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Heard a prof or fellow student say something embarrassing or incriminating? Send it to essa-com@engr.uvic.ca

“Can I rub it? I’m going to rub it.” - S. Nandi ELEC 365

“You, Anderson! No, wait. You’re not Anderson. Hmm. Anderson’s buddy: what is the answer to the question?” - Y. Shi MECH 380

Disclaimer: The views expressed in this paper are by no means the views of the UVic ESS or any member of the UVic Engineering department and therefore, should be taken solely as opinion rather than policy. ERTW
!!!!!!!UPCOMING EVENTS!!!!!!!

**engu Evening Excursion**

**Arcade Outing!**

**WHAT:** Arcade Fun  
**WHEN:** Some time in November  
**WHERE:** The Zone (formerly known as Johnny Zees, beside Capitol 6)  
**WHY:** Because there will be pizza, a heck load of tokens and who DOESN’T like playing video games and DDR?  
**HOW:** Stay tuned for more info!

**BUGPUSH**

**WHAT:** The annual United Way charity BugPush  
**WHEN:** Sunday, October 17, 6:00am - 6:00pm  
**WHERE:** The event will take place on Ring Road, and sign up is posted outside the ESS office  
**WHY:** Because you want to support the United Way and get more involved in ESS activities this semester! CH-MON!!!! GET INVOLVED!!!!!  
**HOW:** Any way you can. Dog sled team?

**ADDITIONAL INFO:** Participants are encouraged to sign up in teams to make pushing easier, and a $20 minimum donation is suggested for student teams, $45 for corporate teams. If you want to know more, check out [www.engr.uvic.ca/~bugpush](http://www.engr.uvic.ca/~bugpush)

**Hockey Pool**

- Registration forms are available!  
- Forms are outside the ESS office  
- There is a $5 entry fee  
- Prizes given out fortnightly and at the end of the pool  
- There is additional INFO on the registration form.

**International Suit-Up Day**

**WEDNESDAY** the 13th of October is International Suit-Up Day, (also Jeff M’s birthday). So “suit up!” for a world united in classy clothing - or to celebrate a fellow ‘geer. Trust me on this one, it’ll be LEGEND, wait for it, DARY!
Even more events!

Girls’ Night!
WHAT: An adventure for engineering students of the female persuasion.
WHEN: Some time in November
WHERE: Somewhere
WHY: It will be super fun!
HOW: Stay tuned for more info!

Hockey Night!
WHAT: A night of ice-hockey playing awesomeness!
WHEN: October 29th, 11:30pm-1:00am
WHERE: Oak Bay Rec center
Skates can be rented on location, helmets and gloves are optional and you have to bring your own stick!
Tickets are going on sale Friday, available online or at the ESS office.

Event rumours floating around the ESS office: Movie Night? Drink and Dodge (dodgeball tourney)? UVEC?

What Grinds My Gears

Parking at UVic.
It was a dark and dreary Sunday night on September 27th; I had just put the finishing touches on the first issue of the FishWrap and was heading out to my vehicle. Surprise, surprise: some good soul had taken it upon themselves to ticket me. Now, I play by the rules most of the time, and I am very aware of UVic’s asinine parking policy (pay for parking 24 hours of the days, every day. Oh, except for Sundays. How nice of them.), but this particular ticket caught me off guard. Why? Maybe because it was issued at 12:30AM on Monday morning. That’s right. I had overstayed my Sunday welcome by 30 minutes, preventing the vast multitude of other vehicles overflowing the ESS parking lot from finding a spot. Funny thing about being on campus at 12:30 in the morning on a Sunday night, you’re usually the ONLY person on campus. Oh, my bad, I forgot about the one other person, the one hiding in the bush with their pack of tickets and a pencil, waiting for the clock to tick past midnight. Well, thank you Officer 60; you truly are a diligent a-hole. Next semester when you are paying your student fees, remember that you are indirectly paying some jerk to write you a ticket at 12:30 in the morning. So, if any of you are so fortunate as to run into Officer 60, you have my express written permission to NOT give them a high five.

- Flash

Being put on hold.
I am constantly delighted by the ingenuous devices that various companies have developed to ease their customers’ stress over being put on hold. There’s elevator type music, talk-radio, or my personal favourite: Coast Capital’s hold line which gives tips on how to save money while you listen to a soothing background of the gentle crashing of ocean waves. All companies, however, have the commonality of a periodic voice reminding you that you have not been forgotten, and are in fact on a “priority queue” to speak with the next available operator. How difficult, I wonder, would it be for one of these companies to write a program which would take the number of people waiting in their “priority queue,” and divide it by their number of operators to give a decent estimate of how long you might have to wait? They could even just tell me how many operators there are and how many callers there are. That way, the next time I call BC Transit to find out why two buses in a row haven’t shown up, I will know that there are 80 people waiting to speak to one operator AND I’LL HANG UP! GAAAAAH!!!
Give Up Wireless Technology? Heck no!

Just the other week I was sitting in my cubicle of a room, enjoying being alone because I have no friends, and listening to the radio because I have no one to talk to. Suddenly they were broadcasting some special report on how this lady had done a study on how wireless devices are harmful to our bodies due to waves and radiation. This Lady reported that cellphones, laptops, and wireless devices can damage our internal systems. In order to stay safe, we must turn our cellphones off at night time which means no leaving it on by your bedside. I thought to myself, “that I can do”. So I made a promise to myself to turn off my cellphone every night even if it meant no more booty calls and to make sure that I never carried it close to my body which meant “bye bye cellphone in pocket”. Then I realized, “oh crap, I just purchased a new laptop”. Would I be able to part with my new technological asset? Probably not, I’m too addicted to facebook and stalking the only 5 friends I have to deactivate my only portal to exterior society. And besides, I wouldn’t be able to escape laptop radiation anyways. Even if I threw my laptop out for a hobo to prosper off of, I’d still be radiated by the selfish cows sitting next to me in every class. Unless of course I transferred into the faculty of finger painting, maybe I’d have a chance. I thought to myself “this dilemma is inescapable!!” And plus, with UVic being a wireless campus, I’d be radiated all through my years of university!!! So this might mean that in order to stay alive I must drop out of university and stay away from all coffee shops so that routers don’t kill me. As if!!! I’d rather wither away than avoid a post secondary education and potential people that I can call friends. I reached over to turn the radio off while it told me that there was an oyster recall due to some poison shmoison. I doubt many people will take this matter more seriously as I do and if they do, I REALLY don’t think that you can get around it without making major sacrifices. But if you do, please let me know by emailing me at hubbly.bubbly.cats1_63456_xoxo@hotmail.com and maybe we can be best friends.

Sincerely:

The Paranoid and bitter one

WANTED

Interested in helping update the E.S.S. website? Email Michael Taylor at essa-tec@engr.uvic.ca. Database, Python, HTML and AJAX knowledge/experience useful, but all are welcome.

WANTED

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Musings of Angry Engineers

Prognosis: Stupid
Prescription: Ligers

It has become too easy for the people of North America (specifically in the United States and Canada) to survive. As technology has advanced, so too has the ease with which our basic needs are met. Gone are the simple times of the hunter-gatherer society in which nature would sort the strong from the weak: replaced instead by a system in which someone may buy a cup of coffee, spill it on themselves, and then sue the company they bought it from because it was too hot. Those same people that would have been picked off by the saber-toothed tigers some 12000 years ago now thrive in a society which, through excessive laws and regulations, rewards those who fail to understand the basic principles of self preservation. The result of this paradigm shift? Well, with the modern population exploding exponentially, the stupid have been allowed to survive and the gene pool has become saturated with people who do not look before crossing the road and pour scalding hot liquids onto their own person. To ensure the preservation of our species we must take action against the rising tide of stupidity that threatens to drown out the future of human intelligence. My proposed solution? Ligers. Packs of wild ligers dispersed throughout all the major cities of the world would quickly and efficiently cull the cow-eyed multitudes of coffee spilling Palin supporters. The beautiful part about this plan is that ligers, being a hybrid, cannot reproduce. Thusly, after 10-20 years of liger-bourne mayhem, all would return to normal, only with less stupid and more awesome!

- Ledo Vobis

CrossWalk Madness

Nearly *every day* on Pandora, Yates and to a lesser degree on Johnson and Fort, I am reminded that people don’t know how to drive - or at least, people are paralyzed with confusion and stupid when faced with a pedestrian controlled crossing light.

The light flashes green most of the time. When someone presses the button on the pole, the light will go solid green, then amber and then red so that the someone can cross. Pretty simple, right? The flashing green means that no one has pressed the button or that the light is slow to respond to a button push, NOT drivers-slow-down-and-stop-to-obstruct-traffic-and-possibly-cause-a-pile-up. That’s not ‘being nice’, it’s being dangerous. Pedestrians don’t expect drivers to stop at green lights. Even if one car does, the one in the next lane could still kill ya dead. It’s like stopping for a potential jay-walker. Don’t get me wrong: don’t hit people with your car, if they are in the street (or on the side walk, or just in general), but if they aren’t in the street then keep going, for heaven’s sake. THE LIGHT IS GREEN. It may be flashing, but it’s STILL GREEN!

- Pipes

Another Prof Quote:

“You guys shouldn’t do this essay the night before, but I know you’re going to. You have other classes and lives... it’s not like you’re engineers or something.” - Dr. Jason McClure GRS 200
Frosh Week: A Calgarian Spin

The trip started with us just past Hope, driving through the night in a metal beast without a single working headlight. Our only option, it seemed, was to drive with the high beams blaring and the roar of Rage Against the Machine in our ears. Other occupants on the asphalt trail were not pleased with our choice in lighting and did not hold back in flashing their lights or trying to run us off the road. Many attacks from semi drivers later, we arrived in Kamloops and with a mission: find a place to sleep, get BEvERages, and eat. Initially, the plan was to stay in a hostel we had looked up earlier, but we soon realized that it had closed down and been converted into an art gallery – LAME! A few calls later and we ended up in one of the seediest motels I’ve seen in a while, but all in all we didn’t care since there was strong drink and a Mc. Gangbang just around the corner...

Sunday rolled around and thoughts of a new school year in Calgary were in the air. I went down to the University of Calgary (U of C) campus to check out my old stomping grounds and visit my pal Johnny Mac, their ESS prez. I found him busily preparing for Frosh Week, so I gave him a hand cleaning out FSESS (a common room originally for first and second year ESS students, but now just a games room full of engineering sport, ie. foosball). Things had changed for their Frosh week since the time when I attended the U of C. When I was there, the different engineering departments would try and recruit Froshies with the lure of free BEvERages and the glory of winning Frosh week. Nowadays, new Froshies meet each other by being placed on teams based on which classes they’re taking. This new format seemed to be quite a bit more effective in getting Froshies to mingle.

Monday, Monday is a finger day… and it was. It was also the day that Frosh week kicked off. Around noon, after everyone had gone to a couple of classes and remembered what university felt like, it was time for the Frosh week opening ceremonies. Everyone gathered in the middle of the engineering buildings at the “fire sticks,” and learnt a little bit about Frosh week; then the parade began. The hoard of engineers marched around campus chanting tales of a naked lady in Coventry and working in Chicago. Eventually we made it to our final destination: Scurfield Hall (Scurfield Hall is the business building). To provide a little background: engineering and business have had a long running rivalry at the U of C campus. Our final chant at Scurfield Hall expressed engineers’ love for business in the form of a repeated chant of “temple of greed” and the engineering song. This first day of Frosh week was wrapped up with a BBQ and possible BEvERages if you knew where to look.

Our last day in Calgary was Tuesday, and the first event of the day was the chariot race. Each team had a chariot built to various degrees of quality, ranging from a well-built chariot replica, to an old rusty shopping cart. But these all had the same purpose: to further their team’s dream of winning Frosh week. The chariot race event entails a team of people pushing or pulling, and some eventually dragging, a make-shift chariot around a track with a Froshie in the chariot. At some points on the track there were engineers who brought “goodies” to throw at the chariot racers in the form of oatmeal balls, old burgers, and tomatoes. Half of the chariots broke during the race and the contestants had to carry their Froshie to the end.
The last event on Tuesday, and the end of our visit to Frosh week at the U of C, was quiz heads. This event is similar to Jeopardy in ways, but I have seen it turn into something closer to a game of cranium, and always has a U of C engineering spin. I remember one year where the contestants were played an animal sound followed by a track of an older women trying to pick up a younger man. COUGAR!! The rest of engg week continued with even more events, including the keg olympics, a road race, raid The Den, and POETS, but those are stories for another time. All in all, missing the first week of classes to go party with the engineering students at The University of Calgary was a great experience, and I learned more there than I ever would have by sitting in a lecture.

- Kevin Lavery

Prof-Student Social: In Review

The prof student social happened last week on Wednesday. As is usually the case, there was a daunting group of anxious engineering students sitting around a few tables at Felicitas when the profs started to arrive. Over the next 30 minutes, a total of 10 professors showed up. It seemed like the conversation was pretty light - some talked about football and some talked about research and engineering. All in all it seemed like everyone had a great time. Perhaps it’s time for us to start inviting our professors out for pints after class? Just to chill? Might be worth asking....

- Liam Butters

Anagram Puzzles: Who’s-Who

Unscramble the letters to form the ‘famous’ last names.

1. open-source OS legend: RASLOVDT
2. responsible for COBOL, a machine-independent programming language:
   PROEPH
3. invented Kevlar: EWOLKK
4. the fine young man who puts out the FishWrap: ODGNOR
5. your ESS society president: TEBURST
6. an energetic UVic professor who may tempt engineers into leaving for CSC,
   manages the mod(ularity) squad: AYDOC
7. UVic first year mech master (and hero): MAKHUCB
8. hovercraft and blimp enthusiast (UVic professor): NHEGC
9. UVic engineering dean: JEEDTI
10. UVic ENGR associate dean: OKANSCJ
11. UVic ENGR associate dean of research: LEUMRL
12. UVic ENGR 1st year advising officer: OYSKGLIN

Answers

Lilliam: (1) Muller, Hausi; (2) Colomsky, Leman
Lillian: (6) Coady, Young; (7) Buckham, Reid; (8) Yancey, Young; (9) Tedde, Tom; (10) Jackson,
Liam: (3) Kowloek, Siegman; (4) Gordon, creamie; (5) Burtles.
(1) Torvalds, Linnis; (2) Hopper, Grace; (3) Kowloek, Siegman;
**Dating Advice For MEngeineers...**

A couple handy tips can go a long way in building your reputation with the ladies. A good way to find out what it is that women want to see in a man is to go to the source itself: real girlfriends of actual engineers. We conducted an informal survey of several of these mythical creatures (yes, plural) and have compiled a list of tits (oops, tips) to help you succeed with your soulmate.

**Today’s theme: First Impressions**

1. Introduce yourself, ask her name, and immediately monopolize the conversation. This is a thoughtful gesture as it will save her the hassle of having to think of what to say, which is difficult for most women. You can also dazzle her with all the amazing things you know, like force vectors.
2. On your first date bring something random, like an oyster. This will show her how deep you are.
3. Breathe heavily into her ear. Not only is this a good greeting technique after sneaking up from behind her, it also lets her know you have a good set of lungs. Purr slightly. Chicks dig a guy who loves animals.

- Interpersonal Chemist

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**A Beer Review**

Ah Beer, the magical drink that gets many an engineer through their degree. Seeing as most of the people who read this paper are in engineering, I feel that I may be preaching to the choir; however, I hope a few of you can take something away from this. First off, if you’re going to be an alcoholic anywhere, you chose a damn good city to be one. Victoria has an impressive seven local breweries, all of superb quality: Phillips, Driftwood, Lighthouse, Vancouver Island, Spinnakers (brewpub), Swans (also known as Buckerfield’s), and Canoe Club. It was a sad day when Hugos shut down, but we still have a bounty so one can’t complain.

All of these businesses make fantastic beer and, unlike other “craft breweries” such as Granville Island, Nelson and Sleeman’s, are locally owned and run. This is an important consideration when you find out that only 15% of the beer consumed in Canada is from local breweries (aka, independents). The number one beer is Budweiser. This is rather disappointing when there are so many delicious beers waiting to be enjoyed. For God’s sake, Bud, Molsons, and damn near all big name brews taste like diluted donkey piss covered in bees. The bees themselves are bland and there only to add some flair, but the donkey piss... how can you get past the donkey piss! For Shame. Take Swan’s Berry Ale. That beer is my Jesus. It’s damn good and, for some reason, hits me like a ton of gold bricks wrapped in semi-non-toxic lead. Oh man... I love that beer. But I drink it in moderation damnit, and so should you. On that same tangent, I’m going on a bender this weekend, so next issue will be informative.

- Beerboy Burton
Pre-Marathon
The time is 8:40 PM, Oct 9th, 2010. In just over 12 hours, I will start running a marathon. Am I prepared to run a marathon? No, not really. Is that going to stop me? I’d like to say no here as well, but there may at some point be a physical impasse at which my body gives out on me. But let’s just be crazy and say no. So why, you may ask, am I doing this? Well, a wise friend of mine once texted me a message; the contents of that message read as follows: “want to run a marathon in October?” and so it was.

I think the real motivation behind this endeavour lies in the relative shortness of our lives. I look forward to one day being able to tell my grandkids some pretty wicked stories about the crazy stuff I used to do back in my youth. On the flip side of this, there is the factoring in of the death potential behind each of these crazy activities, and by no means am I suggesting that anyone go out and try to wrestle a bear. But at the end of the day, it’s good to push yourself outside of your comfort zone and try some different things. Tomorrow, Toby H, Adam G, and I will try to best 42.2 km in less than four hours. All three of us have colds, two of us haven’t really trained, and one of us is Toby – a beast of a man from the Yukon who could likely run the entire race in sub-zero conditions while fighting a polar bear. Here’s me wishing the three of us the best of luck; I’ll tell you how things went down once it’s all done (a couple centimeters on a page for you, 42 grueling kilometers for us), if I’m still alive.

Post-Marathon
My legs hurt. I am physically, emotionally, mentally, and spiritually exhausted. And now, a recap: We started off with good cheer and a quick pace, too quick as it turned out. We joked and laughed with fellow marathoners as the miles flew by. Far ahead of our projected four hour pace, we paid no heed to the nagging voice in the backs of our heads telling us to “slow the f down.” Then, at around the 20 km mark, our muscles began to hurt. Sadly, the pain did not pass fleetingly as we continued to run, but rather increased linearly. Somewhere between the 24 and 25 km marker, we lost Toby. Distraught but determined, Adam and I pushed on. My number was up next, and at 30 km I had to slow down to a pained hobble-walk. Amazingly enough it was Adam, who out of the three of us did the least training and joined us on a whim days before the race, that was able to dig deep and soldier on! Now, travelling at a less-than-awesome walking pace, I took step after horribly painful step towards the finish line - still 12 kilometers away. Startlingly, as I approached the 38 km marker, Toby appeared! Having recovered sufficiently to run in halting spurts, Toby had managed to catch up, and so we walked and talked for a kilometer before Toby set out again at a goodly-paced jog. With a thousand meters to go I decided to give running one last try. Gritting my teeth, I mustered up a half decent shamble and “ran” the last leg of the race. The final results: Adam 4:17:59; Toby 4:52:05; Flash 4:56:31. So what did I learn from all this? Never underestimate a marathon, and for the love of force vectors, do some real training!

- Flash

PS
Thanks to Don and Kevin for the post-race support, and to Toby for supplying the Dom Pérignon!
Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 18)
Remembering the little things like trimming your fingernails and watering the plants will keep your hands hygienic and your plants alive, but it won’t help you pass your midterms.

Pisces (Feb 19 - Mar 20)
Take a well-deserved break, and regret it for the rest of your life!

Aries (Mar 21 - Apr 19)
You want to make a change, but nothing too drastic. Washable markers to the face will be a unique but temporary way to shake up your look.

Taurus (Apr 20 - May 20)
You’re doomed! You’re all doomed!

Gemini (May 21 - Jun 20)
For you, Gemini, life is all about opposite extremes, so don’t get too excited when I say that something really good will happen to you in the coming weeks.

Cancer (Jun 21 - Jul 22)
You need to pay more attention to Chris. If you’re thinking ‘Chris who?’, that’s exactly what I’m talking about.

Leo (Jul 23 - Aug 22)
Expect some minor inconveniences in the near future, like a paper-cut, the hiccoughs or criminal detainment under false pretenses.

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sep 22)
Blame all of your problems on the bunnies. It works for UVic; it’ll work for you.

Libra (Sep 23 - Oct 22)
Your balance has been lost this week. Good things will come in ones and bad things in fives.

Scorpio (Oct 23 - Nov 21)
The sun will soon be in your constellation, giving you the energy to achieve your goals, but don’t get too cocky: the sun gives energy to every land-dwelling creature, every day.

Sagittarius (Nov 22 - Dec 21)
Something terrible is going to happen this week. If you send an article into the FishWrap, it might not happen to you.

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19)
Let’s stop kidding ourselves; everyone knows that Capricorns can’t read.
If you can’t find all 10, a solution is posted outside the ESS office. I’m disappointed in you though; I thought you were better than that.

**FishWrap CrossWord**

Guess the engineering-related words from the clues and fill in the squares with the letters from said words.

Across

1. knobbed component for adjusting voltage
2. the practice of scrambling, deception and security
3. the fourth state of matter
4. in early Moore’s law, these are getting smaller
5. in pseudo code the GT comparator is short for
6. always pulling the other way, when things move against each other
7. this guy has a refraction equation
8. a turning or rotational force
9. ______ the code after you write and debug it and before you can run it
10. one who applies math, physics and not sleeping much in development of novel solutions to problems
11. videogame wherein you shoot at skags

Down

1. PIPES

**-PIPES**
Editor’s Note

Well, this is my second all-nighter in the past five days, I’m sick as a dog, and I’ll probably be taking a big fat zero on the Heat and Mass Transfer assignment that is due at... 4:00pm? My god, THERE’S STILL TIME!!! Okay, so good news there. But despite all that, I’m feeling great. Engineering has this way of beating the **** out of you, but also making you feel like you’re home, and it’s that homey feeling that gets me through these 48 hour days. Oh, Happy Thanksgiving!

I’d like to apologize once again to those of you whose articles I did not have room to publish; perhaps next issue I’ll have to run a 16 pager (I say that now, but with midterms at our doorstep I may be lying rather flagrantly). I can’t tell you enough how much I appreciate the support I’ve been getting from everyone this far, and I can promise you that anything you send me - within the realms of common decency... and even then I’m pretty lenient - will make it into an issue of the FishWrap. One more reminder, if you haven’t been getting emails regarding ESS events, please log onto http://ess.uvic.ca/news and sign up for the ESS mailing list.

Cool new stuff in the ESS office this week: we officially have a new ESS plant (thank you Trevor), and we got a wicked cool new Foosball ladder, pictured on the cover (thank you Chelli, you are a master welder).

Flash
essa-com@engr.uvic.ca

Sudoku!!!

The only word that rhymes with...
pseudo-poo? Nevermind.

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This Week’s Contributors

Kevin Lavery
Geoff Burton
Tiffany Yu
Piper Gordon
Tristan Sealby
Nigel Syrotuck
Liam Butters
Michael Taylor
Krista Morrow
Jeremy Moseley
Flash Gordon

If you encounter any of the above-mentioned people, please give them a high-five. Thank you.

Next Issue:

Updated leader board for the Hockey Pool
More dating advice for heartsick engineers.
An article on Gainers by Nicolas G.
An article on High Altitude Energy by Dr. Crawford.
An article on ham radios by Peter K.
An article on the Dec. 6th memorial by Tiff.