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THE CARLETON STUDENT ENGINEERING NEWSPAPER

THE IRON TIMES

DRAW YOUR WANDS

CSES.CARLETON.CA/PUBLICATIONS/THEIRONTIMES

SEPTEMBER 2014



As you may have noticed, something's different. No, we haven't changed our hair. Yes, we have put on a little weight. It's not a self-esteem problem, it's just the new and improved Iron Times.

We needed to switch our printing company this year (the old one made the ramming you get from Calculus II look like a gentle massage). So we took the opportunity to switch things up a little bit. The entire paper is now in full colour. We can print as many photos as we want

(yeah, there was a bloody limit before). And we're doing it all with a company that charges us half the cost per sheet.

Now, what does this mean for you, cherished readers? It means that we have more space, and thus we can fill these technicolour pages with more of the eloquent drivel you so crave. It means we can put more pictures, for the illiterate programs. We're also going to try and be a little more professional. Fucking Illuminati.

For those of you who are new to Carleton, or simply picking up an issue of The Iron Times for the first time, let me welcome you to your monthly taste of engineering unleashed. Our goal is to make sure that every month, you have something that brings a smile to your face, a tear to your eye, and gives you a little extra insulation for your den. It's cold in Ottawa, and winter is coming.

As always, if you write it, we'll likely publish it. We've broadened our scope this year,

and we're taking anything from photo-journalism to artwork to in-depth analyses. This paper will continue to be about things that matter to engineers, as written by (mostly) engineers.

If there is something that matters to you, then write about it. We at The Iron Times are always happy to listen. So please, enjoy our first issue of the 2014-2015 year. A lot of sweat, tears and love went into it. May it please you.

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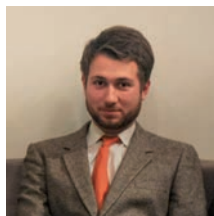
EDITORIALS

THE BORG COLLECTIVE: WHERE NO NEVER MEANS NO

FROM THE DESK OF THE EDITOR

RESISTANCE IS FUTILE

Why Apathy might be the most effective agent for Social Change

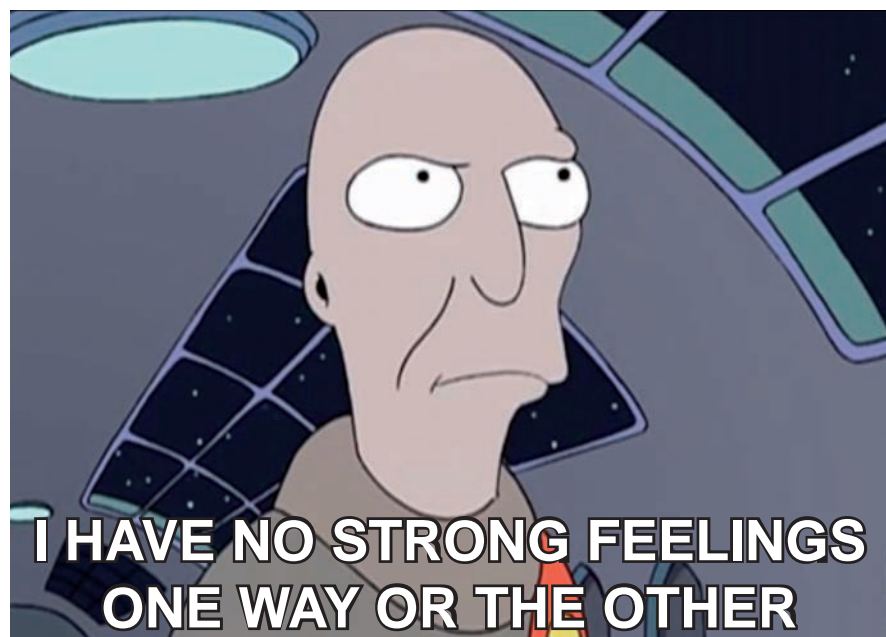


Connor "Birdbath" Buott
- AERO III -

The opposite of love is not hate, it's indifference. The opposite of art is not ugliness, it's indifference. The opposite of faith is not heresy, it's indifference. And the opposite of life is not death, it's indifference. -Elie Wiesel

We live in a world today where we are expected to care about absolutely everything. At some point over this summer, we shared our opinions on the Crimean uprising, the Gaza cease-fire, the death of Robin Williams, and the Ebola outbreak in Africa. There is simply so much and in such a variety that it becomes all but impossible to sincerely care.

Yet we continue to talk about them regardless. At best, we have some new knowledge to share with others, and at worst we formulate an opinion from thin air in order to be included in the discussion. And how could we not? As university-educated, intelligent students, we are expected to have a formalized opinion on everything from transgender rights to international politics. We absorb



by-the-minute tweets about riots in Missouri or Supreme Court rulings, and devote time and effort to formulating our position on every issue under the sun.

Yet on the vast majority of these issues we are under-informed, under-educated, and perhaps most importantly: we have little to no stake in the outcome. Thus we use our emotions and limited knowledge to create a critical mass of opinions that smother the relevant views, and promote an environment where a shared Facebook post bears more weight than speeches by Presidents and scientific authorities. So, when something lies so far outside our personal domain, why not embrace ambivalence, and simply become apathetic?

I will be the first to admit that this is an uncomfortable standpoint. Yet the notion of apathetic reasoning dates back to the Greek philosophy of Stoicism, where those who were free of emotional investment were considered the wisest members of society, and thus the most capable of rational thought. Likewise, the easiest way to remove your natural emotional response is to recognize that you have no stake in a given issue.

When you start to look around us, we realize we are either unneeded or detrimental to many of the wars we are waging around the world, and within our own society. Once the vast majority of useless opinions are removed, it leaves the engineers,

politicians, philosophers, ethicists and militaries free to do the jobs that they spend their entire lives training and educating themselves for.

The benefits of indifference go far beyond just allowing intellect to reign over ignorance. We need only look back upon the major issues dominating our social development in the preceding century: voting rights for women, then end of segregation, rights to sexuality and freedom of expression, and so many other wonderful improvements to our society. More often than not, these changes were achieved by a small group of motivated people fighting to overcome a miss-informed or miss-guided populace. The only way to remove our personal biases against social change is to simply stop caring, and let the voices of those who are affected be heard by the ears of those with the power to implement change, be it through law, legislature, resources or borders.

This all being said, do not mistake my call for apathy as a blanket with which to suffocate all human passion, emotion and self-interest. There will always be issues that are personally relevant to you, be it through your race, gender, sexuality, religion, family, or simply empathy. It is your right and your power to try and change society for the better. My point is simply to focus on the issues that truly matter to you. Devote your time, energy and resources into issues you can directly affect, and remove your face from the mob that surrounds every topical issue. Stay informed and up to date on as many issues as you wish, but stop sharing posts titled "How Can this Still be a Thing?" or "This is utterly unacceptable". 'Likes' are a pitiful form of advocacy, and their only benefit is to convince the lazy that they are making a contribution.

Do not be afraid of apathy: embrace it, and let it lubricate the gears of social change. And as an added benefit, when next some politics major with a neck-beard and sweater-vest chides you for being uninformed on the republican primaries (or CUSA impeachments), you can pull out Clark Gable's classic line: *"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."*

TOP 8

Uses For The New Gigantic IRON TIMES

1. Gorgeous Wallpaper
2. A Cheap H-VAC System
3. Emergency Gimp Suit
4. Smother Charlatans
5. Induce Buckling
6. Cleaning up Spillage
7. A Pykrete Battleship
8. More stories about engineering. More news. More reality. But without compromising on what makes the Iron Times great. Which is mostly boobs and drunken stories. Don't worry, we love them too. Especially boobies.

WHO THE F*** IS CONNOR BUOTT?

Welcome back, loyal readers! My name is Connor Hudson Buott, and I am delighted to introduce myself as your new Editor-in-Chief.

I was ~~shafted~~ with graciously given this job by the previous Editor, Allan Bassi. Despite your best efforts, it wasn't because he dissolved into a bundle of tears reading your massacres of the English language. He's been elected Master of Coin (VP Finance) for CSES. We will miss Allan's editorial wit, and he will (probably) miss your butchered prose.

In the bountiful amounts of free time I have between classes and reading your constant "is anybody actually reading this?" Feedback Loop submissions, I'm also a VP for Engineers Without Borders, and a wrench-monkey for FormulaSAE. I work as a Tour Guide and a Res-Fellow on 3rd Lennox & Addington, so all you first-years will see me around rez and the dinning hall. Never be afraid to say hi or approach me with article ideas!



Now, that's enough about me. The question is, what am I going to do with your paper?

If you read my blurb on the cover, then you'll know I'm using my own, (and Publicist Michelle Davis's) extensive graphic design experience to make things a hell of a lot more stylish. However, my editorial control goes beyond just pictures and sour comments in the margins. I'll be commissioning major

articles for every issue, mainly in-depth analyses of current topics, with the goal of making The Iron Times more relevant not just to our culture, but to the world outside Carleton. I am however still committed to keeping this Your paper, and thus will publish just about anything you send me, from essays to dick-pics. Edited, of course.

EDITORIALS

AEROSPACE ENGINEERING MOVIE IDEA : GONG WITH THE WIND

THE NEVER ENDING FALL



Michelle “Destructive Cleaning” Davis
- AERO III -

A comet spends the entirety of its life falling through the universe. Its journey begins with a pass by the sun, creating an atmosphere for itself, or a coma. Most can burn brightly for thousands of years but like anything, as time goes by, comets start to deteriorate.

This deterioration has three outcomes: a collision occurs with the comet and another body, the comet begins to break up, or the comet depletes all of its volatile ice and materials. In this final case, when everything contained within its nucleus evaporates away the only remnant of the comet left behind is an inert rock that continues falling through the universe.

Comparably, a person who suffers from depression lives a life similar to that of an aging comet. Depression will eat away at

everything in a person's life, until the only thing left is an empty shell.

Now, in comparing depression and a comet I'm not trying to give any sort of beauty to depression, it is so very far from beautiful. What I'm trying to do is give some point of comparison to make people understand what depression can do to someone; make them an inert rock falling through life.

It is so easy to shrug depression off which makes it that much worse. Further, to think that at least 1 in 10 Canadians will suffer from an episode of depression in their lifetime. Just recently, one of my (and many others) life role models, Robin Williams, committed suicide, which is the unfortunate outcome that depression can lead to.

It is so common, so debilitating and yet rarely discussed or even recognized as an actual problem. So let's talk about it.

What is depression? It isn't a simple temporary mood change; it is lying in bed for days unable to move not just physically but mentally. It is being fixed at a point of negativity and never being able to see the light ahead.

The most common form of depression is “characterized by a fairly lengthy period of time during which a person feels sad or hopeless or lacks focus in life, on a daily or almost daily basis, for the most part of each day” as explained on DepressionHurts.ca.

However, so many of the symptoms aren't just mental but cognitive, behavioural, and physical as well. Losing complete interest in the things you once loved, or having no motivation in doing even mundane everyday tasks, like eating.

Can it be treated? Yes! Various treatments of depression exist, most of which are very successful, however most people suffering with it don't feel comfortable enough, or simply ashamed, that seeking help becomes another task that is just out of reach.

Depression is a real medical condition that can be caused by a variety of factors and should be treated as quickly as possible.

Where can you find help? There are a number of organizations and help-lines that exist to help people suffering from depression, even on campus! Please see the list below of organizations that work night and day to provide services for those struggling with the condition.

How can you help? My best advice is become aware of what depression is so you can recognize it and take it seriously. Once you are aware of what it is it will be easier to offer your support to someone, which can simply be positive motivation and vibes.

Unlike comets we can help each other from becoming empty shells, all we need is to be there for one another to stay cool, collected and intact.

THERE ONCE WAS A LOGO

Bang a Gong for the new CSES Branding



Nicholas Dumoulin
- SREE V -

So the point of my little corner of the Iron Times is to hopefully write about some of the more interesting things going on with CSES/C-Eng this year. The first item of the list is our logo.

Before we hop into the ideas and reasoning around the new logo that hopefully you have seen by now I want to take a brief look into our past. Most of you are probably most familiar with the most recent logo based from the Cubs baseball team logo with two variances; one for the C-Eng community and one for CSES itself. Having virtually the same logo has lead to some confusion in recent year, which is one of the reasons for the change. I have even included an earlier version of this logo that I have found an old CSES letterhead that has a

distinct 90s feel to it. I know how much everyone in the C-Eng community cherishes this logo and I have gotten many concerns about getting rid of it but that is not what CSES is doing. The C-Eng logo will be available for use by anyone in the C-Eng community moving forward and will continue to appear on EngWear. It will just simply not be the logo for CSES.

As mentioned before, the C-Eng logo is easy to get confused which has contributed to a few issues for CSES. One large problem is being blamed for questionable actions of other student groups simply because they used the C-Eng logo. Another reason for the change is to better brand our own services to our members so that engineering students understand what we actually do for them. There have been many of times during my time at Carleton that I have noticed people attributing some

of CSES's biggest achievements to other groups, which can be frustrating. After a long process and many iterations a logo was finally selected that we feel really captures the spirit of CSES. Hopefully it is obvious the focus on the gong. Although the culture surrounding the gong is currently weak, we would like to change that and considering the timing, this seemed like the natural first step to building a stronger culture around it. The incorporation of CSES works well to not only identify us but to prevent other groups from using the logo, solving our past issues. The colours were selected to represent things important to Carleton Engineers. Purple being the most obvious, the engineering spirit, the red representing our Carleton pride, and grey representing our commitment to obtaining our iron ring and everything that comes with it. Well that is CSES's new logo in a nutshell. I hope everyone likes it as much as we do and hopefully it will stay around for as long or longer then the decade or more old previous.



For Your Information, You are Not Alone

More information available at:

Ottawa's Mental Health Crisis Line:

Carleton's Health and Counselling Services:

depressionhurts.ca

(613) 722-6914

(613) 520-6674

For Carleton Residence Students:

Your Residence Fellows are here to help you find resources for any issue you might face, including mental health issues, suicide intervention and academic support. This includes 3 dedicated and lovely Residence Councillors and 6 highly trained Residence Managers. All you need to do is ask.

DO YOU WANT TO WRITE?

The Iron Times is always happy to accept new content from talented (or even sub-par) writers! What you write is up to you, but if creativity isn't your jam, we always have stories that need to be covered. Photojournalists welcome!

Just send all content to:

publications@v

COLUMNS

LEO'S LOUNGE: WHERE GETTING CARDED IS AWESOME

Different Universe

Engineering from an Artsy Point of View

Wesley "Pooping Panda" Chee
- CRIM III -

Welcome new froshlings! If you are reading this article, you will probably be scratching your head going, "why the hell is an artsy writing an article in the Iron Times?!"

I know that the Iron Times is the engineering newspaper, and you have probably been brain washed by your frosh teams and other upper years that people like me who are artsy are just brainless morons. I am here starting this new column (Maybe, I'll see if I have time once the school year starts....)

AHAHA that was a joke because I acted like I don't have time, but in reality time is the only thing I have since my degree is a joke. I can actually say that because I have time to write a monthly article, do absolutely nothing, have a Leo's

shift once a semester, and keep a B+/A- average) because I believe people from time to time need to get that slap from reality and get told just how ridiculous or silly they actually are.

Most engineers believe that Eng activities are just them blowing off steam. Don't get me wrong, I LOVE the Eng activities, but sometimes I even question my sanity which you won't have after you finish your degree which could take up to 4, 5 or even 6 years; so sit back and enjoy!

A little about myself: I am in my 3rd year in the Criminology and Criminal Justice program with a concentration in Psychology here at Carleton, and you will have definitely heard stories about me during frosh week or probably

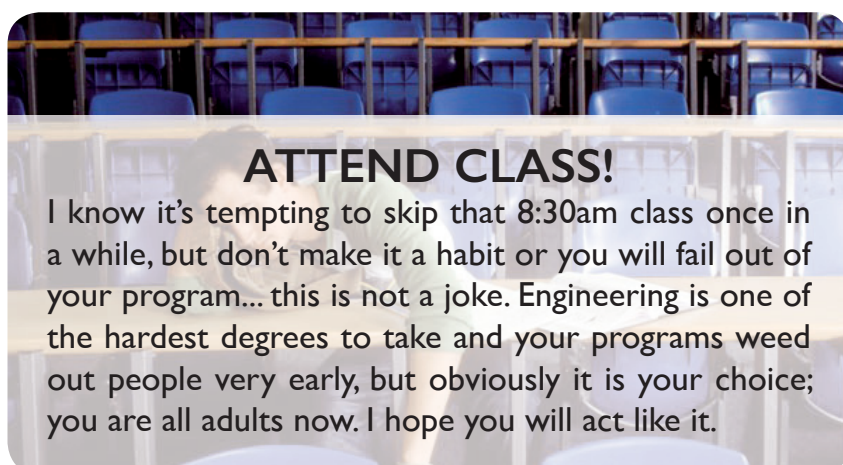
even met me if you are lucky enough (or unlucky in some cases...) that I'm known around the block as "THAT artsy". So expect to see me around 3300 block a lot as I enjoy spending my free time there to see my friends or visit Leo's for cheap food (don't overspend on campus, stick with Leo's. It's run by engineers to help other engineers). Did I also mention it has the cheapest snacks and drinks on campus?! You're welcome (I am not liable for your freshmen 15... sorry not sorry).

Obviously this being the first issue of the new year, there won't be anything to look back on and analyze from an art's point of view. So before I leave you until the next issue, here are some general life tips for university:



GET INVOLVED!

Meet people from all around; you will make lifelong friends and actually make your university experience worthwhile.



ATTEND CLASS!

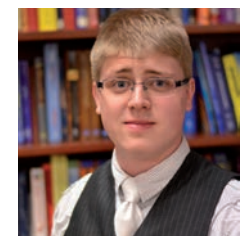
I know it's tempting to skip that 8:30am class once in a while, but don't make it a habit or you will fail out of your program... this is not a joke. Engineering is one of the hardest degrees to take and your programs weed out people very early, but obviously it is your choice; you are all adults now. I hope you will act like it.



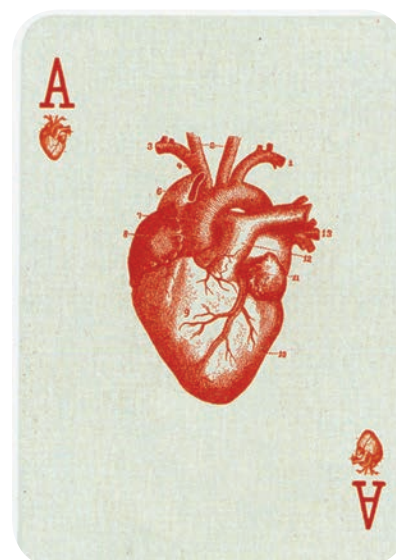
EXPLORE OTTAWA!

If you are from out of town like myself (R-HILL), try to get some local friends to take you around if it's your first time in Ottawa; it's a truly beautiful city and we are lucky enough to have our campus right on the outskirts so that we don't have the government traffic jams. We also have the canal right beside us for a great outdoors lunch, or even date if that's what floats your boat.

We Need A Fourth!



Adam "STD" Mikolajczak
- CIVE IV -



So let's say you are bored in Leo's one afternoon with some friends and a deck of cards, and you do not want to play those card games that you normally play (such as pres, bum, cheat, go fish, etc.). What game do you play?

Luckily, there are some fun/competitive games that you can play that are commonly played in Leo's. The game I am teaching today is hearts, because it is my favourite.

The highest card of the led suit wins the trick. The winner of the trick keeps all cards won in a pile in front of them, face down; then the player starts the next trick.

Hearts cannot be led until another heart has been played (this is called "breaking hearts"). The queen of spades though can be led at any time.

Scoring is done with a score sheet with a column for each player. At the end of each hand, all players count the number of points they have taken in the round and tally them up.

If one player took all of the hearts and the queen of spades, then they have "shot the moon", so they can either raise everyone else's score by 26 or lower their own score by 26, you cannot have a negative score. Another variant is "shooting the sun", which is much harder than "shooting the moon" as you have to take all 13 tricks. If this happens, the player can choose to raise everyone else's score by 52 or lower their score by 52.

Hearts is played to 100 points, if a player goes above 100 points, then the game is over and the player with the lowest score wins, but I play with a special rule, and the rule is if you hit 100 points exactly, then your score is reset back to 0.

So there is the gist of playing hearts. There are plenty of strategies that you can use when playing, and you can be sure to find at least some people who want to play in Leo's, just ask:

"We need a fourth!"

GAME: HEARTS



4 PLAYERS



WHOLE DECK
NO JOKERS



ACES HIGH



NO TRUMP



COLUMNS

YOU KNOW WHAT AIN'T TRICKY? CIVIL.

It Ain't Tricky

Tips and Tricks to Get Involved in CEng



Cameron "Shifty" Byrne
- CIVE II -

Greetings young ones! And let me be one of the first to welcome you to the CEng community. You've been through that dull high school drama, and it is now time to formally start your life in the MOST AMAZING COMMUNITY ON THIS SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE.

However, CEng doesn't just sit there and twiddle their thumbs, they participate and run close to every single event in the Engineering community. Which brings the spotlight onto you! Yes, you. Froshlings galore, you are the future of CEng for the next four (or five... or six... or seven...) years that you will be here! On a secondary note, if you aren't a frosh and you're returning this year and you weren't all that involved last year, it's seriously better late than never.

For those of you that are froshlings (or new to the university), CEng is driven by passionate students who want to get so much more than an education, but a whole damn family (cuddles included). The key is to be proactive. Find any chance you can get to be a part of the group. This includes any social apple juice connes-

suering event, stream events, stream societies, and so much more! I didn't have much social experience during high school, but engineering truly brought me out of my shell, I participated on the exec team of CSCE (The Civil, Enviro, ArchEng stream society), and was a first year representative for all the streams involved. And trust me, the people I met, and the friends I made along the way have been absolutely priceless. There are directorships in CSES (Carleton Student Engineering Society) for first year students, and as I said above, there are exec positions for first year reps on any of the stream societies. I know a lot of members in the different stream societies, and can assure you that they won't bite.

If being a director or being on an exec team doesn't interest you however, there are still a lot of things you can do to stay involved, there are events such as GNCTR which involves building a toboggan out of concrete and racing it down a hill. An event I personally participated in was the Troitsky Bridge Building competition, where you build an insane bridge out of popsicle sticks and dental floss and test how much it can hold. It may not sound super intense but the events while you're there are probably the best times you'll ever have. Plus, the top teams held over 3000kg last year so it gets intense even at the crushing!

It honestly doesn't stop there folks, because there are so many events that you can participate in, that listing the mwould fill the entire page.

On top of all of that, we have Leo's Lounge! It's a chilling space to get to know fellow engineers, play a couple card games, and there are also volunteer opportunities there too! serve food, play cool music and still be in the presence of super chill engineers.

And if that wasn't enough, the more proactive you are in the CEng community, the better chance you have at getting the chalice of engineering glory. The almighty flightsuit. I guarantee you'll see a large number of them at frosh week, because almost every single person helping to run frosh week has a passion for CEng and is very oriented on making the community the best university experience you will ever have. And chances are you'll want to do the same. Which is why you folks are the future!

I honestly wish all of you a fantastic year. Make new friends! and feel free to wave my way and introduce yourself! That being said, come out of any shell that you have and just have the time of your life.

You're going to work your ass off in your classes, that's a fact. But be a part of the bigger picture! It's manageable and everyone here supports one another, like a family. Cuddles included.

Raph's Record Corner



Raphael "Bluebelly" Adams
- ACSE III -

Sup guys? For some of us, it's another year at good ol' Carleton, where the K stands for Quality. For others, however, this is a whole new experience (hi there frosh!). In case you're new around here and you've never read a copy of the Iron Times before, or in case you've been too busy reading the Charlatan in previous years (I have nothing nice to say to you if that's true), I thought I'd make this first article an introduction of sorts.

Who am I? My name is Raph and I'm a music addict. I grew up on Zeppelin, Rush and Marley, way into middle school. In high school, I got into Dream Theater, Opeth, Metallica, and everything metal because all the cool kids liked it. And now, in university, I've had the opportunity to meet all kinds of people, and my tastes have expanded accordingly.

Right now I'm into the good kind of rap, i.e. Kendrick and Nas. Music is the thing that has gotten me through a lot of tough situations, especially exams (protip: blast some Waka Flocka right before a Mech & Aero final and not only will you go in feeling like a complete badass, but you'll get a passing grade).

I started writing this column last year just to share what I've been listening to each month. Usually I do a review of an album that just came out, but sometimes I'll recommend something I've known for a little while.

I try not to put restrictions on the style of music either – sometimes I'll review some indie, sometimes rap, sometimes progressive death metal, and sometimes even mainstream pop. I do this intentionally, in the interest of appealing to as many people as possible. However, I encourage you to try and expand your own musical tastes and make new discoveries. That doesn't mean you have to listen to every album I write about, but feel free to let my articles lead you to stuff you wouldn't normally try.

So that's Raph's Record Corner in a nutshell. And since I'm recommending music to all of you, I think it's fair for me to listen to your recommendations as well. If there's something you'd like me to hear, just shoot me an email at:

raph.adams@gmail.com

Tell me the name of the artist and the title of the song/album/symphony/dubstep remix. I'll put it on the playlist and give it a spin when I'm not drowning in homework, and if it resonates with me, it just may get a review! That's what music is all about – trying new things :)

Until next time, peace out C-ENG!

PS. Good band: Royal Canoe. kthxbai



THE CARLETON FORMULA SAE TEAM

BECAUSE RACECAR



André Riel
- AERO IV -

This was an exciting year for Carleton's FSAE team. A fairly reliable car was built this year, allowing us to compete in the Michigan and Barrie competitions (where we won 2nd and 1st in fuel efficiency respectively) without a hitch. However, I can imagine many of you are thinking, "I saw 'race car' and had to investigate, so what is FSAE?" Let me explain.

Formula SAE is a post-secondary student competition put on by the Society of Automotive Engineers (SAE), an engineering governing body in the US. Universities and colleges from all over the world are charged with designing, building and racing a small formula-style race car. This gives

students from first year and beyond one of the few chances in the undergraduate degree to be part of a diverse project group before starting work. There are important roles in everything from the design, manufacture, and assembly of the car all the way to the management, budgeting and marketing of the team; all of these roles are equally important to the team's success. This means that while the team is composed of mainly engineering students, there are business students and others from different backgrounds that help make the team a complete project group. The best aspect of being a member is that you can focus your efforts on any part of the team that you want. This is regardless of previous knowledge thanks to help from your fellow team members.

The most important aspect of the team dynamic is the mentorship. Even if you first join in third year like I did, you can be overwhelmed by how little you know. However, I've met some first and second year students who were able to become integral parts of the team (and I'm not exaggerating, our intake was the brain-child of one of our brilliant second year team members). This was all made possible by the involvement of mentors. These are team members that have been through the process a few times and are able to help give new members some direction. Often, they even help new members get an idea what part of the team they'd like to be since many really aren't sure what would be most interesting for them. This camaraderie and

growth as one unit is a central purpose of the FSAE competition. This means that even if the term "socket wrench" is foreign to you, don't be embarrassed about your lack of knowledge. The team is always happy to teach and if you are willing to dedicate even a few hours to the team each week, you will be able to become a central part of the team.

Whether your interest is engines, electrical components, suspension, brakes, or you are really good at getting company funding, you will find a way to add a piece of you to the car. If any of your friends ask why you spend so much time with the FSAE group, you can respond to them with the old adage that we live by: "Because race car."

>>> fsaecarleton@gmail.com



Freedom Is Coming

The Mostly True Story of F-SAE Michigan 2014

By André Riel

I awake to the sound of a phone ringing. Frank is giving us our 6 am wake-up call. "This is 'Murica," I think to myself, "We're free to wake up whenever we want!" I pause for a second at the oddity of such a thought. What was I talking about? We needed to get going to make sure we didn't fall behind. Thus, I shook off this inner dialogue and moved on with getting ready. It was the first day of the FSAE Michigan competition and we had a lot of work to do.

We arrived at the track at 7:30 am and waited to be checked into the pits to begin unpacking our car, the RR-14 (Ravens Racing 2014). While we waited, the beauty of America began to show itself: everything was bigger, including the moving trucks; burgers were a dollar; and they had freedom unlike anywhere in the

world or so they told us. The air was so saturated with independence that it was as if the air was as thick as soup; you could smell the liberty in the air. We relished in the freeing feeling of this dreamy place. To start the day, we needed to pass the technical inspection. You cannot even turn on your car in the pits until you have accomplished this. The judges had shackled our poor RR-14 from doing what it was made to do, what it was born to do. However, the RR-14 must have felt the freedom looming in the air. The bulbous behemoth passed the technical inspection the first time through, freeing it from bondage. With this joyous development, we were able to run the engine, tweaking it to get the best performance we could in the events that were to follow in the coming days. After a long day

of waiting in lines and adjusting everything we needed to on the car, we left for dinner at one of America's great culinary establishments: Pizza Hut.

We sat down with our group and ordered. One of our friends received a Budweiser decked out in the Red, White, and Blue. It was quite the peculiar bottle. When opened, a small puff of trapped gas escaped with the odd aroma of jet fuel. You could see all of our comrade's stresses during the day melt away at the first gulp. Then there was the pizza. Our fearless leader Ken ordered what he called "Freedom Pizza". This delectable pie was a large pizza with every topping and sauce on the menu for only 12 dollars. It was foreign to me, such a stuffed and affordable 'za. It was so full

that it required two passes through the oven to cook. I took one bite of the masterpiece and was fully engulfed in its sovereignty. It was a feeling unlike anything else, I felt at peace. We left the restaurant that night satisfied and tired, looking forward to our beds and a new day at competition.

The next morning, while teams were busy trying to pass the technical inspection, we had moved on to tipping and noise tests. The car needed to be able to tip over to a certain degree without leaking any liquids or falling over. For noise, our car needed to run at under 110 dB. As it rolled up to the line of cars waiting to break loose around the practice track, the RR-14 seemed to vibrate, tremble even, with excitement. It was ready, it could smell its liberty just minutes away.

The car tore off of the line, whipping around cones at break-neck speed. There was no easy warm-up run for this soaring raven. It growled around the tarmac like a rabid pig until the official ended

our 5 minute run. The RR-14 had showed promise and now it was time to celebrate. We arrived at Olive Garden at 9:30 to give them a real run for their money. They were supposed to close in a half hour, but our arrival dashed that notion. The servers could tell we weren't from around there. No American would restrain them to their shift like that, only a dastardly foreigner would do such a thing. However, by the time we had soup, salad and breadsticks coming out of our ears, we felt it necessary to leave quite the wad of cash in reparations for our untimely meal. We left the kind servers to close up for it was time for all of us to rest-up for tomorrow. Tomorrow the competition would really begin.

The morning was a hectic blur. Bright and early we lumbered over to the race track and prepared the beast for the morning's events: acceleration and skid-pad. After a few more runs around the practice area, the RR-14 was hungry for more. It screamed off of the line

at the impromptu drag strip that had been set up for the acceleration competition, picking up a reasonable run both times due to the consistent nature of our driver.

There was only an hour or so before time trials on the main FSAE track would start, so we got ourselves together and sought them out. After everyone was refueled, replenished, and recirculated into new jobs to give some of the crew a break, it was back to last minute practice. Our pit crew consisted of a few veteran team members who had a lot of experience with working on the car as only a few team members were allowed in the competition area at one time. They spent all afternoon in lines for practice and especially for the time trial. It tore off the line for the first lap, but to no avail at 82 seconds. Now it was time for its final lap of the day, this was it. Around the corners it rumbled, not fast, but steady. Not one cone hit and not one turn botched. As it roared passed the finish line we all glared at the time clock. We saw

NEWS

I HEAR SOMEONE PITCHED "GLENN MCRAVE: THE MUSICAL"



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Freedom Is Coming, Cont.

it; the number we had been waiting for: 79. We rejoiced and went home happy that night, munching at Outback Steakhouse and laying our wary heads on our pillows to end the day.

The last day of competition was upon us and revolution was in the air. The great union of Ravens Racing was had degenerated into chaos. There was still much work to be done to prepare for the endurance race, but all that we wanted to do was relax and watch the other cars go around the track. There was no desire to work, only to do as we pleased. Even when I told myself to move around, retighten bolts, help out as I should, this invisible force was holding me back. My mind was clouded. My sense of duty and this invisible force fought within my head. In a daze, I carried out some of my duties, only taking a break when I could feel my mind beginning to falter. And we weren't the only ones. Teams were dropping out left and right. I laughed as my father's alma mater, Kettering University, was towed off of the racetrack. All these teams dropping out seemed to give us that something we had been looking for.

We now felt the drive we were missing. We ran to the practice track to see our driver and pit crew waiting in line, still in the daze that we had suffered through all morning. All pumped up, we told them that as long as we finished we would be well ahead of many of the other teams in points. The engine strained and grumbled as the driver willed it down the first straight. The RR-14 was still in the haze; it was relaxed and unready

for the task at hand. After 10 laps of half-hearted roaming around the track, our first driver came across the finish line in a frustrated rage. The RR-14 had been taken hold of by American freedom. As our first driver stormed off, the second came to the RR-14 with a different approach. "That's fine," he whispered to the car while the pit crew were busy, "you can't win anything in this battle anyway. We'll just coast to the frontlines and leave when it suits you." The change was almost instantaneous. How dare this puny human? It wants to try to tell this would-be American muscle that it can't do what it sets its mind to? THIS IS 'MURICA. "I have the freedom to get everything I want as long as I work for it. I'LL SHOW YOU!" it must have grumbled. This time as it rolled up to the line, the ravenous raven didn't caw, it practically roared. Off it went shaving seconds off of each lap. Left, right, and POWER DOWN THE STRAIGHTS. It was marvellous. The raven head at the front of our car seemed to almost smirk as it rolled out of the gated area and out to the team. It had done its job; we all had.

Our day was further improved at the awards ceremony where we won TWO second place trophies, one for fuel economy (having one of the smallest engines at the tournament helped) and another awarded by a company for our combination of vehicle value, fuel economy and many other metrics. The day was topped off by the moment we had all been waiting for; the score sheets were posted. We came 41st overall out of about 120 teams! Considering

our budget was less than over 75% of the teams at competition, such a placement was astonishing. Some big contributors to this result were our 2nd in fuel economy and 34th in the endurance race. We slept easy that night with the knowledge that we had done well this year.

The next morning the cargo van was packed up and so were we. We left Jackson, Michigan where we had stayed for the week and were off to one last place before leaving the red, white and blue. How could we stay in the great U. S. of A. without visiting the only establishment to rival pizza hut as the best American culinary contribution to the world, IHOP. From deep-fried steaks to chicken and waffles, we gorged on the delectable but questionably healthy delicacies. In that moment, we saw a resurgence in us of the feeling we had felt the previous morn'. This felt brilliant... why should we leave? We paid our bills and began to suggest making a few more stop-overs before the border. Maybe we could even stay a few more days? Our fearless leader Ken, the one who introduced us to the American culinary masterpiece, the Freedom Pizza, cut into our conversations with fervour. He had seen this all before. He had been to America many times to enjoy what it had to offer. He knew that we were being taken, taken by freedom. He could dine on Freedom Pizza and a chicken and waffles breakfast and still keep a clear head as he had built up a tolerance for his own safety when crossing the border. He knew if we didn't leave soon, we would be forever gone to Lady Liberty, never to be seen again by


our friends and family on Canadian soil. He hurriedly threw us into our respective vehicles and urged us on over our walkie-talkies. We begrudgingly followed because as all Americans know, you never leave a man behind, you always stick with your squad. The entire way was plagued with stops at gas stations, McDonald's, anything that would prolong our time there. Enough was enough, the Freedom Wagon, our cargo van with Ken at the helm, pulled away at full speed (so about 120 km/h), refusing to stop for even bathroom breaks until we were back in Canadian territory. We were forced to keep up and fought our own will and desire the whole way. But the light at the end of the tunnel was in sight, the flags of the border were just ahead. After stopping in the duty free for one last moment in the land of opportunity, we piled back into our cars and squeaked through customs. As we passed the Canadian and American flag marking the imaginary line separating the two countries, the debilitating charm of freedom washed off of us. Finally. Finally we were back in Canada, home to maple syrup, worldly knowledge and acceptance. We had escaped the clutches of freedom, never to let it take hold of us again. Never again would we let it control our minds with thoughts of dollar burgers and cheap gas. The fantasy of that world almost took hold, distracted us from our goals, and almost made us forget about The Truth North Strong And Free. Now, we were back to the land of health care and abundant I'm-sorry-s. It was great to be home.



The path forward

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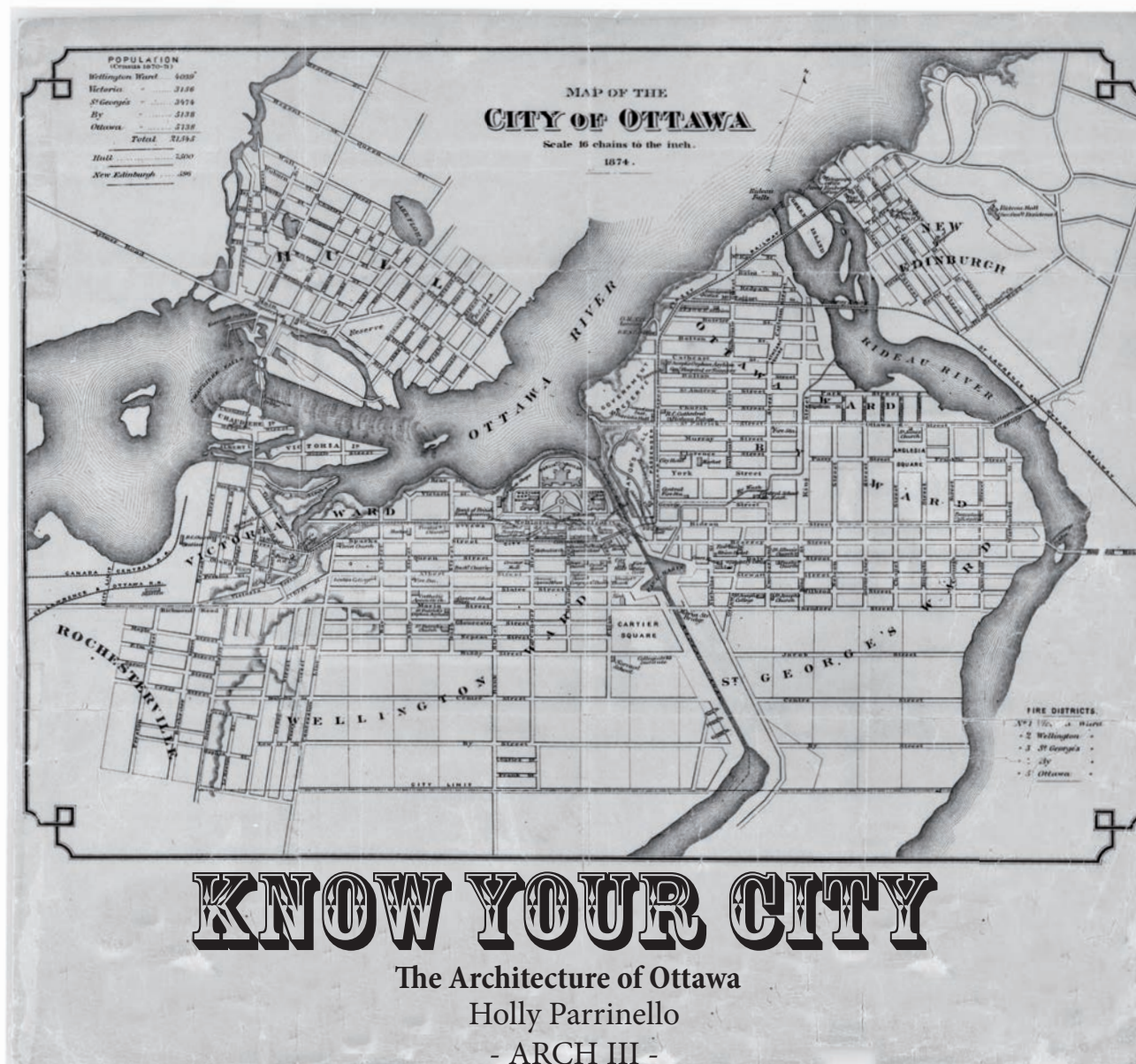
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GOD DAMN, ANDRE. SAVE SOME SPACE FOR EVERYONE ELSE

COLUMNS

SOMEONE CALL NICHOLAS CAGE



In the inaugural instalment of Know Your City, I would like to introduce you, dear readers, to my favourite museum in Ottawa, The National Gallery of Canada. While the gallery's current home on Sussex Drive is relatively new, the gallery's history extends much further.

In 1880, Governor General John Douglas Sutherland Campbell gave the National Gallery its first home in a renovated builder's workshop adjoining the Supreme Court of Canada, formerly on the western edge of Parliament Hill. Fun Fact! After the Supreme Court moved to its current home in 1945, the old building fell into disrepair and was demolished in 1955. It remains to be the only building ever demolished on Parliament Hill. It is now a parking lot. Anyway, the space in the Supreme Court was seen as inadequate, and the Gallery moved to Victoria Hall in 1886. Here the Gallery gained a larger public following, but again had to be moved in 1911 because of inadequate space.

The Gallery's next home was the Victoria Memorial Museum, now known as the Nature Museum. The Scottish Baronial style building, intended to mirror the Centre Block of Parliament, was home to the Gallery until 1959. It occupied most of the Museum's East Wing. After fire destroyed the Centre Block of Parliament

in 1916, all government function was moved to the Victoria Memorial Museum. The National Collection was moved to the basement and was closed to the public until 1921 when construction on the new Centre Block was complete. In 1952, there was a competition for a new building for the gallery, but instead, in 1959, the Lorne Building on Elgin was adapted for temporary use. With five times the floor space and three times the hanging space of the Victoria Memorial Museum, the building on Elgin was more than adequate for the National Gallery.

The National Collection was finally allowed to be displayed in its entirety throughout the seven floors of the Lorne Building. Originally, the building was designed as office space, and was intended to return to that use after the Gallery had vacated. However, when the National Gallery moved in, the building was in a state of neglect. On cold winter mornings, condensation threatened the paintings, and the works of art had to be rotated to keep from being damaged. Only two percent of the collection could be shown at a time. Dr. Jean Sutherland Boggs, the Director of the Gallery at the time, convinced the government to sponsor a building to be a new, permanent home for the National Gallery. The building intended

would be welcoming to visitors, fit the Ottawa landscape, and be designed to give the best experience while looking at the art.

After 108 years of displaying art in ill-equipped places, on May 21, 1988, the doors opened to the new permanent home of the National Gallery of Canada. Designed by Israeli-born architect Moshe Safdie, the building took complete advantage of the relation to Parliament. The Great Hall mimics the form of the Library of Parliament, connected to a small entrance pavilion on Sussex Drive by a steel and glass ramped colonnade. With the use of steel, glass, and granite in the public spaces, and domestic materials in the private gallery spaces, the divide between public and private is incredibly pronounced.

A thin glass door separates the two worlds, as one enters the private gallery space, in which each space has its own character. The Canadian, European, and American galleries all consist of long halls with adjoining smaller gallery rooms, all constructed with domestic materials. The long halls are topped with vaulted ceilings that are not structural, but are there to diffuse light from the skylights, creating a softer quality for viewing the art. After the stark lighting of the Lorne Building, Boggs and others at the

museum insisted on the provision of natural light, achieved by Safdie through skylights on the upper levels, and the use of light shafts coated with reflective mirrored acetate to conduct light to lower levels. The gallery walls are coloured to compliment the paintings they contain, for example, The Group of Seven landscapes are offset by dark green walls. In the Contemporary galleries, the small rooms of the Nineteenth Century galleries are replaced with open, informal spaces, with the second floor devoted to changing installations. Beneath the Great Hall was once open storage, but now houses the Inuit Gallery. The Water Court and the Garden Court offer a public space in which visitors can rest and reflect upon the art. Contrary to conventional gallery construction, the private gallery spaces are wrapped around the public resting areas of the courts. These resting spaces are constructed with the same materials as the of the Great Hall and the colonnade. The curatorial wing is linked to the main building by an elevated glass-enclosed walkway, and provides office space for 250 professional and administrative staff. Safdie's intention materialized through providing all spaces with access to natural light, and all public areas with a view of the surrounding area and a space to reflect.

After 108 years of inadequate venues to display the collection, the National Gallery of Canada now has a permanent home to display its near 40 000 works of art. Though unconventional in the layout of the private gallery spaces and the public areas, the building is a symbol of the National Collection in the capital. The grand structure of the National Gallery of Canada is comparable to the art galleries around the globe, and solidifies the Canadian presence in the art world.

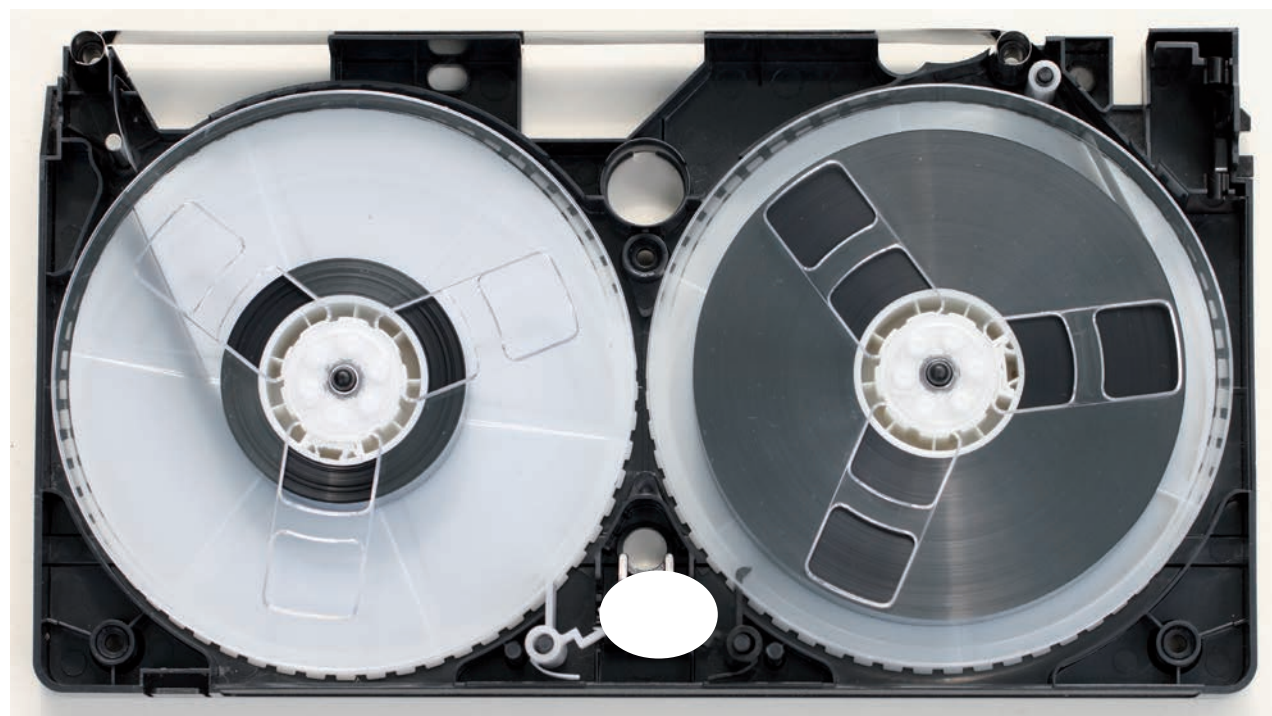
THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA



'I GAZE AT THE SUNSET WITH THE WOMAN I LOVE AND THINK F8 AT 1/250'

COLUMNS

LIFEHACKS: # 1 CAN ALSO BE USED TO MOUNT YOUR PARTNER



RETRO REVIEW



Don Jackson
- CIVE II -

As the sun sets on the heady days of summer a new dawn of realization rises; you just dropped more money on one bill than you likely have in your young life. But rest assured your entertainment need not be limited to downloading cat videos from YouTube. Instead I bring you a list of movies (made mostly before your time) to while away those late nights as you alternate between Red Bull and coffee trying to get your bloodshot eyes to focus on Flappy Bird...I mean your studies.

“But why should I care about a dusty old film!” you cry out.

Some movies leave a defining mark on society; they mould and shape a generation, reflect the music of the time and leave us with enduring quotable quotes. Oh, and you can often get five or more for a week at a video rental for a few bucks (did I mention that \$10k plus in tuition?). So, in honour of our return to the hallowed halls of academia, I bring you movies of an um...higher learning.

The first is a classic which set the bar not only for school centric films but for a whole genre of National Lampoon films. Released in 1978, Animal House focuses on Delta House a fraternity of less than stellar students. The bane of Dean Wormer, they find themselves

on “Double Secret Probation” and when kicked of campus instead of giving up, Animal House gave us perhaps the most inspiring, although historically flawed, speech;

What? Over? Did you say “over”? Nothing is over until we decide it is! Was it over when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor? Hell no!

-Bluto

The members of Delta House may never return to school, but they certainly went out with a bang forever leaving their mark.

Back to School, released in 1986, showed us that college shenanigans know no age limit. Fearing that his son will drop out of college self-made businessman (and dropout) Thornton Melon, returns to school to prove a point. Realizing it is not all fun and games, he quickly finds himself drowning in uncharted waters. With his academic future on the line, and what little dignity he can muster, Thornton pulls an all-nighter that most engineer students can relate too. This movie is complete with humour, love story and even a very young Robert Downey Jr. Back to School will have you spinning quotes all day, but perhaps the most memorable quote is from Thornton Melon himself:

“Please, try to understand. I don’t have the background for this. I mean, the high school I went to, they asked a kid to prove the law of gravity, he threw the teacher out the window!”

Low GPAs don’t always mean troublemakers as our next movie implies. Real Genius, released in 1985 and starring Val Kilmer, revolves around a group of highly intelligent students working on a laser. Just how intelligent? Well to quote Professor Hathaway:

“Mitch, there’s something you need to know. Compared to you, most people have the IQ of a carrot.”

So what does a bunch of young Einstein’s do when they discover their school project is actually a military grade weapon? They make popcorn of course. But “with great power comes great responsibility”, at least according to Uncle Ben in which case the actions of the next geniuses might be considered...questionable.

Also released in 1985, Weird Science follows two socially awkward high school nerds who put the combined power of their I.Q. and “high-tech” computer gear to the task of making the perfect woman, Lisa (Kelly LeBrock). What could possibly go wrong except a mutant biker gang, a wild party and a nuclear missile in the middle of their house? How can Lisa possibly make Chet and Garry cool? With subtlety, charm, a 357 magnum and the simple threat “if you don’t cheer up, I’ll blow your face off.” Weird Science just may have you paying closer attention in ECOR1606. (Oh, and it has yet another appearance of a young Robert Downey Jr).

Occasionally our plans fall short requiring a slight alteration of our summer plans.

While down heartening to students, have you ever considered the feelings of the teacher? Summer School released in 1987 highlights the struggles of a gym teacher, Mr. Shoop, whose summer plans are high-jacked by a cruel vice-principal, leaving him to teach a bone-head group of students. Summer School brought us perhaps the best excuse ever for missing class;

Shoop: Hey, I remember you. Where have you been?

Jerome Watkins: Bathroom.

Shoop: For the last six weeks?

Jerome Watkins: My zipper got stuck.

One word of caution, if you ever find yourself stressed out during an exam, Chainsaw’s method of breaking the tension isn’t always appreciated by the invigilator staff.

Teachers like Mr. Shoop are effective and memorable because they are unconventional, the very reason Robin Williams was attracted to his role in this next movie. Released in 1989 Dead Poet’s Society reminded us of the importance of living and not just being alive. It also gave us the infamous scene “O’ captain my captain”. An English teacher working in an Ivy League prep school, he tries to imbue his students with a sense of passion. To open their eyes to their surrounding and not just see what they are studying, but to feel it. He had a passion, not just for learning, but for learning through experience. Dead Poet’s Society gave us perhaps the most important lesson of all time Carpe Diem, seize the day. Learning need not, and should not, be a passive experience; it should be an active one; a fully involved event whereby students, peers and teachers alike grow from the interaction; it should engage you mentally, physically and emotionally; and like a good meal, it should leave you savouring your last bite and eagerly anticipating the next.

So, whether first time or returning student, welcome to Carleton University. Study hard, play hard, get involved but most importantly live. These years are but a brief moment of time in your life, but each moment will can be filled with a lifetime of memories. Carpe Diem...

LIFEHACKS

Harrison “Gingersnap” Knill
- CIVIL-

Welcome back everyone! I hope your summers were fantastic and you got that golden-brown tan you were looking for! I have achieved my goal tone of “slightly less pasty” so you could say I had a successful summer. As promised by the title above, here is my personal list of life hacks that can really help you engineer your way through life.

1. Mounting items to a wall

Ever needed to hang something on the wall and need to drill exact holes?

- Photocopy the back of the item to be mounted
- Tape photocopy to the wall
- Drill holes into wall where needed

2. Liquor-themed drinking glasses

You know all those empties you have piled up? Pick out your favourites and follow these instructions to turn them into your new favourite glass.

- Soak piece of string in alcohol
- Wrap & tie the string around the bottle at desired height
- Light string on fire (yay, the fun part!) and allow it to burn for a minute
- Dip bottle in cold water
- Firmly tap the bottle against a tough surface (i.e. counter)
- The bottle will break at the string
- Sand down the sharp edges and pour yourself a drink

3. Cat toy

This one’s for all you crazy cat people. Give that ball of fur at home something to play with.

What you need:

- Locate empty pizza box
- Cut out roughly 10 holes, 2” in diameter in the top of the box
- Place ping pong ball in pizza box (preferably a fluorescent colour)
- Place your cat in front of the box and watch him go nuts trying to find his ball

4. Organize your cables

This one works exceptionally well for power bar setups.

- Grab one of those bread tags laying around your kitchen for each of your devices
- Write down each of your device names on the bread tag
- Put the appropriate bread tag on each of the cables
- You now finally know which cable is which!

5. Un-clutter your fridges

If you have trouble getting to the stuff crammed into the dark corners of your refrigerator, this one’s for you.

- Put a lazy susan in the fridge
- Put things on the lazy susan
- Spin it around a few times because that’s really fun.

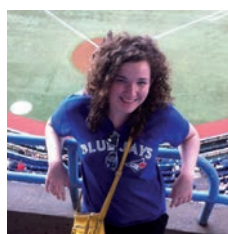


COLUMNS

TONIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT: ROB FORD DRUNK IN A NURSING HOME

Without Cable

A Sports Fan's Ordeal



Caitlin Hart
- JOUR III -

"So Caitlin did you see the Rangers -Kings game?"
"No, CBC cut out."
"But HISTORY was made."

Yeah I get it history was made, but when you lack cable, history can take way too long to load. Or in some cases it won't load at all. Sure it sounds great, you can basically watch anything on your laptop, anywhere, anytime but I'm here to tell you that it's LIES ALL LIES!!! Sports needs cable, sports demands cable so you don't miss the game-winning goal because your stream decided to freeze. The struggles I have faced.

Allow me to begin:
As you all know it was an Olympic year, and if you didn't know that, you may want to turn in your Canadian citizenship. Now I had this planned brilliantly, the second week of the Olympics was reading week in which I would go home and watch all the snow time sports in glorious HD.

However, the first week I was stuck with my Mac Book. Now part of the problem was that

despite the best sporting event ever happening, classes still went on, having me miss key moments(except Bilodeau's gold I watched that during cla...I mean I never did that and was paying attention the whole time).

Alas that is a problem in any Olympics, I digress. The first thing about sports watching without cable everyone should know is that it would appear the only channel that live streams is CBC. So if your sport is on TSN, Sportsnet or some other channel, you have to delve into other means.

So thankfully the Olympics are typically always available for live stream, but no longer can I easily flip between curling, hockey and slope style at the same time. I once watched three gold medals won in the span of half an hour because of the wonders of channel flipping. Without cable gone are those days. I guess you could have multiple windows open, but trust me it ain't stealthy in the least.

Originally I had planned to go back to Ottawa from my week of nothing but Olympics after the men's hockey game, Porter had other plans. They decided to make tickets for that day way more expensive forcing me to go back a day earlier.

I ended up getting a text from

my friend Jen saying that we won the gold medal, while there was still about three minutes left on my screen for the game. I mean we were up 3-0 but still it's the concept, the purity of watching a sport AS it happens and not three minutes behind. Sweden could have scored, Crosby could have gotten a concussion, the Russians could have rioted and I wouldn't have known until minutes later. Unacceptable.

The same issue arose when it was time for the Stanley Cup Playoffs. There were too many times where the picture would freeze and suddenly "Oh, I guess Tampa scored." Ironically it never froze when Coaches Corner was on, probably just to spite me.

As for my summer time sport of baseball, that just hasn't happened. Sportsnet doesn't live stream so that's out and the alternatives such as Front Row sports have so many ads it takes hours (I exaggerate) of clicking to get rid of them all and then you're left with this grainy picture. It makes me yearn for the days when I could see the pitcher scratch his balls in detail. Half the fun with baseball is watching Brett Lawrie's somewhat ADD routine before stepping up to the plate.

So if anyone has cable please take pity on me and invite me over. I can bring cookies.

READY YOUR FLASKS & DRINK HEARTY

The Practical Guide to Surviving a First-Year Social Life

"Soaker"
- AERO II -

Welcome to Carleton! Congratulations on surviving high school, and making it to engineering at one of the top schools in Canada. Or, at least we think so. Whether you are living at home, off campus, or residence, your first year at University is sure to be a blast!

University is a bit different from high school though, because there are way more ways to get you in trouble. Sure, some of the ideas your friends had sound great the night of. But I'm here to give you some tips to make sure you are still kicking the morning after.

Topic Of Advice Numero Uno: Alcohol

Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. Alcohol is one of the greatest inventions in the world, and it is the lubricant that makes our world go round. Can't stand Ol' Uncle Albert?

After a couple shots, even his stories are funny. Meeting the girlfriend's parents for the first time? Try a beer, or a glass of wine. It may not make them like you any better, but hey, at least you'll get an honest opinion out of them. And on the plus side, if you supply, you seem like a good guy.

At University, whether you are legal to drink or not, alcohol is going to be everywhere. And it can be a blast. Some of the best nights I remember, and

The recovery position

(AKA THE most important thing you will learn in first year)



- ✓Chin is well up to keep the respiratory passage open
- ✓Mouth is downward to enable drainage
- ✓Arms and legs are locked for stability

some of the best nights I don't, started with a few beers, a glass of wine, and someone suggesting we should try to walk home from Gatineau (ProTip: Don't).

The key to alcohol though, is not only deciding when enough is enough, but also deciding when it's time to cut off your friends. Sure it's fun every once a while to have that drunk friend you can laugh at. But the trick is cutting them off at the 'laughing at them making a fool of themselves stage', and before the 'oh shit here comes the ambulance stage'.

I'll give an example. I noticed, one night, my buddy was so wasted that he started peeing on random carpeted floors, punching off mailboxes, and making out with other dudes. Which was pretty damn funny. But we also noticed he was slurring his words, could hardly stand up, and could barely open his eyes. Any guesses what we did next?

I'll give you a hint. Instead of kicking him out of the party, or feeding him more beer 'to

make him funnier', we decided to start putting a couple glasses of water in place of his beers. He couldn't tell the difference anyways. By the end of the night, we had him passed out in the recovery position, and he woke up feeling like crap to be made fun of another day.

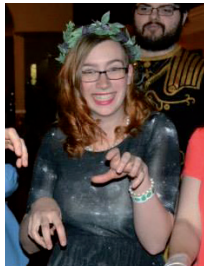
Speaking of making a fool of yourself, you should also be careful when you're drinking yourself. Everyone will have that night at the start of first year when they drink too much. It's fun until it sucks, but hey, it's one of those things that we all go through. Want a tip for that night? Make sure, when you have your first alcohol experience, you do it with friends you trust. Friends who, hopefully, read the first half of this column and know when to either take you home, or cut you off. It takes a while to find your limit, and if anyone knows a method other than trial and error, they haven't told me yet.

So drink safe, with friends, and have fun!



COLUMNS

BUT HOW CAN THEY TALK WHEN THE PILLOW IS SMOTHERING THEM?



Miriam "Vulvasaurus" White
- LIT IV -

Hey there! You might be wondering, "what is an English major doing writing in the Iron Times?" Well there is a complicated answer and a simple one. The simple answer is that I'm sleeping with the editor.

The more complicated answer is that I am an English major who is dating an engineering student; now that I think about it, I've dated engineers almost exclusively. I also have many engineering friends and, well, I've noticed that often engineers and non-engineers are speaking two very different languages.

Luckily for you, I have a fairly decent handle on both languages now (I secretly should have been in engineering, if I'd taken Grade 12 math). So I am going to give you a hand and give you a few pointers on how to bridge the gap and build stronger relationships across degree programs (Yes I know that sounded pretentious, but fuck I'm an English major).

Today we will focus on the art of pillow talk.

THE ART(S) OF PILLOW TALK

Dating Advice from a Vulvasaurus

Dear non-engineers trying to date engineers: Engineers think engineering is sexy. They will talk about spaceships passionately, thinking somehow that talking about spaceships will arouse you. They will think that teaching you all about thermodynamics while you are falling asleep will make you dream of them. No matter, it will definitely help you fall asleep more quickly.

My advice to you: Learn to get turned on by the concept of spaceships, thermodynamics, calculus, etc. I find it is often easy enough to make associations between each concept and different reward pathways in your brain. Heat transfers can be pretty sexy! The point is, go with the flow.

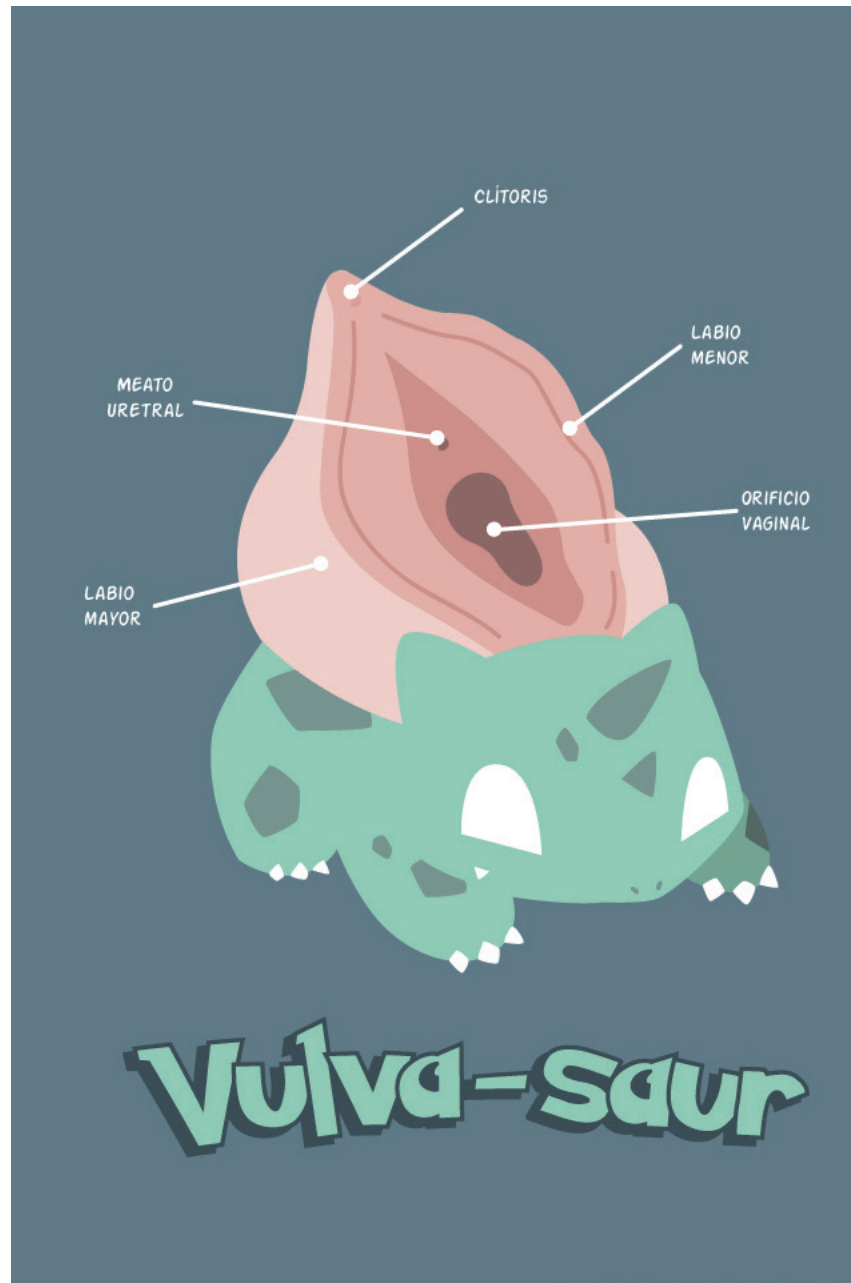
Dear engineers trying to date non-engineers: Not everyone will get excited by derivatives! (If they are mega nerdy like me, they might be okay with talking math to you, but let's be real). Non-engineers find other things sexy; they often have different interests. For example: sports, philosophy, literature, canoes, films, art, and so on and so forth.

My advice to you: If a non-engineer has consented to have sex with you, do them the courtesy of not mocking their degree program or their career possibilities. Pillow talk is a beautiful art form. But there is a careful balance: focus on their positive qualities, things they are interested in (at least some of the time), and remember: Math is sexy, in moderation.

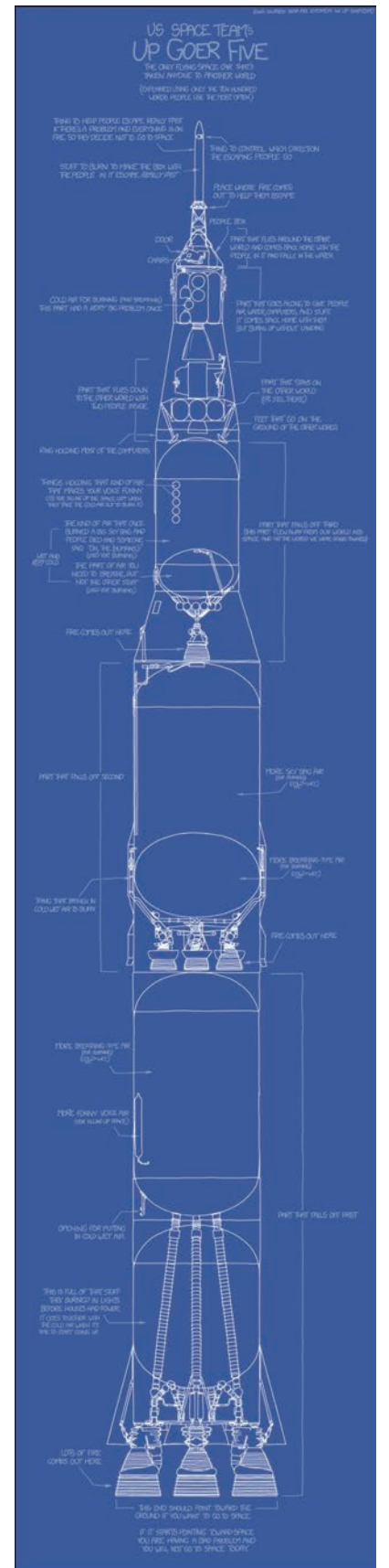
In conclusion, engineers and non-engineers may have their differences, but pillow talk is a give and take. If you understand where your partner is coming from, the result will give you more opportunities to test the spring potential of your mattress (in the long run, anyway).

Next edition look for my article on The Top 10 FREE Date Ideas (so you save money and are still the romance champion) for Reading Break!

Here is your literature pick-up line for today [if you are looking to date an English Major (or book enthusiast)]: "I don't know what Quidditch position you play, but you sure look like a keeper".



[EDITOR'S NOTE: YOU DO NOT WANT TO KNOW HOW I FOUND THIS]



FOR THE SAKE OF EQUALITY
CONSIDER THE ABOVE PHALUS

Recipe: Southern Style Pulled Pork

SERVES 10
COST \$16.73



Jeffrey 'Frank' Tolton
- AERO III -



INGREDIENTS

- > 1 tbsp. vegetable oil (\$0.05)
- > 4 lbs. of pork shoulder (or substitute) (\$12.00)
- > 1 cup of your favourite BBQ sauce. I personally enjoy President's Choice Smokin' Stampede Tequila Habanero Barbecue Sauce (\$1.25)
- > 1/2 cup apple cider vinegar (\$0.32)
- > 1/2 cup chicken broth. (or bouillon cubes) (\$0.10)
- > 1/4 cup brown sugar (\$0.46)
- > 1 tbsp. yellow mustard (\$0.05)
- > 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce (\$0.16)
- > 1 tbsp. chili powder (\$0.16)
- > 1 large onion (\$0.70)
- > 2 cloves of garlic (\$0.15)
- > 8 round Kaiser buns. (I buy the 50% day-old) (\$1.33)

DIRECTIONS

1. Pour the oil into the crock pot. Dice the onion, chop the garlic, and toss them in as well.
2. Place your pork into the crock pot.
3. Add everything else. Mix to ensure that the pork is well coated
4. Turn the crock pot on high for 5-7 hours, or until you can easily shred the pork with a fork. Stir and flip the pork every hour or two.
5. Serve hot on a buttered bun with some extra BBQ sauce on top of the pork

VARIATIONS

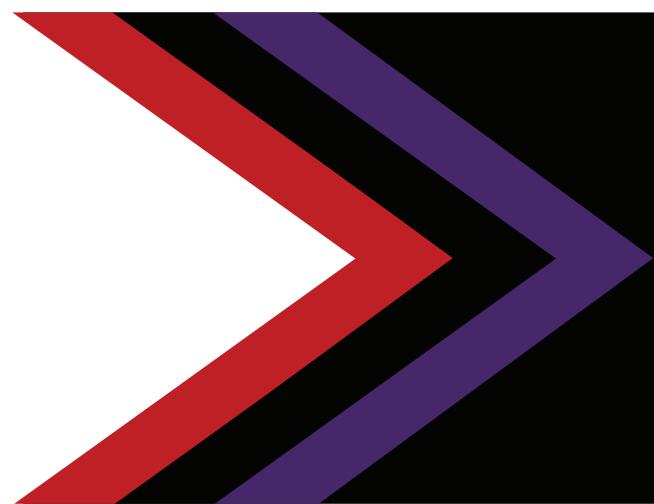
- > If you are cooking 5-6 pounds of pork, just add an extra 1/3 cup of BBQ sauce and a capful of Worcestershire sauce. You may need to cook it for an hour or two longer
- > Try different BBQ sauces, and add some hot sauce to give your pork a different and exciting taste
- > Mix up some coleslaw and serve it on top of your pork in the sandwiches. It adds a cool, sweet crunchiness and takes your sandwiches to the next level.

It's that time of year again. We're all back in Ottawa, ready to start a new year. For some, it may be the first time they need to cook for themselves, and some of you may be totally lost.

There isn't a lot of spare time to cook, so you need to whip up a lot of food with little effort. That food needs to be filling, delicious, and cheap. If there is one food that can meet those requirements and then

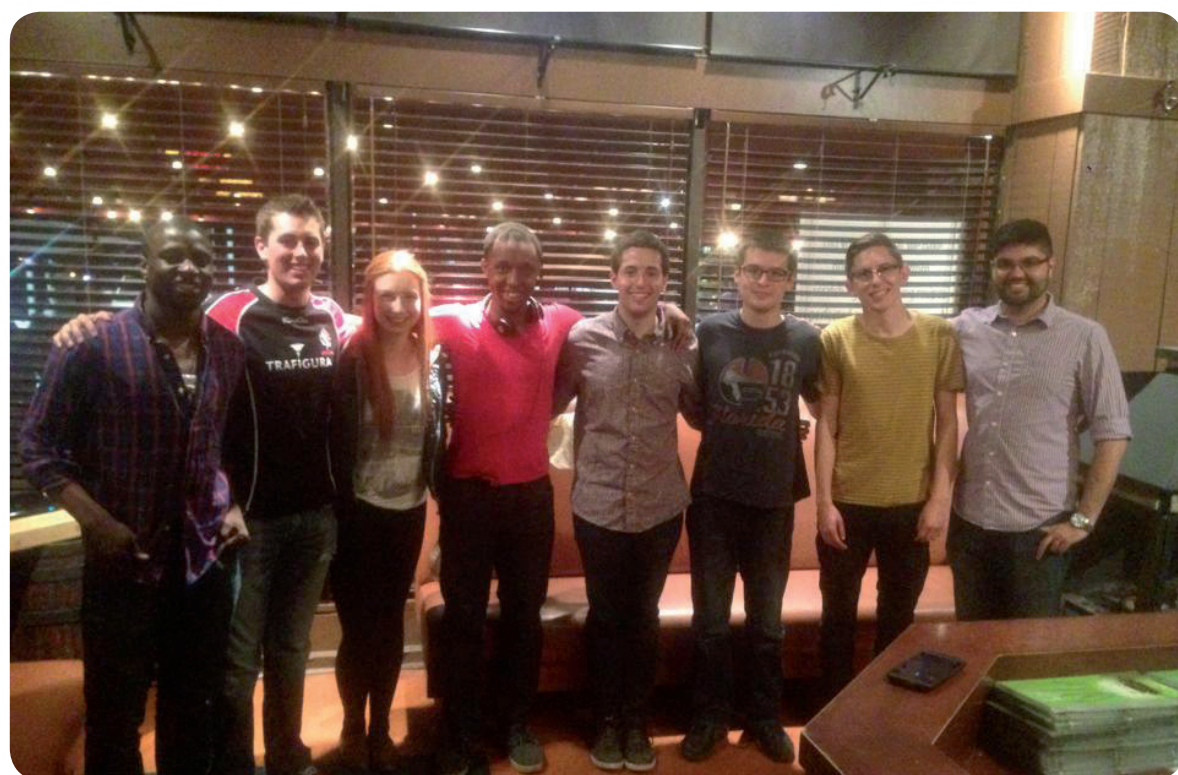
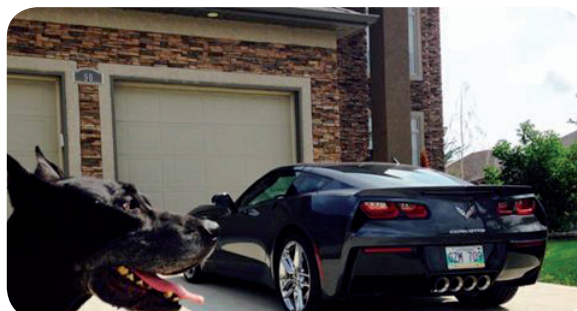
some, it's pulled pork. Now, all pulled pork isn't created equal.

Some people stew their pork in a disgusting mix of tomato sauce, vinegar, and brown sugar. Others cook their precious pork so long that the meat turns to a disturbing brown mush. What you need is a fool-proof pulled pork recipe that creates great food every time, and I have the perfect recipe for you.



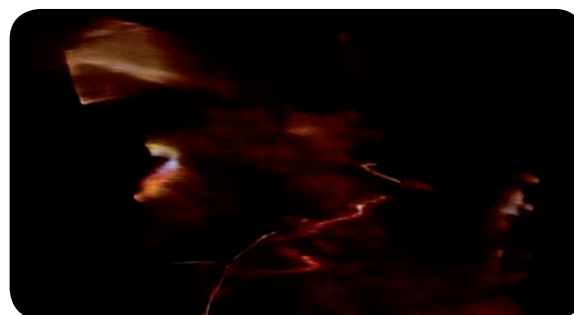
GALLERY

YOUR FACES, OUR PAGES

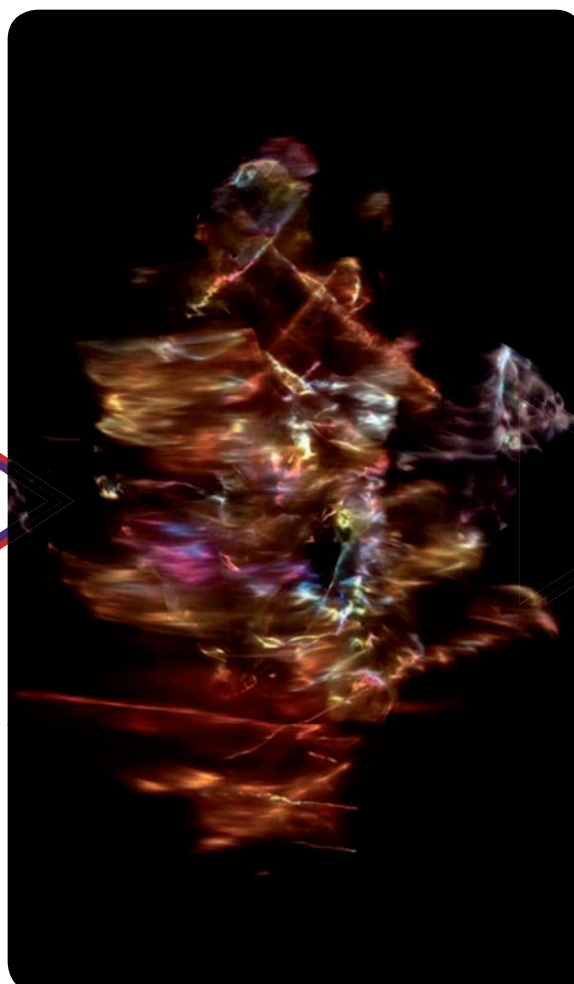
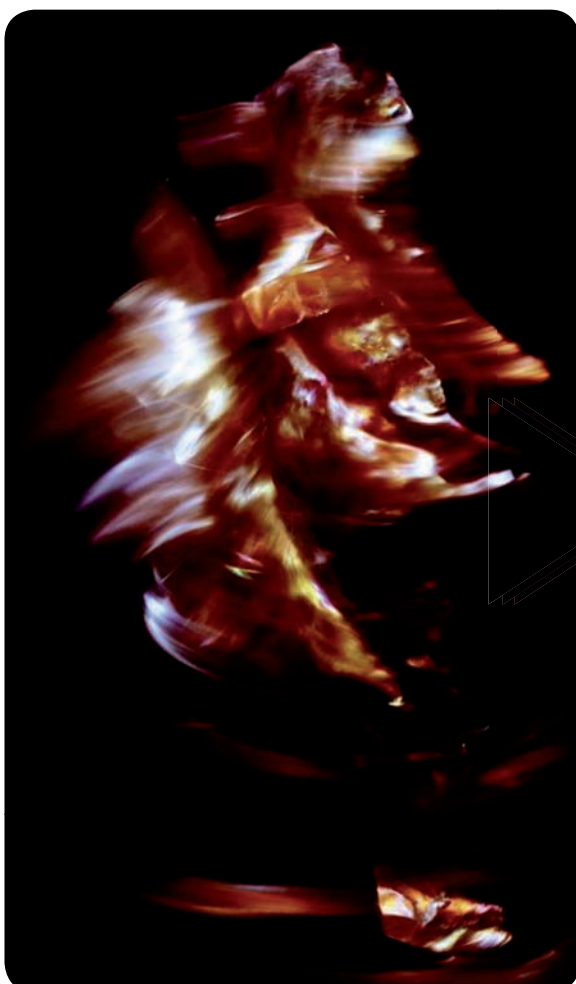
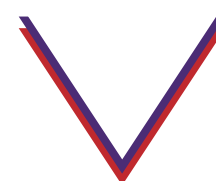


GALLERY

IT'S NOT OUR FAULT YOU'RE UGLY



ART BY:
ALBERTO TEMPRANO
TITLE: BEAUTY IN MOTION
MEDIUM: SLOW SHUTTER PHOTOGRAPHY



DRUGS: YOUR BRAIN ON SLOW SHUTTER SPEED

COLUMNS

WETNWILDGUY SOUNDS A LOT LIKE MARIO....

Phantom of the Feedback

Anonymous Articles Submitted through cses.carleton.ca/publications/theirontimes

Yes, we read it all. No, we do not need quick weight-loss pills or penis enlargements.

Party on Garth! Rock on Wayne!

A Guide to Partying Hard and Not Fucking Up

Welcome to Carleton University! We hope you enjoy your stay – it's gonna be a wild ride!

For many of you first years, this is your first time away from home. It might also be the first time that you're allowed to do whatever you want, and that may include consuming lots of alcohol with your new friends and classmates!

Now is the moment where you get to experience it all without supervision. You should be very, very excited – but being safe and responsible is a lot more important than you think. Here are my rules to partying hard, and not f**king up your life in the process!

Learn your Limits

You need to understand how your body reacts to different substances in varying quantities. Life is never about how much you can drink, because it's the amount of time that will screw with you. Playing flip cup with a 50:50 vodka/juice mix is not an example of learning your limits.

Respect their Space – You think that girl is pretty cute, eh? Go start a conversation! Ask her about what sports she plays, her favourite movies and where she got that fantastic dress! DO NOT assume that she's instantly fallen for you, or that she wants the D. Same goes for girls hitting on guys, and everything in between. Being drunk is not an excuse for sexual assault, harassment or causing mischief. Remember that tomorrow exists and that you have to deal with your consequences in the morning. Get their number and go to bed. This is why people go on coffee dates the next morning :)

Fight the Hangover – Getting



ready for a party but you have a test in the morning? Drink water while you study, drink water in the caf, drink water while you get ready! Almost every aspect of your hangover is caused by being dehydrated. If you drink lots of water (and eat fruit!) during the day, the next morning will be a breath of fresh air compared to the headache, body-shaking hours of pain and suffering that your friends will endure.

The Overnight Bag – not sleeping in your own bed for the night? Bring a backpack with your liquids, a toothbrush and a pair of pj's. Sleeping in Jeans sucks, and so does waking up next to a cute girl with gross cotton mouth and death breath. This is especially important if you live off campus. The best option for you is to get a locker and keep a bag in it with a fresh pair of clothes and a notebook for your 8:30 classes.

Quebexico – the only place within a thousand miles that will let you purchase your own alcohol, Hull is pretty amazing. It has a casino, cheap liquor and 'the strip' across the bridge from Lebreton Flats. There you will find the infamous Beavertails shot, Le Troquet and... Addiction. The go-to place for the local 16-year-olds of Ottawa, this club is a fun time if you're careful. I personally know someone

that witnessed the stabbing of a kid that was only 18, and who later died in hospital. All I ask of you is to be careful – you never know what could happen, and the same goes for downtown Ottawa and house parties. Alcohol Poisoning – If you haven't experienced this yet, don't. It sucks. A lot. And if you think that your friend is in need of serious medical aid DO NOT hesitate to call campus security at 613-520-4444 (put that in your cell phone!) Carleton has a policy that neither you nor your friend will be criminally charged for drinking on campus. The entire school, and myself included, would rather see you groggily walk into class with the worst hangover ever than to hear about how such a good kid passed away from a dumb night of drinking. Pick up the phone and call Security. It's what they're there for.

This concludes our brief, morbid and hopefully enlightening guide to partying here at Carleton. Get out there, have fun, meet some friends and enjoy being an adult without going over the edge and ruining everyone's night.

You stay classy, CENG.

An artsy and an engineer once found a gallon can...



Dear Jack:

I am a 28 yo SWM. I recently started having fantasies about a certain person and his bodily fluids. I think he is into it, but I just can't be sure. I don't want to make a move in case I look foolish.

What should I do!?

Yours,
WetNWildGuy

Dear WetNWildGuy,

It sounds like you and this special person need to communicate. This reminds me of this one time when I too secretly had feelings for a special person. We were so young and careless. At first I didn't know how to approach them, so I started doing a few subtle things. Whenever I would see them, I would always flash a smile and say hello, but I felt like my signals weren't communicating my feelings appropriately.

I started sitting in on their lectures, and made sure to sit right in front of them every day. That way, there would be no way that they could avoid seeing my smile. For whatever reason, this also failed to properly convey my feelings. I started leaving notes on their car. They ranged from "You looked nice today" to "I can see your house from my motorcycle."

Finally, they acknowledged my love for them when the man from the court handed me a restraining order with her beautiful handwriting. She finally showed me that she saw my feelings for her, and no piece of paper was going to keep us apart. I hopped on my bike, got it into gear and gunned the throttle.

Unfortunately it didn't move. There are two probable causes for a bike not moving while in gear. Either the clutch is fried or way out of adjustment. Before you go taking things totally apart, try adjusting the clutch first. If this solves the problem, you're golden. If not, you most likely need to replace your clutch.

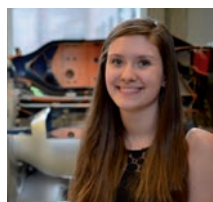
I hope this helps,

Jack

COLUMNS

NOTE : IF ENG GIRLS LOOK LIKE THAT TO YOU, YOU'VE BEEN HERE TOO LONG

ENG-GRLS



Monica Ruttle
- SOFT II -

Girls! Girls everywh — A couple more girls than expected, actually.

Welcome, lovely frosh ladies of 2014! You've entered the world of Carleton Engineering for the next 4, 5, or 6 years. Times will be had, nights will be remembered (or not remembered) and friends will be made. I'd like to take this opportunity to address some of your questions, concerns and/or issues. Or at least, address many of the worries I had when I joined the ranks a mere 12 months ago. It all may seem daunting as of now, but in no time this will be the place you call home. So here's to being strong, independent women! Cheers!

Yes, there will be other girls in your classes (unless you're in Software, then there may be one other girl). Although the ratios may not be in our favour, it truly is quality over quantity. Every lovely lady who steps into Minto Building 2000 is in the same boat as you are. The connections made between Eng girls are stronger than any connection I've ever seen. If you are at all worried that you will have difficulty meeting other Misses, fear not. There is bound to be at least one other girl sitting alone, just waiting for someone to join them in making fun of your prof's incoherent notes, laugh at "annoy-

ing question guy" and generally giggle about whatever is worth giggling over (just think of all the giggles to be had).

This point more applies to everyone, but to address a prominent issue at hand, yes, you can have a social life. I've seen the "We're engineers, we don't go out!" posts and I've never disagreed more. I've had more fun in the past year than I did in four years of high school. Engineering opened up my world more than I ever thought it would, even if I didn't go out every single Friday and Saturday night. Of course you should focus on your grades, but it is completely doable to do well in school and have fun. Work hard, play harder, and don't forget to sleep (or drink coffee, either one will work).

If you're looking for more ways to meet ladies (other than during classes), go to events! Whether it's through CSES (the Carleton Student Engineering Society), Flightsuits, a Soror-

ity, etc., the gender ratios are way better than in class. I was surprised when I showed up to my first after-hours engineering event to see an almost 1:1 ratio. This also applies to guys. If you're looking for someone to woo with your charm, attend events.

When it comes to the dating culture of girls in engineering, the old phrase "the odds are good, but the goods are odd" applies. When hearing this in my first year, I found it hilariously true. The majority of engineering males aren't the most socially aware group of people, to say the least. However, I found that odd is good. I soon realized that we're all a little quirky, regardless of gender. Someone out there is just the right amount of odd for you, however many odd ones you have to test before finding them.

So, I welcome all you sciency-type ladies, because you're in for a real treat.



Things I regret:

- a) Dating an engineer
- b) Buying her a breast enhancement

NATIONAL ENGINEERING WEEK 2015

A message from Lucas Brewster & Donovan Martin

Rube Goldberg, scavenger hunt, and good old engineering fun, these are just some of the things you can expect from this year's National Engineering Week. Every year engineers come together in March to celebrate engineering. From March 9th to the 14th, be sure to join us as we show Carleton just what we're all about. Events will run daily throughout the week, feel free to stop in between classes and take part, there will be prizes! All events will run out of Minto Centre and the University Centre Atrium, if you don't know where something is, pop into the CSES office or Leos, schedules and locations will be posted there. These events range from social, to faculty based, and educational, we planned something for everyone. As part of ESSCO, Carleton is asked to construct a Rube Goldberg machine and link it to other ESSCO schools machine, together we set these machines off at the end of National Engineering week and light up the CN Tower in Toronto purple, the color of engineering. T-shirt and patch sales will start soon and throughout the next couple months we will slowly reveal the schedule for the week. What we can say is that this will be Carleton's biggest ever NEW with over twenty-five planned events, ending it all off with Ring Day and Reflections. The week also entails SWAG days, where we will be showing off our different engineering clothing every day of the week, so stock up in Leo's. If the week doesn't already sound awesome enough, we have a huge surprise that will be unveiled kick off night, Monday, March 9th questions about the event, or if you would to be involved in some of the planning, or volunteer throughout the week, feel free to contact us at newchair@cses.carleton.ca.

Hope to see you all in March!!



THE WIZARDING WORLD OF ENGFROSH



SIGIL

HEADMASTERS

FACTS

SPIRITS

MANA

>9000



THE HIPPO WAS AN EGYPTIAN
DEITY OF PREGNANCY.
TAKE PRECAUTIONS.

DEATHS

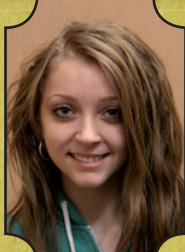
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A QUARTER OF ALL MAMMALS
ARE BATS.
CHECK YOUR ROOMMATES.

BFF'S MADE

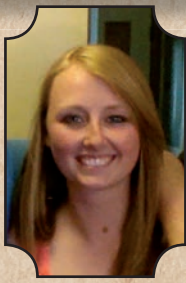
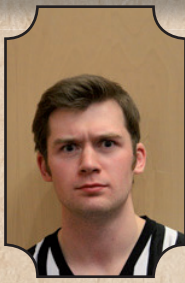
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KANGAROOS CANNOT
WALK BACKWARDS.
BECAUSE WHY WOULD THEY?

FROSH

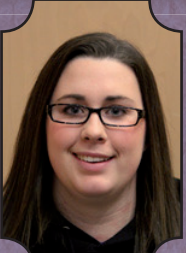
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A MOOSE WILL LOSE 30%
OF IT'S WEIGHT OVER WINTER.
YOU WILL NOT.

FLIGHTSUITS
EARNED

69



PEREGRINES MAINLY EAT
OTHER BIRDS.
YOU CHICKENS.

COUGARS

40+



HUNGRY POLAR BEARS ARE
STEALTHY AND FEARLESS.
WHITE PRIVILEGE.

FEATS OF
BRAVERY

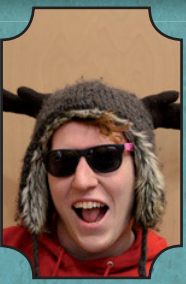
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TURTLES CANNOT LEAVE
THEIR SHELLS.
ON THE FIRST DATE.

McRAVES
SIGHTED

1



T-REX HAD A BITE FORCE OF
60 KILONEWTONS.
GO EASY ON THE FOREPLAY.

ENGFROSH
STATISTICS



WOLVES WILL CLAIM BORDERS
FAR BEYOND THEIR NEEDS.
TRY AND STOP THEM.



THE MINISTRY



NOLITE CAPTUS

NOLITE CIRCUMFORATUS

NOLITE MORTUUS



CARLETON STUDENT ENGINEERING SOCIETY



Alexander's Office
2090 Minto Case



www.cses.carleton.ca



/MyCSES



@MyCSES

WHAT IS CSES ?

THE CARLETON STUDENT ENGINEERING SOCIETY HAS BEEN SERVING THE STUDENTS OF CARLETON ENGINEERING FOR MORE THAN 35 YEARS.

ITS GOAL IS TO PROVIDE ITS MEMBERS WITH ACADEMIC, PROFESSIONAL, AND SOCIAL RESOURCES TO HELP THEM MAKE THE MOST OF THEIR FOUR (OR MORE) YEARS AT CARLETON. IF YOU'RE AN UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT ENROLLED IN A STREAM OF ENGINEERING, YOU'RE A MEMBER OF CSES.



“ 5th Year SREE, Proud Ginger, Loves 90's cartoons. I'm here to make sure all Exec's fulfill their mandates, as well as a few projects of my own! I'm working to improve the interaction and services provided to student engineering groups, starting with an online registration system to keep everything up to date. The other major project on my agenda is a change in CSES student space. I want to make sure that our services are not compromised, while giving membership the best experience possible.



“ 3rd Year BMED. I'm your VP Keggers Social for this year, which means I'll be running all of the events that will earn YOU a high quality, well insulated, revered Flightsuit! I'm adding some new events, such as the Stream Cup (think Harry Potter House Cup) and Winter Olympics, and I continuing February Feel Good Week, Whirlwind (the eng semi-formal) EngFrosh Reunion ft. the Ottawa RedBlacks; Yuk Yuk's Comedy; VAP's, and last, but not least, the engineering graduates send-off banquet, Reflections.



“ 3rd Year AERO (reppin the D, baby!) I will be working to develop CSES's corporate credibility, provide funding and assistance to Student Groups to maximize our faculty's student influence in the academic community, support the society in all the exciting efforts we have planned, and work to continue meeting any and all obligations my role has to the members of our society. Best wishes, be fierce, and stay eager.



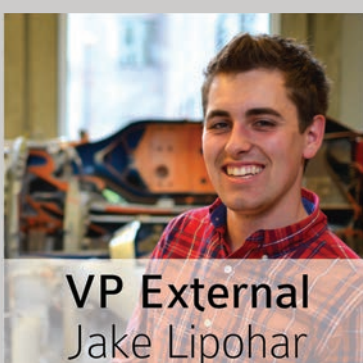
“ 3rd Year AERO. As VPI, I run the CSES meetings of the members, Policy and Constitutional Reviews, the Announce Email, elections, First Year Conference, Pewter Mugs and backstage behind the scenes mystery CSES stuff. My goals for the upcoming year include; a completely new and revised Policy Manual, an announce where you can submit the content, monthly extracurricular workshops, and maybe even a guest speaker or two and by golly, to run the best-darned First Year Conference I can!



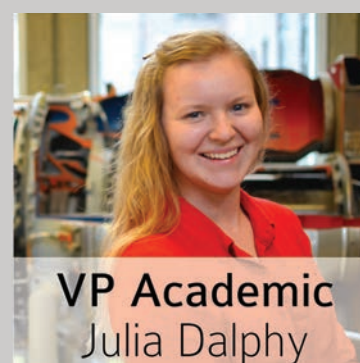
“ 3rd Year AERO. I'm incredibly thrilled to be your VP Publications this coming year! I'll be working on the Website, a new app (!), EngSwag designs, The Iron Times, and much much more! The best decision you could make is getting involved and it's so easy when there's something for everyone within C-Eng! If you have a more creative side why not write for this newspaper, become a photographer, or help in design work?! Contact me any time, by any means! Be amazing and stay classy ☺ ♥



“ 3rd Year AERO. I oversee Leo's Lounge (the cheapest food on campus!) as well as Alexander's Office. I also coordinate the Textbook Trade where you get your textbooks much cheaper than the bookstore. Come check it out in Alexander's Office, which is also where you can find all our other services, our executive and council team and, most importantly, a friendly face to help you with ANYTHING!



“ 3rd Year ACSE. I love travelling the world, and singing my face off at karaoke and concerts. My goals this year are to prioritize bringing information back to Carleton from conferences and to properly represent you as students to the rest of the country. I am here to help make your lives better while in school, and for future generations of engineers to come. Be sure to apply for conferences this year, and listen for words like "CFES, ESSCO, Congress, FYIC and NCWiE!"



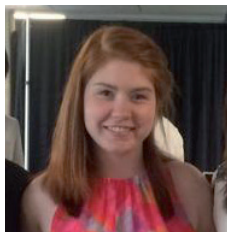
“ 3rd Year ARCH-ENG. My goals are to run a crazy, packed National Engineering Week (stay tuned for that in March!) and to increase academic advocacy for our members (AKA: you!). This way, I can do my best to shift the focus of the VPA portfolio to improving your experience on your way to getting your Iron Ring. In addition, I'm also in charge of the Carleton Design Competition that takes place next month (where you could qualify to go onto provincials, or nationals!), and the Exam Library (and online resource of past exams—study, study!), and much more!

WANT TO GET INVOLVED?

JUST TALK TO ANYONE INVOLVED IN CSES, OR FIRE OFF A MESSAGE! EVERYTHING FROM DIRECTORSHIPS, TO EVENT PLANNING, VOLUNTEERING AT LEO'S LOUNGE, OR JUST SHOWING UP TO EVENTS. IT ALL PLAYS AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN MAKING ENGINEERING YOUR FAMILY AWAY FROM HOME, AND EVEN MORE IMPORTANT THAN FAMILY: EVERYTHING COUNTS FOR FLIGHTSUIT STAMPS.

FEATURES

THE ARABS IN KILTS SHOULD HAVE BEEN A GIVEAWAY



Rachel "Bluenose" Siddall
- AERO II -

On the 21st of December, 1988, Pan Am Flight 103 exploded over Lockerbie, Scotland.

Widely regarded as the most influential terrorist attack on the United States prior to the attacks of September 11, 2001, all 270 people onboard perished, including 3 Canadians and 178 Americans. The bombing was carried out by the Libyan Security Service, and exacerbated an already growing conflict between the United States and Libya.

To understand this conflict, we need to go back to September 1st, 1969, when Colonel Muammar Qaddafi overthrew King Idris I of Libya, becoming the head of state for the newly formed Libyan Arab Republic. Qaddafi's ascension to power marked the beginning of three decades of conflict between Libya and the United States. Qaddafi and his new government set out to eradicate all foreign presence on Libyan soil, including the American Wheelus Air Base which was formally handed over to the Libyan authorities on June 11, 1970.

In 1972 the US withdrew its Ambassador to Libya in response to Qaddafi's call for volunteers for Palestinian armed groups. Relations continued to worsen over the following decade with a series of naval and air attacks on both Libyan and American military personnel in the Gulfe of Sirte and the bombing of a West Berlin nightclub, La Belle Discotheque on April 5, 1986, which killed or injured over 200 people including two Americans. Ronald Reagan, the American president at the time countered the bombing with a series of military attacks on residential areas surrounding Tripoli and Benghazi, killing and injuring dozens of people, including Qaddafi's 15-month-old daughter.

The violence reached its peak with the bombing of Flight 103 by Abdelbaset Ali Mohamed Al Megrahi, a major in the Libyan Security Service. Early in December of 1988, the American embassy to Finland

in Helsinki received a warning that stated that an American commercial aircraft leaving Frankfurt would be bombed by Middle Eastern terrorists sometime in the following two weeks. The FAA relayed that warning to all American air carriers. However, the warning did not reach the Pan Am Alert Security organization in either Frankfurt or in London. This meant that the operators working on the evening of December 21, 1988 were not aware of the threat and were not on any heightened state of alert.

Pan American flight 103 exploded en route to John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York City from London's Heathrow Airport, killing 270 people aboard and eleven people on the ground. The explosion was caused by an improvised explosive that had been placed inside a Toshiba radio cassette recorder that was in a brown Samsonite suitcase that had been left in the Frankfurt Airport automatic baggage distribution system and had travelled to Heathrow on flight PAM-103. It had been transferred to a cargo container on the left side of the Boeing 747, Clipper Maid of the Seas, just ahead of the wing. This was in spite of the fact that an accompanying passenger was not on board the plane, as a proper passenger-baggage reconciliation test was not completed at either Frankfurt or Heathrow.

The explosion caused the aircraft to split in two in less than three seconds, with the wreckage spreading over an area of nearly 2200 square kilometers. The radio cassette recorder was established as the cause of the explosion when a piece of circuit board was found in a luggage container amongst the debris and eventually linked to fragments found in clothing purchased by a Libyan man from Anthony Gauci, the proprietor of a retail outlet called Mary's House in Sliema, Malta, on December 7, 1988. The pieces of the circuit board were confirmed by Erwin Meister and Edwin Bollier, owners of MEBO, a Swiss telecommunications company, to be pieces of a MST-13 timer that at the time was being produced exclusively by MEBO for the Libyan Security Service. It was at



this time that Megrahi became a suspect in the bombing, as Bollier informed investigators that Megrahi and his business partner Badri Hassan rented offices from MEBO in Zurich and that Megrahi was a major in the Libyan Security Service. Megrahi's photo was presented to Gauci, who confirmed that Megrahi resembled the man who had purchased clothing from his shop two weeks prior to the bombing. A telephone call made from a room of the Malta Holiday Inn on December 21, 1988 where Ahmed Khalifa Abdusamad, a confirmed alias of Megrahi, was staying, linked investigators to Al Amin Khalifa Fhimah, the station manager for Libyan Arab Airlines at Luqa Airport in Malta. Investigators also found that Abdulmajid Abdul Razkaz Abdulsalam Giaka (Majid), a Libyan intelligence officer who had worked with Megrahi and Fhimah at the Luqa Airport had defected to the US. Majid disclosed that he had seen an explosive in Fhimah's desk at the airport and that he was aware that Fhimah and Megrahi had been in possession of a brown hard-shell suitcase. He also identified important members of the Libyan Intelligence Service. Shortly afterwards, on November 13, 1991, Megrahi and Fhimah were arrested on charges of murder, conspiracy to murder, and a contravention of the Aviation Security Act of 1982.

The investigation of the Lockerbie crash proved to be one of the most complex and comprehensive criminal investigations ever completed by the United States and the United Kingdom (UK). It was quickly established through the analy-

sis of the thousands of pieces of debris found all over Lockerbie and the surrounding area that the cause of the crash was a bomb and by 1991 Megrahi and Fhimah were considered suspects in the investigation. The two governments decided to consider the bombing a "crime under their domestic legal processes for which Libya bore state responsibility", and demanded that Libya be held responsible for the crime, pay compensation to the families of victims and cooperate in their investigation instead of considering it an "act of war". This was because the counterattacks made by the US after previous Libyan terrorist attacks had failed to prevent further acts of terrorism, and instead caused the violence of the acts to escalate.

The US and the UK, along with France who held Libya accountable for the bombing of the Union des Transports Aériens (UTA) flight 772 on September 19, 1989 over Niger, pushed for a series of UN resolutions that called for the isolation of Libya and demanded that Libya renounce terrorism and prove that it had done so. When Libya failed to immediately comply with these demands, an embargo on aviation relations and arms transfers was put into place by the UN and Libyan assets were frozen. This put Libya under much more international scrutiny and as a result lowered its involvement in terrorist activities significantly.

The US and the UK also demanded that Libya hand over the suspects in the bombing, accept responsibility and cooperate in their investigation. Libya, however, argued



that treaties gave it jurisdiction to deal with the investigation and the suspects that the investigation would reveal as it saw fit. In order to assert this right, the Libyan government went to the International Court of Justice and requested preventative measures to stop the US or the UK from using force, "threats" or any other "violations of [its] sovereignty, territorial integrity, and political independence" to pressure it into forfeiting its right to investigate and try its own citizens.

However, Libya's request did not ultimately affect the US to a great extent as the UN Charter states that the Security Council is authorized to override treaties where necessary in order to restore peace and security to the world. Libya refused to comply with the UN sanctions and by the late 1990s it became apparent that further action would have to be taken. An oil embargo was proposed but failed to garner public support as most of the imported oil in the European Union came from Libya. Despite this, the Libyan economy was already feeling the effects of isolation under the UN sanctions. The dissolution of the Soviet Union in 1991 had left Libya alone against the most powerful countries in the world. This, along with the improvement of bilateral relations between the Libyan Arab Jamahiriya and the United States caused the Libyan government to realize that a compromise would have to be made. It proposed that a trial for Megrahi and Fhimah be held in The Hague, Netherlands. The US and the UK agreed to this proposal under the conditions that the trial be held by a Scottish court operat-

ing in accordance with UK procedures.

Megrahi and Fhimah were transferred to Camp Zeist, a former American air force base near The Hague for trial by the Scottish court. The trial began on May 3, 2000 and on January 30, 2001 the court convicted Megrahi of the murder of the 270 people on board PAM-103 and sentenced him to life in prison with a minimum of 27 years. Fhimah, however, was found not guilty and immediately returned to Libya. Megrahi's conviction resulted in a measure of closure for the families of the victims and the general public.

Although it seemed as though the decade long struggle between Libya and the US was drawing to a close, Libya had yet to accept responsibility for the bombing, pay compensation or renounce terrorism. The UN suspended its sanctions against Libya after Megrahi's conviction, but the US refused to remove its sanctions until Libya had met its other demands. Libya, wishing to remove the Lockerbie incident from the public eye and the UN's agenda, began talks with the US and the UK. Furthermore, the September 11 terrorist attacks on the World Trade Centre in New York City put the United States in a state of shock, which meant that the now 13 year old Pan Am bombing was no longer on the front of its agenda.

Instead, the US was concerned with the prosecution of Osama bin Laden. Libya was quick to remind them that they had been the first to call for his prosecution. bin Laden and Al Qaeda, his extremist Sunni organization, posed as much a threat to Qaddafi's regime as it did the safety of, so on September 28, 2001, when the Security Council produced Resolution 1373 which required all states to cooperate in the prevention and suppression of terrorism, the US and Libya found themselves fighting the same battle. In choosing to stand behind the resolution, Libya had renounced terrorism and was therefore one step closer to meeting all of the demands.

In February 2004, American oil companies were allowed to begin discussions with Libya about their eventual

FEATURES

LESS WALLS, MORE MOATS PLEASE

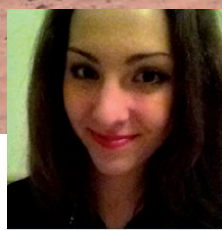
LOCKERBIE (continued)

return to the country and a US Liaison Office was established in Tripoli. American businesses were also authorized to return to Libya and by September 2004 Libya's frozen assets were released. With each step taken by Libya to eliminate its WMD and missile involvement, the US would offer more and more "reciprocal gestures", bringing relations between the two countries one step closer to normalcy until on June 30, 2006 the US rescinded Libya's designation as a state sponsor of terrorism. This marked the first time that a country had been removed from the terrorist list without a change in administration within the US or a dramatic shift in government for the 'terrorist' country.

Much has happened since the Lockerbie bombing to change the relationship between the United States and Libya, marked with a series of attacks, counterattacks and negotiations, most recently the attack on the US embassy in Libya following the civil war in Libya. The 1988 bombing brought about a series of events that eventually lead to the reconciliation of the two countries, Libya's removal from the list of State Sponsors of Terrorism and its renunciation of weapons of mass destruction. Despite the conflict and tensions between the two countries caused by the bombing, it ultimately had a significant impact on the improvement of relations between them. The US decision to pursue UN involvement in the prosecution of the suspects of the bombing instead of pursuing a counterattack lead to a much more peaceful resolution of the conflict than would have been seen otherwise. The UN sanctions placed upon Libya ultimately persuaded them to meet the demands of both the UN and the US. Libya's compliance, coupled with the mutual desire of the US and Libya to see Osama bin Laden prosecuted for the September 11 terrorist attacks on the United States and a series of other offences committed by Al-Qaeda allowed the two countries to come together and collaborate in the international fight against terrorism.

THE BORDER DEBATE

A History of Divides Predicts the Future of Russia and Ukraine



Anita Rayegani
- LAW I -

If you look up the dictionary definition of a border it will tell that it is a fixed "line or boundary separating two countries". Implying a constant presence, which has, and always will exist in its present state. But that is far too simple. Borders are complex, fluid and ever-evolving structures. They change with little regard for the environment and the people in their midst, potentially altering drastically the lives of those around them.

Post World War One Europe perfectly encapsulates this. Following on from the defeat of the Central powers, the

great Austro-Hungarian Empire and the House of Habsburg crumbled. As with all post war treaties, the Treaty of Trianon (the peace agreement between the winners and the losers) was wholly dictated by the winning Entente powers. Determined to punish those they deemed responsible for war, the trio of Britain, France and Russia set about deconstructing the once formidable empire. Central to this was the redrawing of the Hungarian borders.

What they failed to consider was the hundreds of thousand of Hungarians who were about to emigrate without moving an inch, who would go to sleep one night in Hungary and wake up the next in what is now Slovakia. It is difficult to imagine just what was go-

ing through the minds of those people, people who often had no connection to the war effort, people who failed to understand the reasoning for war let alone understand why they were about to be consumed by a new country. Little is known about the answers to these questions as all too often in war, the story of people is ignored in favour of the story of battalions, of armies, of countries.

In the Slovakian census of 2011 roughly half a million people listed Hungarian as their mother tongue and roughly the same number listed Hungarian as their nationality. But quite often this is not the case. Those born post 1918 will have passports describing them as Slovaks. Their language has not changed in almost a century,

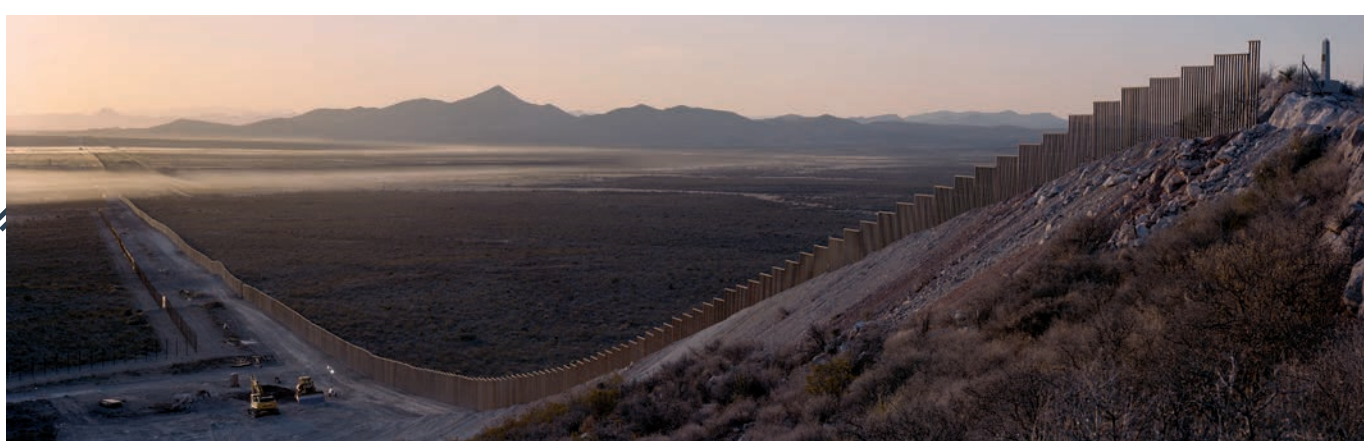
their culture has not changed but the story of their nationality is not so clear-cut. They live, work and vote in a country where they cannot understand the language of the overwhelming majority. Yet we hear no complaints, no clamour for self-determination and no uproar about the wrongs of almost a hundred years ago.

This may perhaps seem like a trivial issue, just a small number of Hungarians who live in a modern European country beside another modern European country. But this is an issue that replicates itself many times across the world; the Irish in Northern Ireland, the Germans of North Schleswig in Denmark and the Mongolians of Northern China. Again you may ask what relevance those these iso-

lated cases have in the modern world, but you only have to look towards Russian, Ukraine and Crimea to understand why borders matter.

The crux of the Ukrainian issue is essentially the millions of ethnic Russians who find themselves living in Ukraine. Their language and culture has not altered, but the issue of their nationality has slowly been simmering under the surface, waiting for the right catalyst to re-ignite the pain of decades ago.

So is it right to describe borders as fix lines on a map? Certainly not. And perhaps now, more than ever is the time to reconsider altering these fluid borders once again.



SHOWN ABOVE: MEXICAN HIGH JUMP

FEATURES

ROBERT AND MERYL 4 EVAR

OUT OF AFRICA

LAUREN MAYO was the Engineers Without Borders Junior Fellow this summer, spending four months living and working in Zambia. We at The Iron Times are incredibly proud of the work she has done representing Canada, Carleton and Engineering, and would like to present to you following excerpts from her blog. They detail her adventures, struggles, and successes in Zambia this summer.



Lauren Mayo
- NPSIA -

MAY 18

After months of preparation and years of dreaming, I have finally arrived in Zambia. Myself and the other 4 Junior Fellows have spent the last couple of days just orientating ourselves and learning how to survive.

Our flight over was relatively uneventful. The food on Ethiopian Airlines was great. After a surprise stop-over in Zimbabwe we arrived pretty late on Wednesday evening and just had dinner with some of the staff from Business Development Services Africa (BDSA, another EWB venture in Zambia) and Rent to Own. We are staying at a Backpackers hostel. We have spent most of the first couple of days wandering around Zambia and trying to get some essential items such as SIM cards and bug nets. We have spent most of our time wandering around malls and trying to sort ourselves out. Unsurprisingly, we haven't really experienced any "culture shock" as we have been spending most of our time in malls and with Canadians who run the EWB ventures. I'm sure this will change next week when I start my village stay on

Tuesday.

We visited the downtown market yesterday, an open air space with shack shops. Anything is for purchase here, from cloth, to rope, to toilette seats and furniture. What struck me the most was the large amount of used clothing from Western charity drives that have made it to Zambia. I have already seen about 3 hockey jerseys and that was just from walking around the market for about 3 hours.

You would be hard pressed to find any Zambian made clothes, as these items are much cheaper and have undermined the Zambian clothing industry. Something that also surprised me was how many cellular devices are floating around. The main networks here are Airtel, Zamtel and MTN. Everyone has a couple of cellphones, SIM cards and internet modems. You can buy "top up" money for your SIM card in these little shacks about every 100ms or so. Though I knew that cellphones were a big thing in Africa, this was more than I anticipated.

We have also spent a good portion of our time getting lost in Lusaka. This city is not designed like a grid. You don't realize it, but the street you are walking on is actually curved.

You thought you were heading north, but after half an hour you are actually going east. Street names are not a thing here so you really have to pay attention to landmarks. Though Zambians are willing

to help you, you are likely to get 5 different directions if you talk to five different people. Least to say, the Zambian JFs have had their fair chance to bound during our 2 hour long walks.

My first impression of Zambian people is that they are friendly but more reserved group of individuals. "Mazungus, Mazungus, how are you?" Is a common greeting we have received. One would usually respond with a thumbs up and a return greeting. When you get into a conversation, people tend to hold your hand gently while they are talking to you as to facilitate a connection with you. Though I have yet to see it, I have been told by the EWB African Program Staff that it is not uncommon to see companions holding hands while walking down the street.

That is all for now, tomorrow Michael (the JF from UOIT) and I will be heading to the Rent to Own office for some training and then I will be off to Kabwe for a village stay. I expect this to be a very different experience but I'm looking forward to it.

MAY 31

So I have returned to Kabwe after a brief reprieve in Zambia. I'm not quite yet settled but here is a summary of my village stay.

Welcome to Rural Africa
I could write a book on my village stay. I arrived last Tuesday after a peaceful 2 hour drive from Lusaka to Kabwe. I was struck by how beautiful

the country side is, filled with vibrant yellow fields, still lush green trees and a clear blue sky.

We stopped briefly at the RTO office upon arrival, which is small but comfortable, and then Caphus drove me to the village that I would be staying in. The village was located about 30 minutes outside of town and it is in the middle of nowhere. I stayed with an "elderly" couple (she's in her 40s, he's in his late 50s) named Edward and Eva Kahare. This is their second marriage for both of them and they each have 3 children. They are predominately maize farmers which is their cash crop, but they do have a number of gardens in which they grow rape (this is a vegetable kind of like spinach, needless to say, I was pretty confused to see this in a menu), potatoes, tomatoes and some other crops. Everyone in the village was related in some way and I would say there were about 40 people in the area if I had to guess (I met so many people and children that I was unable to keep them all straight!). Everyone greeted me with immense respect and general shyness. I was made slightly uncomfortable by the bows that some of the women and children gave me, but I was later told that that is a sign of respect. I unfortunately made one little girl cry as she was terrified by my white skin. I can't say I blame her, she has only known her fellow Zambians. To complete our walk, in dramatic

fashion, we came across a cobra which was quickly killed by Edward's brother-in-law. Welcome to rural Africa.

Rest more Eat more Bathe More

My days started around 6am each day though Eva was awake by 4am. This woman is a powerhouse. She is responsible for all of the domestic chores, many of the cash crop business matters, and is the Treasurer of her church. Edward, who suffered a stroke last year, tells me privately that he is immensely grateful that he has Eva and it is clear to me that they have a true love and companionship. Edward and I would soon have breakfast together, which mostly consisted of coffee and slice bread, and then we would set off to the field. Everyone was completely in shock that I would want to help with the harvest, they thought I would keel over at any moment. It soon became a topic of conversation with friends later as it was such a novelty! I was told often to rest but I am pleased to say that I managed to keep up. I mainly helped husk maize in the morning with Edward and occasionally his sons. Each stalk was cleared by hand, one by one, in a simple but tedious task. We managed to clear one of the fields while I was there but it took a long time. Edward tells me that he wishes to purchase a sheller to help him with this task. I can't say I blame him, for husking the corn individually by hand takes time.

After we worked out in the field, Edward and I would come back for lunch that Eva has prepared. Meals mainly consisted of nshima, rape, and some kind of protein, whether that be eggs, chicken or fish. A corn based dish, nshima is the national food and is so thick that it sits in your stomach like lead. As a result, I wrestle with a guilty conscious the whole week in my inability to finish my meals. My conversation with Edward and Eva would go like this: "I'm so sorry, I'm really full," to which they would reply "Eat more!" By the end of the week, I managed to convince them that I wasn't used to such large meals and they stopped loading my plate, but it took a lot of convincing. I figured it was better to push not eating so much as to 1) not waste their food and 2) not insult them if I were to accidentally throw up the food due to overeating.

My afternoons would consist of helping Eva do dishes, working in the field, and/or lounging around reading when it was too hot to work. It took some convincing for Eva to allow me to do the dishes (I think in part because I was her guest, but also due to my general incompetence with completing chores in the village). In the end, I won out which allowed Eva to take a break. It was kind of comical doing the dishes, as you had to make sure that you didn't step on a chick, a chicken, a pigeon or a dog while you were doing them. I even had a funny little incident in which I had to save a chick from drowning in a pot! With this free time, Eva managed to get her hair braided by one of her nieces and when I was through with the dishes, I took out my camera and played with the kids with it. I have learned that cameras are the quickest way into a child's heart as they simply loved seeing their faces captured on film. This was a much needed icebreaker as most of the kids were pretty shy around me and only spoke Bemba.

Before the sun would set around 6pm, I would have to take a shower. The water is heated to a comfortable temperature over the fire, placed in a plastic container and there you have it. I would usually use a cup to help rinse. I have to say, though I may not have been as clean as I normally am, it was kind of nice watching the sun set while taking a bath. In a hilarious incident, a dog chased a chicken into the shower area and I had to yell at the dog to leave the damn bird alone! The chicken just kind of hung out with me while I was taking a shower, so, now I have a weird fun fact about my life that I took a bath with a chicken.

The reality I have painted a picturesque version of Zambian village life thus far but it comes with some harsh realities. Though the Kahare family has several assets including about 10 goats, 10 cows, several hectares of land, a radio, and solar panels, they still had their troubles. My heart breaks thinking of how hard they work (Eva easily works 14 hours a day) and how much they struggle. Edward suffers from medical complications such as high blood pressure and Eva met some challenges with paying her son's school fees. School in Zambia is only paid for up to grade 6 and after that the par-

FEATURES

JUST CHATTING AROUND THE WATERCOOLER DIGGING EQUIPMENT

Out of Africa (cont'd)

ents must fund their children's education.

To compound these issues, the harvest was also affected by a drought this year and the wells are running low. Eva tells me that the borehole that they get their water from will be finished by August. I ask her what they will do when that happens and she simply looks at me, says "we will keep digging," then turns around, and walks back to her kitchen. I feel that this sums up a general attitude that is had here. They have their struggles, but they will make do with what they have. And I have to say, they are truly thankful for what they have and laugh regularly in clear enjoyment of the simple things in life.

Spirituality and Beliefs

Eva and Edward invited me to attend their Church on the Saturday of my stay. I knew that it was important to them that I attend this part of their life so I accepted. Everyone dressed up in their Church attire and we made the 2km walk through fields to get to the church. The Seventh Day Adventist Church is plain in its appearance and seats about 100 comfortably. Church is an entire day affair and it began with a bible study session. Individuals were divided into groups throughout the church yard based on language, either Tonga, Bemba or English. It allowed me a brief glimpse into the philosophies that people held and how community leaders answered their questions. One of the questions posed by a smartly dressed 20 something was whether the church should preach the word of good to people in other tribes or other church denominations. Thankfully, the pastor said that it was not right to discriminate.

After an hour, everyone gathered back into the church to hear the sermon given by the pastor in, thankfully, English. The sermon was filled with boisterous singing from the congregation and lead by the powerful voice of the pastor. The sermon was filled with messages of love and sprinkled with the traditionally speech of "Beware of sin". I chuckled a little bit to myself later when a sermon discussed the sin promoting nature of films such as Jackie Chan. I thought to my-



self, o man, if that film was bad, wait till you see the films that came out 20 years afterwards.

The afternoon portion of the service was led by the youth choir who had the most beautiful voices. I was very moved by their performance. All in all, the sermon was positive and you could feel the devotion that people had to their faith.

It was evident to me that the people in the village were very devoted to their Christian faiths. This faith was sprinkled with some old school traditionally beliefs. I was surprised to learn that Eva believes in witches and demonic possession, as we had previously had some very modern conversations. I tried to stay as neutral as possible but I pushed the topic just a little bit. I asked her to explain how one knew someone was a witch, how do you catch and cure witches, and how you know someone is possessed by a demon. She explained that a witch hunter could identify a witch and that they can be cured by the church if they wanted to. She said that she knew witches and told me a story about how a pigeon carried a threatening letter to an individual who had displeased a witch. I mentioned the existence of carrier pigeons but she simply brushed it off. I found it interesting how these beliefs still exist.

At the End of the Day

My stay with the Kahare family was an insightful and wonderful experience. I am incredibly grateful to these people that took me into their home and called me their daughter. They were incredibly kind to me and made an effort to help me with my learning.

We shared a wonderful cultural exchange and spent afternoons swapping questions about each other's countries. I spent many hours sitting with

Edward listening to the radio and chatting with Eva by the cooking fire. I spent time sitting underneath a tree, sometimes reading and other times simply gazing at whatever scene was unfolding. Though the divide did not happen often, I was struck in some moments at how different our lives were and how I wish I could contribute in some way that would make their lives easier for the long term. I also cannot emphasize enough how much they valued their family and how grateful they were for everything they had. It was a wonderful experience and I will make sure to stay in touch with them during my time here in Zambia.

JUNE 12

After two weeks of moving around and living in hostels, I have arrived in the town of Kabwe which will be my home base for the rest of my 2.5 months. I am currently living with the Office Sales Agent, Ruth, in what is essentially a student dorm located in the "Railways" District of the city and just down the road from the Teachers' college. What strikes me the most about living in this place is how it reminds me of my residence stay in undergrad. The units each contain 2 rooms which have bunk beds. Thankfully, it is only Ruth and I in the one room but our neighbours are not so lucky and have 4 guys crammed into one small room. The most charming aspect of the property is the busted, red flatbed truck in the front yard which functions as the location for the clothes' line and where I like to sit, read and watch people walk by.

My days begin at around 6:30am when the guys start to get ready for school and blare the music. In a really weird and kinda sad way, Chris Brown's "These Girls ain't Loyal" will now forever



remind me of my stay in Zambia because I'm pretty sure that I've heard that song at least 100 times since being here. Zambians love their music and I find it funny how the hard core gangster rap and club music is played just as often as the gospel music and the "Afro Beats" that have emerged out of "Nollywood". Alas, some things just don't change in which living in residence means you are living with a certain amount of sleep deprivation. Not to give the wrong impression, the guys that we are living with, Derick, Daniel, Reagan and Muhitu, are very nice and are dedicated students. We have had some nice chats and they are just as curious about my life in Canada as I am about living in Zambia.

Ruth and I leave our residence at 8am every morning for the half an hour walk to work. We walk past the Teacher's college, over the railway tracks and through town to reach our office. Though I am told they are weeds, I am really enjoying admiring the yellow flowers that line our path as we walk. The first couple of days of our journey I received quite a few stares and some timid greetings, but after about a week and a half people are no longer surprised by my presence. I can't help but feel a little underdressed in my field clothes and running shoes, especially in the midst of the university students in their ties and skirts.

The Rent to Own office is located in New Market which contains twisted wooden shop stands selling the widest array of goods. Though the majority of the market is filled with the colours of tomatoes, bananas, rape and onions, there is a sizable amount of used clothing, kitchen supplies, African clothe, purses and metal work. The market area is filled with noise of people hawking their

goods and the desperate horns of the few vehicles that try to maneuver their way through the market.

Unlike the market outside, the office is a small and clean space. It is headed by the field manager, Caphus, a big man in his early 40s. It has two Field Officers, Robert who is 26 and has been in Kabwe the longest, and the new comer Chadrick who just started on the job a month ago. Finally, the Sales Coordinator, Ernest, is responsible for the management of the Sales Agents, such as Ruth. My assigned role is to improve the efficiency and the effectiveness of the Field Officers. Issues have arisen concerning the high number of clients who are approved but who are unable to make the Commitment fee to acquire the asset. My coach, Eliot, has also directed me to look for areas in which time is un-necessarily wasted and where RtO can improve its client relations.

In order to complete these tasks, I am to travel with the FOs into the field and to observe them execute their duties. My first day at work was the first time I was on the motorbike. Guarded by my running shoes, long pants, helmet and a jacket (despite the heat) I got on the bike. The bike took off and I was gripping the back of it so hard that by the end of the day I had bruises on the palms of my hands. In spite of my fears and reservations, riding on the back of that bike the first day was one of the most exhilarating things I have ever done. I caught sight of my reflection in the rear view mirror and thought "I look like a Power Ranger." In other words, I felt like a badass.

The clients are for the most part small scale farmers. And let me tell you, many of them live in the middle of nowhere. The motorbike maneu-

vers through twisted foot paths, and bumpy gravel roads whilst trying not to hit people, cows, goats, or chickens. It is a real challenge finding these clients and I easily spend 3 hours every day with the Field Officer (FO) on the back of the bike trying to find them. Once we find the client, we are often greeted with immense respect and we are given chairs in the shade.

My evenings are usually pretty short as I return home around 7pm. Dinner is cooked, a very cold shower is had and then I am to bed. My weekend has allowed for a more relaxed schedule. Saturday is chore day in which I do laundry. My clothes usually end up half clean, my hands very much blistered and I receive many laughs at my general incompetence in doing wash. But the chore is finished and I hang the clothes on the line on top of the busted, red truck. I also manage to do a little bit of food shopping in the Railways market and have had some friendly conversations with the shop keepers in the area.

The highlight of my weekend was that I was able to attend a wedding with the FO Robert. The wedding could have easily been in Canada as it contained the traditional linens, the chaotic buffet line and the guests that indulge too much in the open bar. Robert and I had a fun time and I partook in this strange tradition of dancing with the Knife Boy. It is essential this kid of about 10 who walks down the centre of the room carrying a knife. Women then proceed to dance around him and shove money in his pockets. No one seems to have any idea what the origin of this tradition is. It is strange and wonderful.

What strikes me the most about hitting the one month mark in Zambia is how things are beginning to feel normal to me. I naturally look right to cross the street, I am more inclined to greet people who I don't know and buying my vegetables from road side vendor is routine. I am beginning to know my way around the city and have found that if I act like I belong, I feel more like I belong.

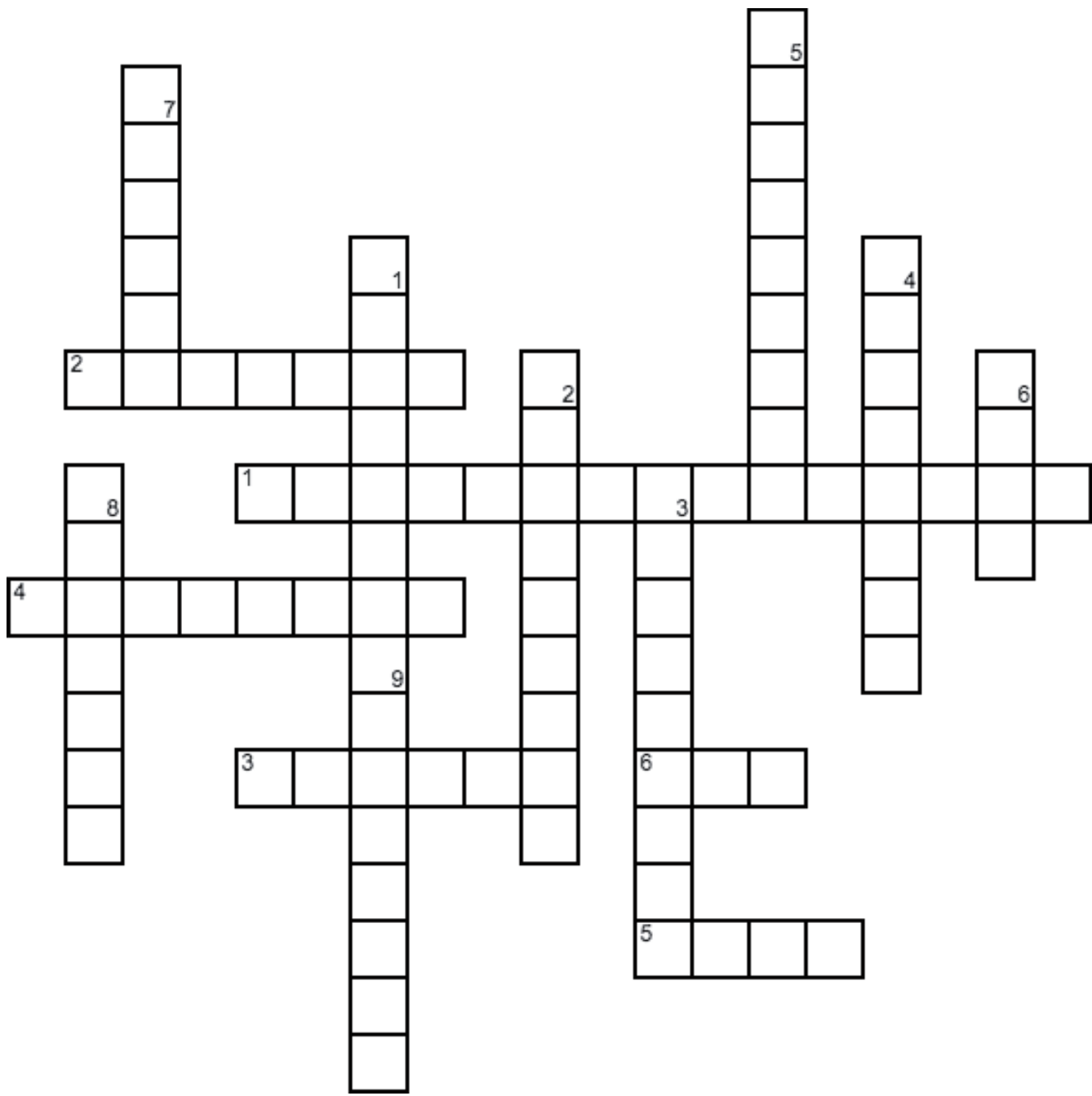


Want to learn more?
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Email: carleton@ewb.ca



DISTRACTIONS

LIKE A NUDE HITCH HIKER ON THE HIGHWAY



ACROSS

- 1. When Lysol is not enough after an FSK
- 2. Why shit flows downhill
- 3. On the McDonalds menu after McKraken
- 4. The Mona Lisa of Turtles
- 5. Pants, Houses, Medicine... Condoms?
- 6. Nobel’s mistake

DOWN

- 1. Can’t Actually Draw
- 2. Can’t work your vibrator without them
- 3. Justin Long’s a Fruit
- 4. For checkin’ your babe’s fluids
- 5. Buddy, are your balls glowing?
- 6. Goes great with The Times
- 7. Date one, or up your bum
- 8. Metric bolts
- 9. At least we’re not U of O.

- Down

 - 1. autocad
 - 2. batteries
 - 3. macintosh
 - 4. dipstick
 - 5. radiation
 - 6. iron
 - 7. ginger
 - 8. useless
 - 9. carleton
- Across

 - 1. decontamination
 - 2. gravity
 - 3. mcraze
 - 4. leonardo
 - 5. hemp
 - 6. mt

HORSEOSCOPES



ARIES

YOU WILL AWAKE ONE MORNING TO FIND A RELATIVE’S HEAD IN YOUR BED. YOU WILL BRIEFLY CONSIDER EATING IT.



TAURUS

THEY SAID IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET YOUR HEAD STUCK UP YOUR OWN ASS. LITTLE DID THEY KNOW, YOU OWNED A DONKEY.



GEMINI

YOU WERE BORN WITH THE ONLY PART OF A HORSE A MAN NEEDS. WORK THOSE THIGHS, YOU MAGNIFICENT ANIMAL. YOU ARE THE STALLION THAT MOUNTS THE WORLD.



CANCER

DOES GRASS-FED OUTSIDE A NUCLEAR REACTOR STILL COUNT AS ORGANIC? FORTUNATELY, THE IKEA MEATBALLS DON’T CARE HOW MUCH YOU GLOW.



LEO

HAY IS AN EXCELLENT BEDDING, FOOD AND INSULATOR. UNFORTUNATELY, IT’S A TERRIBLE CONTRACEPTIVE.. MIGHT WORK FOR PLAN B, THOUGH...



VIRGO

YOU WILL WAKE UP ONE MORNING TO FIND SOMEONE HAS NAILED STEEL PLATES TO YOUR FEET. ADD SOME MAGNETS, AND YOU’RE BASICALLY SPIDERMAN!



LIBRA

DID YOU KNOW THAT A MOUNTAIN LION CAN TAKE DOWN A HORSE? HAVE FUN ON THAT CAMPING TRIP.



SCORPIO

BASICALLY AN ALBINO HORSE WEDGED INTO A GIMP SUIT. YEAH, THAT’S A FARSCAPE REFERENCE. THOUGH, I BET YOU’D LOOK GOOD IN VINYL.



SAGITTARIUS

YOUR SIGNIFICANT OTHER WILL SPEND HOURS AT A TIME SITTING ON YOUR BACK, WHIPPING YOUR ASS WHILE WEARING A COWBOY HAT. BUT YOU ALREADY KNEW THAT WAS COMING.



CAPRICORN

THOSE DREAMS YOU’VE BEEN HAVING WILL FINALLY BE REALIZED. IT WILL NOT FEEL AS GOOD AS YOU IMAGINED.



AQUARIUS

BE CAREFUL AROUND LARGE BODIES OF WATER THIS MONTH. YES, HORSES CAN SWIM, BUT THE 300 POUND SACK OF FLESH ON YOUR BACK CANT.



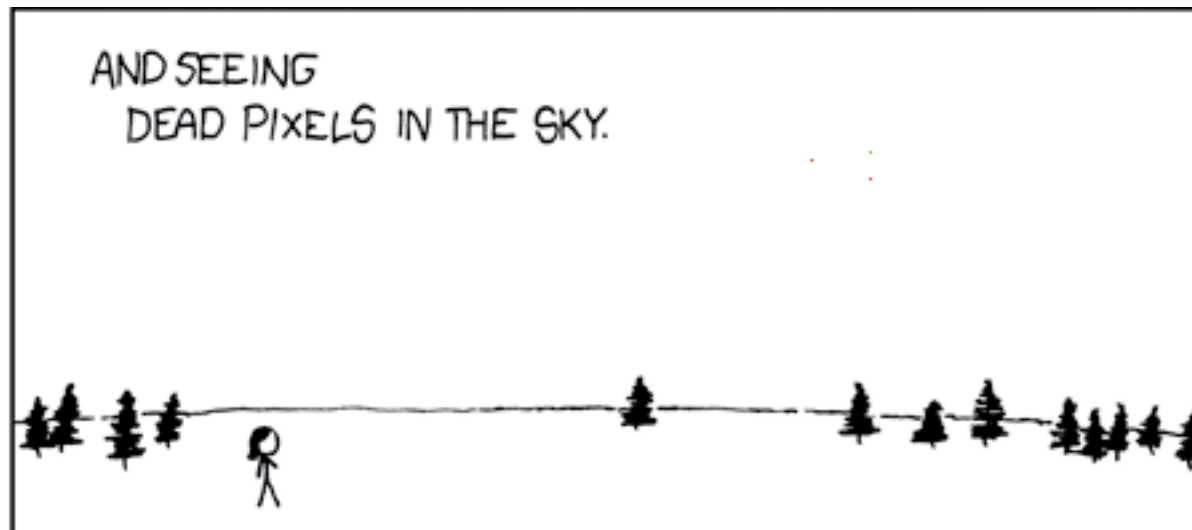
PISCES

A LOVED ONE WILL ASK “WHY THE LONG FACE?” YOU WILL KICK THEM IN THE THROAT.

DISTRACTIONS

WE ALL KNOW WHAT YOU CAME FOR

XKCD



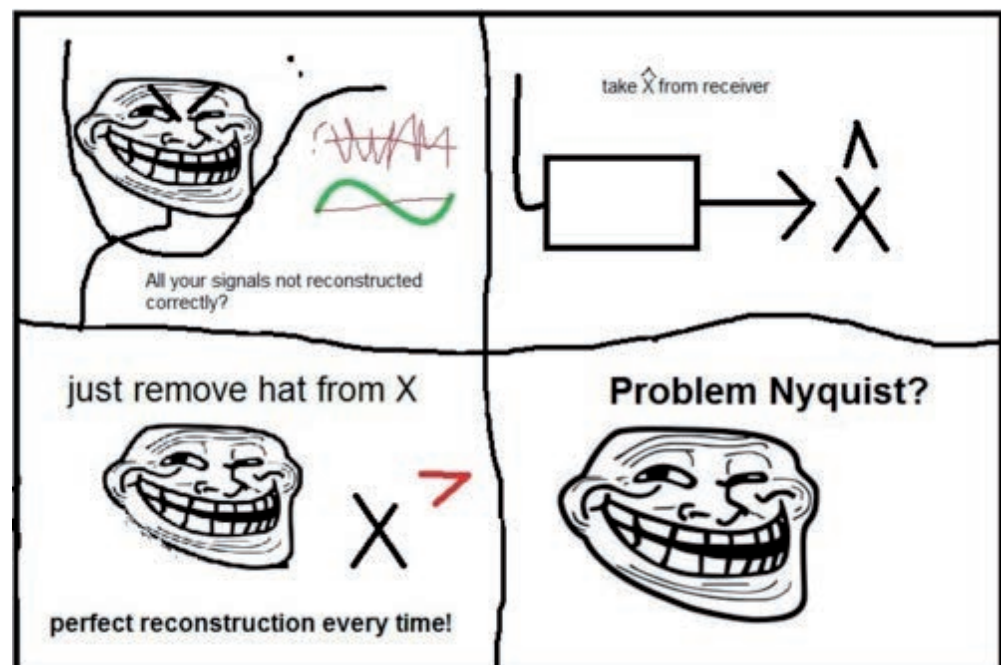
WHAT THE DUCK

DUCK



TROLL

PHYSICS



SMBC



The human body is ninety percent water.



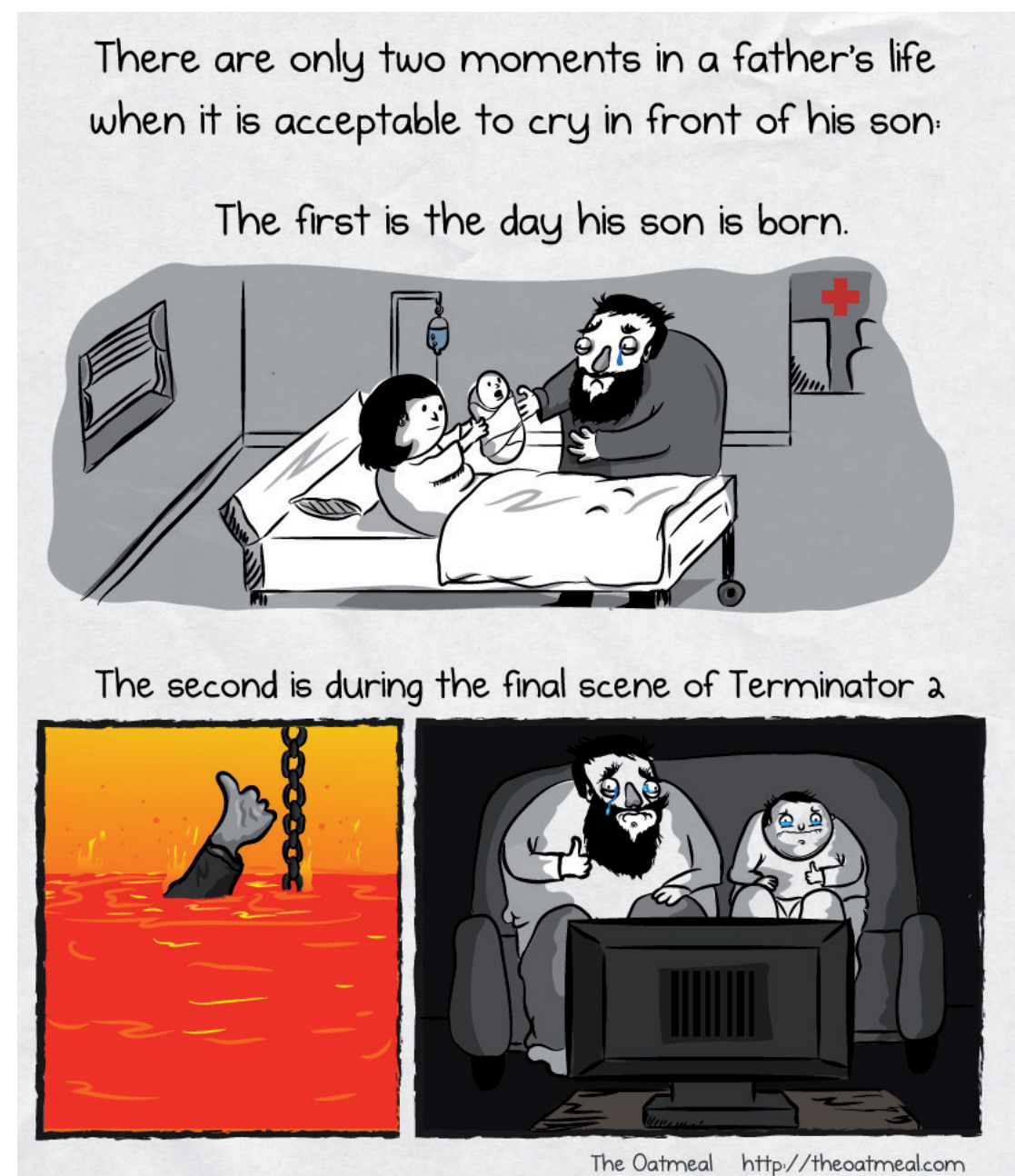
Dr. Lee proves that God is not a physicist.

CYANIDE AND HAPPINESS



Cyanide and Happiness © Explosm.net

THE OATMEAL



The Oatmeal <http://theoatmeal.com>

OPTIONAL THIRD MOMENT: GRADUATING FROM ENGINEERING

LAST CALL

THANK JESUS ITS OVER



THE IRON MAN SEAN BYRON - SOFT V -

Hometown: St. George, Ontario

CENG Involvement: EngFrosh (Director, Technical Coordinator, Facil), CSES Webmaster, VP Communications for the Canadian Engineering Competition

First C-ENG: Frosh week my first year. My first involvement in the community was as the CSES Webmaster, and it just sort of snowballed from there...

Best Idea Ever: Learning to homebrew, and building a keggerator! There's nothing like having delicious, cheap, cold homebrewed beer on tap in your living room...

Spirit animal: Sloth

Ideal Mentor: Entrepreneur Elon Musk. He co-founded PayPal, Tesla Motors and Space-X. Might know a few things.

USES FOR THE CHARLATAN

> Carpet-bomb Asia to reduce English literacy rates

> Give to infected Ebola patients: even the virus can't stand it.

> Filling sinkholes in Ottawa U.

> Face-tents for drunken frosh.

> Plug the holes in your Canal Race boat when you run out of Caulk.

> Roll up and use to roll the stone slabs for your pyramid.

> Prop the toilet seat up a little so you can't slide off.

> Line the base of your toilet, and never have to aim again.

> Eat it and gain the power of mediocrity.

> Line your K-car for bullet-proofing.

> Use it to wipe away the sweat caused by running away from CUSA election campaigns

> ~~You could read it~~



THE IRON LADY STEPH RAJPAUL - SREE IV -

Hometown: Ajax, Ontario

CENG Involvement: Leo's Manager, FSCP, EngFrosh Director/Spirit/Head

Battle Cry: Rawr

Spirit animal: Tiger

Goal in life: To graduate?

The Zombie Apocalypse starts, you get 3 things: Machete, Danica Patrick, some cool floppy thing for wakeboarding across the corpses.

Ideal Mentor: Wojtek Wyporski.

FLIGHT CREW

Pilot: Connor Buott
Gunner: Michelle Davis
CAPCOM: Nick Dumoulin

SPECIAL THANKS

To: All our wonderful columnists, writers, photographers and editors. We couldn't have supersized the Iron Times without you. You are all awesome!

- FOOTNOTES -

ISSUE MADE POSSIBLE BY

4000 Swiss Chocolates
200 L Black Coffee
60 L Vodka
20 L Redbull
1 Ambulance Ride

APOLOGIES

Well, it's our first issue, so we can't possibly have offended anyone yet. But damn, if we aren't going to try for next month.



THE IRON TIMES WILL RETURN IN OCTOBER