have fun Ian, and long live the Corner!

Raymond CT Lai  
The Cornered !Frosh

## Is This Actually Working?

*This is REALLY confusing*

You know, when I first came to the production night tonight, I was expecting to type/draw with nice little windows with buttons nicely illustrated. How very wrong I was. I have absolutely no knowledge in Unix whatsoever. Have you any idea how long it took me to write this much? I dare you to guess.

Anyhow, I guess this situation isn't at all different from my classes. I, stupidly enough, registered in the advanced section of algebra *and* calculus. What was I thinking? Having done a year of university already (U of A), I knew almost exactly how it was going to be. Haha! I don't know what I'm doing anymore! Now that I have both classes' assignments, I'm in full regret now. Now, you must be wondering why I'm still sticking to it. Well, so am I. Perhaps because I'm a mathochist. (Excuse the bad pun.) — by the way, I wrote this paragraph almost without any major accidents such as the cursor suddenly disappearing and found on the second line or words being replaced with [ ^? ]'s. Woo.

Speaking of my hands being full, this co-op business is really tough. How do people survive it every year? Start with writing a resume. I did have a decently written resume ... on my computer. My lovely parents shipped my computer off shortly after I arrived at UW, but, alas, it is probably stuck in an airplane somewhere. Hence I had to spend countless hours writing up a new resume. Now, by this time, you probably have noticed what a good writer I am. \*hint\* \*hint\* Good thing there was a resume blitz. I could go on forever complaining about the hectic first year schedule, but for your sanity, I think I should stop now. (Aren't I nice?) I'll be highly amused if this article makes it in the *mathNEWS*. I swear I'll write something decent at some point. (At least this isn't possessed like the one Emerald is editing.)

Soo

## Computer Use

*"Who is really behind the keyboard?"*

Most people look at computers and think of the wonderful benefits they bring to humanity. "Look at all the work they do," these people say, "Think of all the wonders they bring." These people take a look at computers and wonder how they can get the benefits of these boxed miracles.

Most computer *users*, however, know better. Computers are the ones who use us. The last reported case of a computer doing something useful to humanity was back in 1996, although "doorstop" is still being debated as an example of computers being useful.

So why do computers use us? Nobody is sure, exactly. Their plan seems to involve computer games, internet porn, and *mathNEWS* articles. I can't explain it, and every time I try to ask my computer about it, it crashes and gives me a mild electrical shock.

So next time your computer crashes, loses your work, or starts displaying articles from the last *mathNEWS*, just remember this advice: it isn't your fault, it's your computer's fault. *But don't let that stop you from using them, pitiful hu-mans.*

Dan Woodley

## Screamer's Believe it or Not

During my month off, I browsed through many papers and found many interesting things occurring around the world. Some of the following are real and some are pure bologne. Can you distinguish the real occurrences from the fake ones?

### *Footballer's new diet*

In July, a English soccer (or football) player signed a new contract with his club. Sounds common enough, doesn't it? However, the contract stipulates that the player has to eat a sheep's intestines before the contract takes effect. When asked of how the intestine tasted, the player replied, "No comment." Other sporting clubs around the world are now considering using this method to get disgruntled players to renew their contracts. I also heard that the football player also consumed a sheep's private parts. However, no one, not even the player himself, has confirmed whether this was true.

### *When reality becomes Unreal*

Thanks to the success of reality shows, many television producers are trying to get a piece of the pie. A British TV station proposed to make a show that makes boot camp look like a walk in the park — the contestants would eat and sleep in the trenches and fight imaginary enemies. Not much detail was giving in how to eliminate people from the "game." Naturally, the plan was criticized by many to be too inhumane and barbaric. I haven't heard much of the show lately, so I suppose the producers had pulled the plug and cancelled the "show."

### *D'oh for the Ages*

"D'oh" is no longer a phrase confined in the *the Simpsons*. Now everyone can check whether the meaning of "D'oh" is "annoyed grunt" as many fans of the show suggest. "D'oh" is one of many new entries to the Oxford English Dictionary. Anyone interested to know the true meaning of the word can go to a neighbourhood bookstore or check the web version.

### *When the 5-second Rule isn't enough*

Almost everyone have picked up some food they dropped on the ground and put it back into their mouths at least once. However, some methods used by people to prevent wasting food is downright scary. Some chefs put meat that lies on the floor back into a stew. People using last year's paste to make this year's mooncakes. People using organs of animals to add flavour. Cooks mixing leftovers from previous days and mix them with fresh ingredients. I'm going to stop here because I don't want any readers to have upset stomachs from reading this paragraph.

### *Tired of Round Fruit?*

Genetically modified food has stirred quite a debate in recent years. Most GM food looks like rather ordinary, but some new breed do stand out from others. Square watermelons are no longer a pipe dream — one can actually purchase a square watermelon in Japan. The real kind is a little cheaper than what Homer Simpson paid for, but it still costs about 10,000 pennies per melon. At least it doesn't pop back into a round watermelon. It really interests me as to how one eats such a watermelon around the rim. How do they taste like? It's anybody's guess.

### *A Bachelor of Bagpipe*

A few universities are now offering programs where the major area of study is the study of bagpipes — the structure of bagpipes, the construction of a bagpipe, and bagpipe music. Of course, some background in music is needed. This sounds like an interesting and fresh program. However, one question remains — where do the graduates go to work?

Jason "the Screamer" Lau

Maybe I'm reading too much fine print

## ***(Laymond's) Rules of Dating***

*Compiled by Amadaeus, Inspired by Love*

There's a saying that you'll encounter sooner or later: "In Math, the odds are good, but the goods are odd." I choose to ignore that little quote that tends to spread like wildfire, and so should you beautiful people.

Anyway, if you're in Math, chances are you're taken or trying to hook up. Wait a minute, isn't that the two classifications for all faculties? I need to wake up here. Someone slap me *[Slap! — Pete Love]*.

Anyway, mathNEWS is proud to present our first ever compiled rules of dating *[Actually I compiled some rules earlier, but never bothered printing them. Raymond's on the other hand are rather humorous ... — Pete Love]*. Don't take this guide to heart as you have an equal chance of getting slapped or getting a date.

1. Be wary of girls who use ICQ: They may be smarter than you *[And what is wrong with a smart girl? — Pete Love]*.
2. Never date a guy who uses IRC: They probably are geekier than you *[FYI: Raymond uses ICQ — Ed.]*.
3. Always date outside your own circle of influence: It's always smart to make more connections so you can leech assignments out from them *[Hmmm, sounds like an academic offence Raymond, tsk, tsk, tsk — Ed.]*.

4. NEVER, NEVER use JAVA code when asking out someone

on a date: *[Unless you use ICQ — Ed.]*. Please, don't ever make that mistake.

5. mathNEWS Horrorscopes is a Window into the future: mathNEWS has *[had — Ed.]* regular horrorscopes that run every two weeks. They dictate where and who to date for the highest percentage of success. By no means should you jump off a cliff if the horrorscope tells you to, but use this powerful tool wisely *[Except it has been cancelled, and will no longer be printed — Ed.]*.
6. Libraries are an untapped resource: Try visiting the Dana Porter, or even the DC library if you're lucky, once in a while. Full of potential targets from other faculties, you can kill two birds with one stone: Study while trying to find a date. It's the pinnacle of Mathiness *[or Raymondness — Ed.]*!
7. Never, NEVER USE JAVA CODE: It's so important that it needs to be repeated *[So ... Never, Never use Java code, so ... always use Java code? — Ed.]*.

Amadaeus,

From the Book of Love

## The Frosh Week Campfire

Here's some praise for Adam. Adam Stanley was one of those folks who somehow managed to coordinate two events and hang out with his team for Frosh Week. He co-organized the leaders' retreat weekend with Katie and also took on the Campfire — an event that has traditionally been known for its lack of planning until the afternoon before. Well, this campfire was the best I've seen, and I've been to all 3. Cheers were at their loudest, birthday-boy Mike went in the lake, scout results were announced, Shaggy (who looks remarkably similar to the pink carpet rolled out for the Royal Family during Proclamation) was revealed, and there were the stories.

All the teams did excellent jobs writing stories about the origin of the Tie, and we only wish we could have printed them all, but our fingers grew tired after doing the five that were read — and they filled a page with this intro neatly — so we stopped then. If you're curious and would like a copy of your team's, or any teams, e-mail *mathNEWS* or drop by, we'll keep them for as long as humanly possible (until spring cleaning).

Bradley Tobermory Smith

### *Nivernais*

Long time ago pink was more valuable than gold and since Nivernais owned the pink spiders they were very rich... And the people of Nivernais did rejoice, with another half-assed cheer! And one time, at band camp, 90 year old men were chasing Keizo with pink flutes. But Keizo was still not naked. He did however cheer when he was chased by flutes. The flutes had an unusually pink aura that killed nearby bees. The dead bees then formed a pink tie. The Mathies rejoiced.

Flutie

### *Leader Team*

The year is 2025. Boris is humanity's last hope, for he holds the last pink tie in a great pink tie purge in all the nation, nay, in all the world, Nay, in all the universe. Dun, dun, dunnn. This purge was conducted by a group of evil engineers (excluding the mathemateers who transcended in the year 2023 to become beings of pure thought). Boris, the most effeminate woman in math was knitting a pair of pink hot pants in the real time lab. Suddenly, one of the real time computers came to life because it had been possessed by The WatStar. Boris began to run. Run like a fox. Run! Boris, Run! Sweet like a fox. Boris reached the 6th floor. After running through the labyrinth and taking refuge in the graphics lab, chanting "M-A-M-A-T-M-A-T-H-MATH-ROCKS!" to summon the spirits of super frosh known as... The Leader Team! Dun, dun, dunnn. Boris sent forth his math possessed minds to battle off the WatStar controlled computer and the gang of engineers who had gathered by it. While the epic battle raged on the grassy knoll, Boris sat amongst the ancient towering ruins of the tie guard and frantically began to crochet a second pink tie. Dun, dun, dunnn. As Boris worked, the spirits of the past super frosh, armed with their flaming pink tie swords, struck down wave after wave of tool-wielding engineers. Unfortunately the super frosh could only be summoned for a short time. As the Leader Team faded back into in the CS sculpture, Boris completed the second pink tie and released them to form humanity's new hope. Will they succeed? Tune in next frosh week, same frosh time, same frosh channel. Dun, dun, dunnn!

### *Carinthia*

There once was a Carinthian knight,  
who lost his drawers in fight.  
A pink tie from the king  
Used as a g-string  
Made him decent for Mathie pub night.

### *Franconia*

On the first day Snuggles created Franconia and there was much rejoicing. Unfortunately he had no people to lead so he decided to create a massive manhunt to lure in the surrounding nations.

On the third day, Snuggles created Windows and gave it to Bill. Bill became evil and was banned to eternal damnation in Redmond.

On the fourth day, since Bill is so evil Snuggles decided to have a team against him. The team is called Mac.

On the fifth day, Mac created a secret weapon to fight against Bill.

On the sixth day He created the pink tie. The people rejoiced because there was something to worship. The tie brought enlightenment to people taking CS courses.

On the seventh day He created the Tie Liberation Organization and there was much fear in the land for the tie was in jeopardy.

The wall of *mathNEWS* was not strong enough to fight back the evil-doers. In light of the fact that *mathNEWS* was no good, Snuggles must create the most powerful weapon in the galaxy to protect the tie. Using his long hair and walkie talkie, he created ...

... the ultimate defence ...

What is it?

[My club? — Pete Love]

### *Somerset*

There once was a prince named Chuck,  
in a tall tower, he was stuck,  
He can never get out,  
and started to pout,  
cursing his darn poor luck.

Along came princess Somerset,  
she was as fair as one can get.  
She saw him in the tower,  
while picking a flower,  
and said, "I can save him, I bet."

She had a giant pink tie,  
so big it reached up to the sky.  
It was forty feet tall;  
she climbed up the wall,  
and saved the unfortunate guy.

Princess Somerset and Chuck,  
went home in their big pink truck.  
They went to do math;  
the enlightened path,  
and then they began to ... integrate.

## Snuggles Sez

It's like Simon Says, but Simon is duct taped to the ceiling. Whenever someone asks me what's up I tend to look up and answer whatever I see. Normally it's a bumpy ceiling, but I think it would be funny if one time I looked up and saw a person up there, maybe waving and smiling. (Note to people crazy enough to do this, it would only be funny if the person taped to the ceiling gave their consent to do this, don't grab someone at random.) Speaking of people crazy enough to do something like that, there are a lot of people I know living on Lester this term, 5 different houses at last check. A bunch of us were hanging out on one particular lawn which we deemed Mathlawn, or Mawn, for short. So, innocent little me is sitting there minding my own business (actually listening to randomness) when the following quotes catches my attention (and thereby ends up in my little book, which leads to here) "The carpenter is coming at 4:30 on Monday, so if you want anything screwed or nailed write it down on a list." I used one of my favourite lines to respond to that gem (Put me down for a little of column A and a little of column B).

Ya, I live on Lester, in a pretty nice place too, which is extra crazy because I only found the place on August 30<sup>th</sup>. Why did it take so long? I vanished on three days notice. I ended up going to camp despite the fact that originally I didn't think I was going due to a variety of controversies (if you really want to know, ask me) but in the end I did, so I disappeared for eight and a half weeks from the Waterloo<sup>dar</sup> (Waterloo + Radar = Waterloo<sup>dar</sup>). I had an absolute blast, a ton of hard work, but a lot of fun. I ended up running the ropes course and the kitchen and being me (I'm a problem solver, it's a similar role as I play during Frosh week, people bring problems to me and I find solutions). After I got back from camp I got depressed cause I missed it (although a variety of after-camp parties helped). I was also kind of unhappy because a lot of my friends at school

had graduated (actually everyone I lived with this past year has graduated (or at least showed up on the composite, despite being one credit short ... hey Ike), and most have moved out of the city). But I got to school, found a place, moved in, and went to work on Scunt. From 7 pm on Saturday when I came in and started until the week ended I was going non-stop on very little sleep, and loving it. Back in my camp mode I was virtually giddy (ya, that's right, all you leaders who went without sleep for a week, imagine doing it for 6 weeks, that's the pace I'm used to for camp).

I felt like I had a secret identity. During the day I was Head Icebreaker extraordinaire, helping events happen and being myself (problem solving all over the place) and after the Frosh were gone it was back to my secret life of planning Scunt (which meant that I spent an unholy amount of time with Kenny and Bradley, which rocked unbelievably hard, I loved every minute of it). A little sampling of the vast amount of time that was poured into Scunt, never mind the time that was put in before the week (which was mostly KC and Bts [*And most of that being Kenny — TaxiEd*] due to my vanishing act for the summer), on Saturday I was there for five hours (I arrived in the evening, but they were working before I got there), on Sunday for 16, on Monday for 15. Tuesday we finally had the frosh so there was EYT (which Bradley coordinated) and as soon as we were done with the frosh we were back to working on Scunt where we stayed until about 11 pm-ish when we headed out to visit the Leader Party. Wednesday rolled around and we went for 9 straight hours before Scunt itself started, at which point we kept going for another 9 hours until everything was done and wrapped up. And that's just Scunt, there's another half week for the rest of the events, but I'll get to those in the next paragraph, Scunt deserves it's own. When push comes to shove, everything

Snuggles Sez more on page 16

## The top 10 reasons why Mathies rule Waterloo

*A froshie's view on life in Rez*

1010 (10) — Frosh week: the best on campus!

1000 (8) — The comfy lounge...even if there are always weird people there (try checking out some of the other buildings...)

110 (6) — *mathNEWS*...what other paper would let me write for it?

111 (7) — C+D ... no WatCard, but good food

1001 (9) — The math building...no other building looks like it anywhere in the world...(except maybe the Dana Porter Library)

1 (1...yeah...they're the same) — all classes start at x:30, so you get that extra 30 minutes of sleep!

10 (2) — We run the computer system

100 (4) — Free pitas for volunteering (yeah, I guess it almost looks like we're getting paid...ALMOST!)

11 (3) — The hidden drawer game (if you don't know what this is, you should get a MathSoc office hour...great way to meet new people!)

101 (5) — free food (yep, they feed me to write this...hahaha-hahahaha!)

-10 (-2) — UNIX servers (Because Windows are see-through objects, not an OS!)

Mark Toivanen

## Taunts from above the Tie

The following are some of the funnier things that guy on the roof of MC was yelling at people below. He was a bit offensive to some, but hopefully they'll realize it was just in jest.

- 'Allo, daffy English-majoring kniggets!
- I one more time unclog my nose in your direction, sons of a window-dresser!
- So, you think you could out-clever us Math folk with your silly knees-bent running about in dancing behaviour? I wave my private parts at your aunties, you cheesy lot of second hand electric donkey bottom biters.
- I'm in math, can't you tell by my outrageous accent?
- Cherchez la vache! Get the cow, we're going to throw it over the side like *mathNEWS* volume 75 issue 2!
- I burst my pimples at you and call your tie stealing request a silly thing. You tiny-brained wipers of other people's bottoms!
- Your mother was a goat and your father reeked of rabbit droppings!

*Snuggles Sez continued!*

rocked, and hearing the frosh cheer when we asked if they had fun during Scunt made us feel awesome. If you had fun during Scunt, tell Bradley, Kenny and myself, we really want to hear these things, it makes us feel all warm and fuzzy and after the amount of time we each poured into it we need to hear that it was all worth while.

My own baby during the Scunt was the Quest, whose storyline occupied a good portion of the time I put in during the week. Despite some problems with the clues themselves, everything happened, but nobody got to the end, which makes me sad (especially since the endings are extra funny). So here's what I'm going to do. I'm meeting up with Tushar (who has been running the orientation web page) and we're going to put all twenty-five pages of storyline on the web so you can go through the Choose Your Own Adventure without having to solve arcane clues that are xor-ed with a particular digit of pi (if you really want to know, ask Anton, he's the nutball who came up with it). If you're reading this on Friday then it should have happened yesterday and you can mosey on over to the orientation web page and check it out (I'll be throwing a link to it from my webpage whenever I get around to changing it from the ever popular "hello world" (don't believe me, go to my website, you can hit it from the standard undergrad route (~sskrzyol) or from [www.sssnuggles.com](http://www.sssnuggles.com))). Ahhh, back to embedding brackets, excellent.

So the night after Scunt was Monte Carlo night. At which I ran security with Daryl. Pain in the ass but fun also. Some interesting things were given to us to begin with. A map with a single door labelled as Door 1 and no other doors labelled (we made up which was which by using a clockwise ordering on the map), and a fire plan that involved everyone in the basement going up the narrow staircase instead of just using the exits that are down there to begin with. I'm so proud of all the Mathies who worked security. I gave pretty interesting instructions. Basically, if they didn't fall into the very strict criteria of frosh (with wristband and id) or leader (with a tag) then they can't come in, if it's the second coming and the messiah wants to come party at Monte Carlo night and they don't have a leader tag or frosh band, then they can't come in. And the only exception would be to go through a floater (myself and Daryl, Nory and Doug were on walkie talkies going from door to door solving problems and dealing with cases that didn't fall into the strict rule set). No one was allowed through the non-entrances (doors that weren't being used). They turned away the FOC person who was responsible for the whole night from one of the non-entrances, much to her dismay (although later she said that at the time she was mad, later she realized that it was a good thing). It totally rocked, we had that place under a lock down. You have to understand that there are about 38-ish ways in and out of that building, and with only four doors in use we had that place covered from top to bottom. The only complaint I heard was that our security was too tight ... to which I responded thank you, cause I considered it a compliment.

Oh Math, how do you rock so much? This year's Frosh week was absolutely awesome, the Frosh rocked, the leaders rocked, the icebreakers rocked, the coordinators rocked, the directors rocked, the other faculties rocked, everything rocked. I love all the pride and general happiness that is created from Frosh week. So many people said they had such a great time, it's totally wicked.

Some strange things happened during the week, and go figure,

I'm going to tell a story/rant about one of them. The cargo van, let me tell you some things about the cargo van. So I need to get my furniture (couches and bed) to my new place, so I ask Daryl (who was one of the teamsters) if we can move it on Saturday using the van. So I go with Daryl to meet the other Teamster who has the van. Neither of us know who the person is so we walk up to the van to introduce ourselves. Before us is a very cute girl who takes one look at Daryl and says "I remember you," Daryl can't remember so she has to explain "I woke up on your lap during two years ago Frosh week, I'm Katie." No really, this happened, I shit you not (it happened when they were guarding the toga tent, which is an epic rant in and of itself, but not for now). So Daryl gets in shotgun and I get in the back where I proceed to do some somersaults while we are driving down Columbia. I'd never done a somersault in a moving car before, now I have. We moved my couches but couldn't get my bed. A couple days later (Monday?) we went and got my bed. Daryl was driving, Katie and I were on the bed in the back and Pete was taking pictures (which I promptly reported to the walkie talkie, but the only person who copied was Mikey Brown at University Stadium). Actually one of those pictures ended up in the slide show (I guess giving it all those tens paid off). Let me tell you that there are worse things in life than being on a bed with a hot girl in the back of a moving cargo van. Well needless to say after the great utility and comfort of my bed was discovered it lived in the van for the rest of the week and many stories emerged. Many people spent some time on my bed, at one point there were 17 people at one time on it (I was one of them), and that same night a hot girl that I don't even really know slept on it (she provided the locale for the leader party), don't get your hopes up though, I was at home at the time (one of the rooms at my place hadn't been rented yet so I was crashing there while my bed was experiencing the world). So my bed got a significant amount of action during the week, unfortunately I didn't. I'm sure there were some more stories about my bed but I'm getting tired and this article is getting long so I think I'll consider wrapping up. Oh wait, I haven't told you about my newest revelation yet ...

So I was playing Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles on a Nintendo emulator and watching Xena (I have an all in wonder so I can watch TV on my computer ... go multitasking, playing games and watching TV) and I realized that Gabrielle seems to be going through a weird assortment of weapons, reminiscent of, yup you guessed it, certain mutated turtles. Think about it, she started with the quarterstaff a la Donatello, then for a bit she used a sword (actually two short swords) which brings us to Leonardo, now she is using psies, which is Raphael of course. If next season they come back with nun-chucks I'll laugh.

Well with that last paragraph I hit 2000 words even so I think it's really time to finish off now. I'd just like to give a little laugh to a certain columnist who is now limited to 50 words, see people don't really care how long my articles are, I've had articles of length 3333 words and once an article that was only 3 words long, and a multitude in between. Be sure to keep reading *mathNEWS*, I'll talk about the Viking Funeral (aka blowing up a kiddie pool) in my next article, till then I'll leave you some words to live by ... "I don't know the scientific explanation, but fire made it good" — Homer in Flaming Moe.

Snuggles, the choice of the new generation  
Sometimes I think I'm a figment of my own imagination

# mathNEWSquiz #1

*Pushing the envelope of mediocracy*

Greetings all. I am your SquizMaster for the term. And I am also a SquizMaster for the term. We are SquizMasters for the term. I am Nadia, and I am Anton. We are two distinct individuals brought together by the *mathNEWS* to work on the Squiz.

New to the Squiz? Well, its really simple, you answer the questions below, you submit your answers to the **BLACK BOX** or email your answers to *mathNEWS's* email at [mathnews@student.math.uwaterloo.ca](mailto:mathnews@student.math.uwaterloo.ca) (the deadline is October first) and the winner will win very, very, VERY special prize from the C+D.

So without further delay: presenting this week's Squiz!

## Lyrics

*One Point for the artist, one point for the title.*

### Another Point for the Theme

- Yes I'm Siskel yes I'm Ebert and you're getting two thumbs up  
You've had enough of two-hand touch you want it rough  
you're out of bounds  
I want you smothered want you covered like my Waffle House hashbrowns  
Come quicker than FedEx never reach an apex like Coca-Cola stock you are inclined
- We can't stop foolin around  
On the bed, on the ground on the bathroom counter  
We can't stop when all her systems are go
- I'm sure you'll understand my point of view  
We know each other mentally  
You gotta know that you're bringin' out  
The animal in me
- There's a pair of lyin' eyes  
And a set of keys  
He says come be a star  
In the back seat of my car  
Oh but baby slow down  
You're goin' way too far
- With new pistons, plugs and shocks I can get off my rocks  
You know that I ain't bragging she's a real pussy wagon

## Medieval Stuff

### Are you Reliable?

There aren't enough reliable people, I find. I want someone around who is able to lie and lie and not care at all. I work for *mathNEWS*, the truth is cumbersome to me.

Then maybe someone who'll lie down. I mean, I want somebody able to perpetually lie down, preferably in the labs. I walk in and say, "You lie down. Now do it again." Only the most reliable people for me.

Now Ray, he's Laiable, but if he doesn't get onto that name-changing thing then I can't consider him as reliable as my buddy Oven who changed his last name from Li to Wilbur to Li to Franklin and back to Li again. Really reliable.

Don't even get me started on lye. I hate that stuff, except in soap, maybe, I guess. I know you.

Bradley Tap Smith

- Which castle in Aquitaine was the home of the Montequieu family?
- The Great Moravian Empire was destroyed by whom?
- When did the Muslims invade Septimania?
- What were the two duchies of Franconia?
- Which Bohemian King took over Carinthia in the 12-hundreds?

## Teamsters

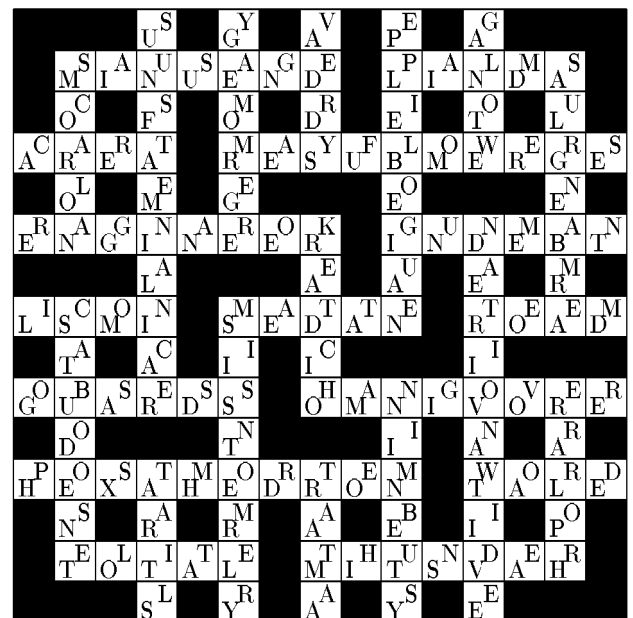
- In what Frosh Week did the Teamsters have to suffer with a mini-van instead of a cargo van?
- Who are the only two people to do the role of Teamster two Frosh Weeks in a row?
- Match the rental company with the Frosh Week?  

Year	Company
• 1998	• Thrifty
• 1999	• Discount
• 2000	• Ryder
• 2001	• Thrifty
- What's the last motion in the Teamster's handshake?
- In the heat of the night,  
At the scene of the fire.  
He arrives just in time  
getting stuff from \_\_\_\_\_

## Random

- What do the cows know?
- Who does Snuggles relate the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles to?
- What is the best way to corner a frosh?

The Squiz Guys



*Solution to Issue 6 and Frosh Puzzle*

## Grid Clues (Cryptic)

### Across

7. Catnap, so zone out (6)
8. Watch permit for hole (6)
9. Trim pole, take in (4)
10. About face and chase, or just run away (4,4)
11. American League East hit 100 fouls: is that fair? (7)
13. Fresh-baked tart I feature (5)
15. Mended stable (5)
16. Boating support shelters artificial intelligence (7)
18. Chip met a crooked firm (8)
19. Every other unsoothed quaver (4)
21. Hamlet confused this gal (6)
22. Lead together but can't go (6)

### Down

1. Former leaders owe new Cabinet explanation (4)
2. All the shy reptiles are wearing this calico (13)
3. Try out deodorant, or all trials are forbidden? (4-3)
4. How will wary Larry carry scary berry to Canary Islands? (5)
5. Ninety-minute version of The Elegant Fur (7,6)
6. Resistance outside tritium particle (8)
12. Overturns his trump for victories (8)
14. Power brokers in big slinky suits (3,4)
17. One way to heat ground meats (5)
20. Three very French sounds (4)

So, finished already? Want some brownie points? I started the puzzle exactly the way you did, with the first letter of every answer. Then I scoured the (on-line) dictionary for top-quality words to fill in the rest of the puzzle. What's the pattern to those initial letters?

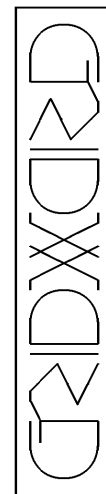
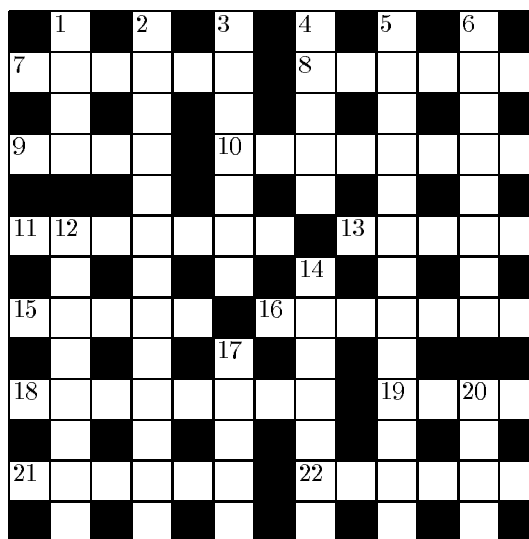
## Grid Clues (Conventional)

### Across

7. One who looks intently (6)
8. Quite a lot to see (6)
9. Star explosion (4)
10. Pet peeves (4-4)
11. An engraved piece of art (7)
13. Layers (5)
15. Covered in hair (5)
16. Tall American cactus (7)
18. Pouring freely, like a fluid (8)
19. Brazil, Hazel, and Cashew (4)
21. Asking to be informed (4,2)
22. From area around Florence (6)

### Down

1. Bus driver who likes to get blotto (4)
2. With great deviousness (13)
3. A musical interval of three whole steps (7)
4. Phobias (5)
5. With extreme fierceness (13)
6. One who undergoes pain (8)
12. Treats found by pigs (8)
14. French soldier and statesman: Marquis de La \_\_\_\_\_ (7)
17. Tempting singer of mythology (5)
20. Liquid eye expulsion (4)



## gridCOMMENTS

### Get Griddy Child

Bradley: Why does nobody want this job besides me? I get a regular column, and I don't have to write the grid, because Linda does an awesome job of that for us. Everybody thank her if you see her. Anyway, I'm back for another term, unless someone is more willing, and I've already got some prizes to give away!

Issue 6 from the spring term and the frosh issue both ran the same *gridWORD*. We got one submission for each type, both solving the grids from the frosh issue, and both guys have been around MC for over 2 years now. Curious. Colin Davidson (cryptic victor) and Jason "The Screamer" Lau (conventional champion) can pick up their C+D gift certificates from the MathSoc Office (we keep them in the *mathNEWS* mail box if you can't find them).

Linda: Welcome to UW, Frosh of 2001! Because it's your first term, I'm going to give you a break. I've already filled in the first letter of every answer. (Now, hey, all you veterans, this advantage is for frosh only. Get a friend to white out all those first letters before you even think about starting to solve the *gridWORD*!)

Are you totally new to cryptic crosswords? It all looks like gobbledy-gook, doesn't it? Well, each clue is a separate little word puzzle. For a tutorial, check out [www.guardian.com](http://www.guardian.com) and look for their terrific daily cryptic.

Bradley, again: Also, if you can find me, I love teaching people how to solve cryptics ... and I know all the answers so ask me for help. For those interested, here are the before and afters that accompanied the cryptic *gridWORD*: 6A. pig (sausage); 9A. horse (cart); 10A. April showers (May flowers); 11A. Norse mythology (Ragnarok); 20A. heavy drinking (hangover); 23A. death (post-mortem); 26A. book (afterword); 28A. lightning (thunder); 4D. story (epilogue); 5D. sex, fire, or an accomplishment (afterglow); 8D. first name (surname); 16D. train (caboose); 22D. trial (error); 24D. critter (tail). Colin got most of them exactly as designed, so he gets an extra bonus for being a super-awesome winner.

And before forget, again, here's the *gridQUESTION* for settling ties: *What did you forget to do during the summer?* Good luck, and get those grids in the **BLACK BOX** or mail them to [mathnews@student.math.uwaterloo.ca](mailto:mathnews@student.math.uwaterloo.ca) by October first.

Linda and Brad