Welcome Back!... (sigh)

Welcome back all you 4A's and 2B's and other miscellaneous engineers that chose to hop out of stream and schedule. Thinking back two summers, 2B was probably the toughest term in all of engineering so take heed my warning that while the sun has been shining, enjoy it now while you don’t have any labs or tutorials because you will soon likely be confined to the indoors and face first in textbooks. Not to mention that your hands will be bleeding from the never ending assignments and lab reports; yes, 2B is terrible. I remember it to be nothing short of torture. But there is light at the end of the tunnel. Through all your wailing and knashing of teeth, third year doesn’t get any harder. You will be hardened and seasoned (well, more like sleep deprived) when August winds up. To the fourth years, let us all take a moment in silence to remember those who fell tragically during 3A and 3B. Our fallen comrades will not be forgotten. Most of you will be graduating next spring so this is the homestretch, the glorious sprint finish. We made it! Holy cow, will you miss it after it’s all done? Yeah yuh will...

Sausage Fest
May 20 - 22
Weds & Thurs @ 5, Fri @ 1
Show up on your own
or sign up a team
See ESS bulletin/website for more details

Sausage Fest, the Engineering Students’ Society summer charity event, is being run May 20th – 22nd. The event is aimed at raising funds and awareness for The Canadian Prostate Cancer Foundation. The event will consist of orientation activities for team competition beginning at 5:00 pm on Wednesday and Thursday and a closing Barbeque on Friday at 1:00 pm. We encourage you to sign up teams or participate individually whenever you can, even if it’s just one night. Donations are greatly appreciated at any time throughout the event. See ya there!

Looking for something more productive to do in class than Facebook? Take note of the funny quotes your profs rattle off in class and send them in to essa-com@engr.uvic.ca. Here are this week’s contributions:

“Oh, it’s 28 degrees in my pants...” Dr. Sinton in MECH 455
“Two complex numbers. It is like they are living in a different world.” WS Lu in ELEC 403
“I’m not going to make the final must-pass because that would be a disaster.” - Dr. C in Mech 242
Dear Fellow Engineering Students,

It's great to be back for another semester with you at the rabbit populated campus that campaigns itself under the name of UVic. I hope your coop experiences were as rewarding, and hopefully not as cold, as mine was. You've re-elected me for a third, and final, term as President, and I'm thrilled to step up to the plate once again.

I intend to implement some changes this semester. I am passing a lot of the leadership to the younger members of the council, and acting more as a source of experienced-gained wisdom. I like to think of myself like Gandalf without the sweet beard, if only! I hope also to do a little less work by being a little bit better at delegating. We've already begun planning some exciting events for the semester so keep your eyes peeled for advertisements. Below is a list of some of the things currently in the works from your ever so dedicated council.

- **May 20-22:** Sausage Fest for Prostate Cancer
- **May 27:** Prof-Student Social
- **May 29:** TBA Sports Tourney and Possible Kegger
- **June 4:** Industry Social
- **June 12-14:** Tofino Surf Trip

I have asked members of the executive to think about what role they would like to see the ESS play in student lives. And I ask you to ask yourself the same question along with how you can achieve that vision. Even showing up to an event, as small as it seems, can build camaraderie within this very proud program, composed of such outstanding individuals. If you'd like to be involved, even in just one event, swing by and let us know.

As the semester begins I would like to offer these words of advice:
- Get involved; it's more rewarding than you'll ever know
- Be honest with yourself
- Keep your head up and your stick on the ice

And finally...

“In matters of fashion swim with the the current; In matters of principle stand like a rock.”  
– Thomas Jefferson

I hope to provide you with part of another great semester!

Sean Walsh
Semesterly General Meeting

I hope that everyone gets the reason why this is now called the ‘SGM’ not ‘AGM’ now. For those that don’t know, the word annual does not mean three times per year. Having said that, here is your new Engineering Students Society Executive:

Sean Walsh, El Presidente: Sean has been known for his tribal warrior calls. He has a habit of prancing around the ELW in the middle of day prowling for simple blonde girls. He once single handedly fought off a 100 artsies using a philips screwdriver and a can of whipped cream; he still has nightmares to this day and has violent flashbacks.

Mike Fryer, VP Academic: Mike attributes his red hair to the fiery orange couch in the ESS office. He has a passion for playing hide and go seek on his own. Mike can be found sleeping in the refrigerator and under Liam’s broken barbeque. His favourite colour is not red.

JP Markes, VP External: JP can often be found wandering the hallways of the library muttering elvish lullabies from the Lord of the Rings. JP likes to play with finger paints and once proposed to Nico whilst under the promise of citizenship in the domain of the man-king Alfor.

Nico Bailly, VP Finance: After refusing to wed JP, Nico offered his ability to regurgitate Tetris blocks to the Dean of Nursing. She accepted and taught Nico of her knowledge of the world of imagination land. Nico then began a career in cosmetology where he met Fergus and joined engineering.

Stephanie Morrison, Dir. Corp: is a complex blonde girl. She likes slurping slurpees loudly in class and can be regularly caught shotgunning energy drinks in the fluids lab. She is frustratingly slow at elec.

Fergus Lavelle, Dir. Comm: Fergus likes the simpler things in life; chasing his own tail, wearing tshirts inside out, tip-toeing along the German-Austrian border, evaluating the quality of paper by its smell. Fergus’ best friend is a small, highly irritating cat-like cartoon creature from Thundercats.

Liam Butters, Dir. Events: Broke his barbeque whilst trying to cook a moose whole & alive. Needless to say the moose escaped and gave the barbeque to Mike as shelter. Liam likes the Irish and eating stained-wood and doesn’t talk to moose anymore.

Mark Messmer, Dir. Services: Likes fabricating plastic straws. He paces around the EOW chanting that he is like an aged, rib-eye steak. Although some may say that Messmer is more than just a piece of meat, Justin thinks otherwise.

Justin Nesbitt, Dir. Spirit: Justin likes wearing bell-bottoms and wigs. He aspires to one day use the same deodorant as Sean and plays blaster on his TI-83 plus. Justin likes the smell of fried potatoes and quenched Al.

Peter Root, Dir. Sport: Peter magically transforms into the green giant and brings everybody peas at night. He rides a razor scooter between classes and makes owl calls from tree tops at lunch time. He has a Viktor the Viking lunch box.

Trevor Thompson, Generally Good Lookin’ aka Secretary: Trevor likes to practice his engineering abilities by playing with the computer program Treasure Mountain. He grins ear-to-ear whenever the sound of the Michelangelo sounds from the ESS TMNT machine.
Livin’ with the PREZ
A new ess serial by F·Lavelle

Sharing a roof and four walls with the President is.... interesting. The following is a recount of a day last week detailing his thrilling itinerary. Your ESS President has many intricacies, so expect more stories to come....

I woke up to sniveling and sobbing coming from downstairs. Mr. President could not find the extra-caffeinated coffee beans and his curling iron was broken from overuse. Ah yes, recipe for a morning disaster. Without a cup of dark roast and his hair unusually straight, Mr. President was going to have a very rough day. He had already booked sixteen meetings with the Dean, a four course brunch with the undergrad advisor, and his personal fan club required his appearance at twelve sponsorship conventions. This isn’t even to mention how stressful it was for the man to decide what to wear for all those individual events. For supper that evening, Mr. President discovered that frozen chicken fingers do not cook in 2 minutes at 550 degrees F. They actually cook for 12 minutes at 400 F just like the package suggests. With another supper failure to tally on the fridge, it was a trio of junior chickens that finished off the night. I even had to wipe the mayonnaise off his face when he passed out while snuggling his Blackberry. To be continued...
Life on COOP

Time to share some ridiculous stories

You all have (presumably) done a coop by now and I’m SURE you have some good stories from the crazy old guys (or old birds or fine young hens) you’ve worked with. This is a new section in the fishwrap I am starting and it’s basically going to consist of you sending me short anecdotes (yessss... finally get to bust that word out legitimately) on your favourite or most terrible stories from coop. You can mention who your employer was, when, and where, or you may leave those details out; your choice. Here are my examples (also true stories).

GM Oshawa Car Assembly 2007

I was in a meeting with the CAW discussing discipline for someone who left work four hours early without my permission. In the meeting, I got told that (if I were to discipline said worker) I was going to be bent over, have a stick shoved up my derriere and snapped off so hard, I wouldn’t know what end of the world was up. That was said to me (with F-bombs every third word) by a very high-up CAW union hotshot. This man screamed at me and actually broke me mentally. I nearly cried on the way home. So now given GM and CAW’s current situation, I feel zero sympathy for the CAW. I’ll be commenting more about the CAW later on after May 31 (GM’s deadline to qualify for government bailout money).

Discovering Ancient Drafting Tools

Behold, the electric eraser! It looks like an air dremmel but has an eraser bit on the end. After spending the last three months of my coop staring at a computer and not lifting a pencil, I quickly scribbled some bull on a scrap piece of paper. I turned on the electric eraser; then the magic happened. I giggled like a schoolgirl as I happily erased (with utmost ease might I add) my scribbles. Then I was shown the stencils they used back in the day to erase a perfect circle on a drawing and other assorted shapes for screws, bolts, and slots. TOO COOL!!!

Tofino Surf Trip

June 12-14

Camping @ Surf Junction

Tickets on sale soon!
ANOTHER FLASH ORIGINAL...

What's the matter there sport?

Oh, hey Potato Bill. It's just this Dynamics problem; it's impossible!

Have you tried modeling your system as a potato?

Hey, yeah! It's so easy now. Thanks Potato Bill!

No problem son, and just remember: potatoes is the answer to everything.

Gee, that didn't sound very sane. Maybe you should see a psychiatrist Potato Bill.

Oh I used to have a psychiatrist, until I bludgeoned him to death with a potato. Then I ground up his body to use as fertilizer in my potato garden.

Vote Liberal.

That's a terrible idea.

Jesus Christ!
Most engineering students caught wind of the reduced ECS building hours this summer. The initial reaction of students was a combination of fear and anger. Students wondered where they would study, many students asked, “Does the Faculty have the right to do that?” The Engineering Students’ Society immediately jumped into its role of advocating for students. During this process they came to learn several things. First, the temporary hours are not being used as a method to gather statistics as to the reduced hours’ affects. The hours are in fact a temporary measure while the Building Security Committee decides on a better solution. Second, there is have been a number of acts of vandalism to the ECS in recent months, climaxing with the theft of the Maltwood Gallery artwork.

I recently found myself in the heat of a debate with one of my peers. We were arguing about a friend of ours who had fallen into the habit of being rude to the people around him. The debate focused on whether it was appropriate to tell our friends that their behaviour was rude and not appreciated by others. Eventually I made the statement, “If those close to you cannot give guidance on your behaviour, who can?”

More and more people hide from conflict; doing everything in their power to avoid any sort of fight. We have been taught that there is no right answer and that the world is just a series of perceptions, and it cannot be our place to instruct others on the reality of right and wrong. The only people who can speak against wrong behaviour are police. Despite that most wrongful actions are not made wrong by the law. Yet we have become so constrained from voicing opinion that we cannot disagree when somebody says right is left. The question I would like to ask, how severe must the situation get before our world falls into crumbles? The reality is there is a right answer and there is an appropriate code of behaviour, just as there is a way to tell people that it’s their responsibility to abide by it.

As the ESS goes about advocating on behalf of students during the ongoing hours issue, I ask myself, is it even worth it? Somewhere out there a student with a basement full of stolen artwork. In all likelihood he didn’t act alone, or without anyone knowing that he was doing it, and he acted at the expense of the common student. This happened because this individual didn’t understand the concept of right and wrong, he didn’t and continues to not understand that his selfish actions affect other people around him. Moreover, none of his peers didn’t have the courage to stand up to him and tell him his actions were wrong. If the ECS does reopen to 24 hours, how long will it be until another student acts on his own desires, plays on society’s lack of conscience, only to accelerate our world’s path into the crumbles, where it will eventually end up on our current course.

Have you ever wanted to sit down, have a brew, and talk about monster trucks with Dr. Tiedje? I most certainly have. Your chance is at 4:30pm on the 27th of May at Felicita’s. There will be bountiful nachos, and a limited volume of complimentary BEvERageS. RRSP in the ESS Office before Monday the 25th or you won’t get in. There is no cover, and BEvERages are cheap.
Two weeks down, classes are pretty good, no labs yet... yeah, maybe this summer semester will be manageable after all. I might even be able to get a tan!

Right on dude.

THREE WEEKS LATER

I was wrong!

Why are you on fire?

I have no idea!

If you’d like to add something to the Fishwrap, or submit something utterly ridiculous, or even have your own column for complaining or ranting, hunt me down in the ESS or email at essa-com@engr.uvic.ca. Also, if you have any questions, complaints, or comments regarding Fishwrap content, keep it to yourself because I don’t want to hear it. Of course I’m kidding...

SUDOKU

I love suudoku, and you do too. But for your own good, I am not putting one in this issue because this is the time in the semester where slacking off in class is a very poor idea. These are the weeks of school everyone thinks are a vacation, then a week later, everyone craps their pants realizing that they are literally in deep doo-doo and actually need to pay attention in class. To be cruel, I’ll save a special Sudoku puzzle for you all right when midterms start.

From the Editor,

It is with great honour that I attempt to fill the large shoes of the Fishwrap Editor Liam Butters. He will be missed. While I have no idea how or what I have gotten myself into, I am going to continue the tradition of creating a document worthy of distracting you for an entire lecture about twice a month. Happy reading and happy procrasitinating.

Fergus Lavelle
essa-com@engr.uvic.ca

WHAT GOT DONE THIS WEEK

- THE OFFICE WAS RE-ARRANGED - COME CHECK IT
- THE PLANT IS MAKING A RECOVERY AND IS IN STABLE CONDITION... GROWTH IS EXPECTED
- SEAN BROKE HIS CURLING IRON
- BEER SPONSORSHIP IS LOOKING GOOD AND TASTY
- THERE IS TALK IN THE FACULTY OF PRODUCING A SPORTS TEAM WORTHY OF TAKING ON STUDENTS
- SAUSAGE FEST JOKES HAVE NOT GOTTEN OLD YET
- INSTRUCTIONS HAVE BEEN FOUND ON HOW TO OPERATE THE SLURPEE MACHINE
- FERGUS WILL NEVER LIVE DOWN BEING LOCKED OUT OF THE ESS OFFICE ON HIS FIRST DAY
- A FOOSBALL LADDER WILL BE STARTED