

NewsBetter Vol. 10

The Reader's Edition

First off, I'd like to thank all the readers who contributed to the cause of this issue. (Or something like that.) I don't want to say a lot, but this really means a lot to me that you all wrote articles. Thanks.

Now that we have that over with, on with the NewsBetter. This issue has no departments with specific names such as 'question and answers' or 'current news updates', but rather each department is hidden within. Questions and Answers are throughout this issue. Listen and you shall learn! - MRW

Generation X

By Glenn C Acheson

Well, for those of you who don't know generation X is our generation. It is often used to degrade us. Now of course we don't like this very much, but you have to look at it from the "baby boomers" view. Picture This...You walk into a local coffee shop and sit down at the table where the guy who recently sat there had been sitting there the entire time he'd been growing his goatee. And of course, he's only picked up half of his cigarettes and lovebeads. After you shove his crap out of the way and sit in the duct taped seat you realize one of the table legs is too short and the only way it will stay up is by putting OJ's video about how he killed his wife under it. Then while you're drinking your cold cup of weak coffee, a redhead stands up. She has a crew cut and is wearing a lime-green polyester dress with love beads down to her waist. To complement this motif she's wearing combat boots with knee high socks. She starts reading a poem about the first time that a guy felt her up. ("Glenn!"- says Editor) Then in the background you hear a guy complaining he was being fired just because he showed up to work high a couple times. I don't want to go off on a rant here but from their point of view our generation flat sucks. From their view we are a lazy bunch of losers who's (Whose? -asks Editor) biggest worry is safe sex. Then our judgement is often clouded by stupidity, alcohol, and bong resin.

From my personal point of view I know not all of us are like that. But something I do believe is we and the rest of the people in the world don't think. We don't take time to reason through why we were put here. Also, we don't spend enough time just talking to the Lord. Usually when we talk to the Lord we're always asking for something. But asking him something and actually waiting to hear or think an answer opens up many doors that might have been shut. Now it might seem like you're talking to yourself, but if we were made in his image then in essence we would be talking to ourselves.

Now back to the X-ers, I think they get too confused when it comes to love and lust. I also think that we don't have anything to personify us like the "Flower Children", but our day will come. I just hope its nothing bad like the Vietnam War. Of course that's just my opinion, I could be wrong. GCA

In the beginning, God created the bit. And the bit was a zero; nothing.

On the first day, He toggled the 0 to 1, and the Universe was. (In those days, bootstrap loaders were simple, and "active low" signals didn't yet exist.)

On the second day, God's boss wanted a demo, and tried to read the bit. This being volatile memory, the bit reverted to a 0. And the universe wasn't. God learned the importance of backups and memory refresh, and spent the rest of the day (and his first all-nighter) reconstructing the universe.

On the third day, the bit cried "Oh, Lord! If you exist, give me a sign!" And God created rev 2.0 of the bit, even better than the original prototype. Those in Universe Marketing immediately realized the the "new and improved" wouldn't do justice to such a grand and glorious creation. And so it was dubbed the Most Significant Bit, or the Sign bit. Many bits followed, but only one was so honored.

On the fourth day, God created a simple ALU with 'add' and 'logical shift' instructions. And the original bit discovered that by performing a single shift instruction, it could become the Most Significant Bit. And God realized the importance of computer security.

On the fifth day, God created the first mid-life kicker, rev 2.0 of the ALU, with wonderful features, and said "Screw that add and shift stuff. Go forth and multiply." And God saw that it was good.

On the sixth day, God got a bit overconfident, and invented pipelines, register hazards, optimizing compilers, crosstalk, restartable instructions, microinterrupts, race conditions, and propagation delays. Historians have used this to convincingly argue that the sixth day must have been a Monday.

On the seventh day, an engineering change introduced UNIX into the Universe, and it hasn't worked right since.

Donated by Walter Acheson
(Jokes from the internet)

Hey Editor! By Trent Lambert

0) "Every day is a good day, some days are just better than others."

1) A letter to the editor

Dear Editor,

T

2) A "quote"

Even though eagles soar far above the clouds, weasals don't get caught in airplane turbines."

3) If PRO is the opposite of CON
is PROgress the opposite of CONgress?

&

What does Geronimo yell when he jumps out of a plane?

&

The answers to

$$f(x) = \frac{x+2}{x-1} \quad x \text{ not} = z$$

$$5 \quad x = 1$$

May be sent to 724 Haymaker Hall

4) As I sit here & ponder
or lie awake here & wonder
what will come the following day
Thoughts of home begin to roam
And I think in wonderous dismay

I sir am here to lend a hand
and I sir am here to lend
moral support without comfort
without bounds and
without ends

Oh to be back there
The sun & it's glare
& being there amongst friends
I'm reminded across miles
& to uncharted isles
friends will always be friends

Well we've had those times
& made silly rhymes
And done these day after day
I am here & you are there
And this is what I have to say

Through uptimes & down times
through good times & bad
through trials & through tribulation
to stand there & fight in day or night
and willing to report to their station

The time is now, the day is today. I finally have a moment to sit and think (though not deeply) and type something for this publication. I didn't do it then, I won't do it later, so that just leaves me with now.

I guess Spring is just around the corner now. Will be here later. Moving into the future tense now, which is highly impossible and slightly irrational, not to mention relative, I will be enjoying Spring Break, March 23-31, in Williams and Flagstaff, Arizona. I'm unofficially engaged now, but will be officially pre-wed at that time in the future, as Todd (the lucky guy) and I will pick out rings, clothes, etc., and finalize some details. Congratulations are in order and accepted gratefully now and then, as well as later. Thank you. What are YOU doing during Spring Break? I'll keep you posted about the wedding, you're all invited now and should show up with presents later, only we don't have a date in the future picked out, but it's all relative, anyway.

Ummmm.....school sucks then, now, and later, as much as I hate to admit it. Hope it's going well for you, or that it sucks for you, too: We shall endure and preserve, marching onward to the prize before us.....is that a Hymn? Going to church tomorrow, but not before I finish this up and tell you all how good it is that we can all get together and contribute our thoughts (some deep, some shallow--I'm not naming any names, though I think we all know that I, for one, am barely skimming the surface now, then and probably later, though it's all relative) and emotions and senses of humor and trials and tribulations to the publication, and its Editor or Production Manager, or whatever you want to call him: brother, friend, Matthew..... Ummmm..... Peace be with you.

Then, Now and Later,
Ann Marie

.....and to fill up the page..... (added by MRW)

Barometer: An ingenious instrument which indicates what kind of weather we are having.

"There are three possibilities: Pioneer's solar panel has turned away from the Sun; there's a large meteor blocking transmission; or someone loaded Star Trek 3.2 into our video processor."

Hackers do it with all sorts of characters.

Final note: Richard submitted a poem, it is omitted here for space reasons. But here is his thoughts, on said poem.

Death. As a teenager it isn't something I try to think a lot about. But two hours after the new year began it was suddenly brought to my attention. My grandfather passed away in a modern hospital. Where as the setting of this poem, entitled "Good Bye, Old Man" takes place in a line camp many miles from the nearest town. Here Baxter Black describes a cowboy many years his senior as he rides from this life to the one there after.