

THE CANNON

doorstopper and occasional newspaper



Skule™'s Newspaper since 1978 cannon.skule.ca SEPTEMBER 2022 Volume XLV

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THE CANNON

Masthead

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Letter From The Editor

Gosh. Here we are again, eh?

What in the freshest, juiciest, most plumpest of hells is the Cannon Newspaper?

That was the first thought that emerged in the empty cavity I call my brain immediately after reading the Recommendation Report proclaiming me to be the next Editor-in-Chief of this publication. Granted, a bit late to be having such a profound identity question, but I'd argue it's extremely valid - necessary even - to get this show on the road.

Is it a newspaper? What news? (Wildcats!) Is it a magazine, riddled with cutesie unsolicited advice to the F!rosh and students perusing PEY options? Is it just an ever-present shark craving some EngSoc blood? It's a student publication, okay, so it should portray student voice.... but are we? What are we? Hmm. Food for thought.

This issue, at the very least, touches upon Skule™ stuff - history, F!rosh tips (of course), some mild attempt at adding spice, funky summer showcases - because primarily, the Cannon Newspaper is a conduit for Skule™ stuff. And hey, it didn't even become a newsletter for the Blue & Gold Committee (Come to Tools101!) which it totally could've - so whatever it is right now, whatever these meager 12 pages ramble on about... hopefully you'll find some value to it.

While you're at it, email cannon@skule.ca if you figure out what the hell we are.

Nat Espinosa-Merlano
MECH 2T3 +PEY, Cannon Editor-in-Chief 2T2-2T3

About

STATEMENT

The Cannon is the official (serious) newspaper of the University of Toronto Engineering Society. Established in 1978, it serves the undergraduate students of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Submissions are welcome by email to cannon@skule.ca. Advertising and subscription information is available at the same email or from the Engineering Society at 416-978-2917.

DISCLAIMER

The views expressed in this newspaper are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent those of the Engineering Society unless so indicated. The editors reserve the right to modify submissions to comply with the newspaper's and the Engineering Society's policies.

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A Toike Oirigin Stoiry



ANDREW MONTI
Cannon External Contributor

*Who are we?
Can't you guess?
We are from the S.P.S.
S-C-H-O-O-L!*

The original School of Practical Science (SPS) cheer was kind of lame—even in 1883, and it didn't even spell out S-K-U-L-E” properly. Sensing that the engineers were being dominated by much more effective chants from the “Meds” and “Dents”, a focused effort was undertaken in 1896 to come up with a new School Yell for engineers—one which could be used in activities ranging from football games to victory cries when engineers managed to steal bicycle racks from the Arts building. Four students championed the search for a proper yell: two second-year students (H.R. Stovel and W.E. Carter), and two non-regular full-time students (T. Burnside and A.G. Piper). By the end of the school year, a clear winner arose: “Toike Oike” (originally spelled “Toiky Oike” and pronounced toy-kee-oyk or toyk-oyk). Oddly, the author of the yell (presumably the winner of the search) remained anonymous,

and the yell's meaning was unexplained.

The following October (1897), the yet-untested yell was rehearsed for its official unveiling at the upcoming Hallowe'en Theatre Night held in the Grand Opera House on Adelaide St. As part of the night's antics, a competition was held to see (or hear) which group's yell was the loudest, and on the night of the event, the “Toike Oike” was such a hit that applause lasted for several minutes. After its official introduction, Toike Oike spread to everything engineering-related: musical groups (The Toike Oikestra), used as a general greeting, engineering-themed dinner parties, and an election paper—eventually becoming the Toike Oike student paper, which continues to be published today.

The Hunt for Toike Oiketober

As early as 1912, debate started as to who the yell's author was, and exactly how Toike Oike came to be. In November of 1919, a good-natured contest based on the mysterious origins of Toike Oike was conceived and appeared

in “The Varsity”. The search was on for the “... most original and best-composed essay on the origin of Toike Oike.” Prizes were \$10 for first place and \$5 for second place (equivalent to \$150 and \$75 today), and in 1919, \$10 could buy the latest slide rule with 50 cents leftover. The contest-winning story told a tale of Graham, an Irish caretaker who asked students to leave at 5 p.m. so he could clean up. One particular student, Ike, tended to stay late, and Graham repeatedly said: “Take your leave, Ike,” which sounded somewhat like the School Yell in an Irish accent. The story is an enjoyable piece of fiction, which ended up as a present-day origin story for “Toike Oike”, where the caretaker says, “Take a hike”—a phrase that first appeared in print with that meaning in 1944, which is 50 years too late.

From the Mouths of Toikes

In 1935, the beloved professor C.H.C. Wright (who graduated from SPS in 1887) sent letters to members of the class of 1896-7 to see if anyone knew who authored Toike Oike or had insights as to the yell's meaning. Wright eventually

received a letter from W. Boyd (a second-year student) explaining that Arthur Piper conceived of the yell, but Boyd had no idea what it meant. The notions of an Irish caretaker as the source of Toike Oike, and Arthur Piper authoring the yell have persisted until today, and would have continued to persist if it hadn't been for the discovery of two letters from October and December of 1943. In summer of 1943, J.J. Trail (1T6) from Ontario Hydro did “considerable sleuthing” and was rewarded with a letter from W. Monds (a first-year student in 1896-7), which was published in The University of Toronto Monthly's October edition. In his letter, Monds recalls how two students, Art McMillan and M.B. Weeks authored the yell and personally taught it to the engineers prior to its rousing debut on Halloween. Fortunately, Arthur Piper happened to read the October issue of “The Monthly” and sent in a letter of his own to identify the yell's rightful author. In his letter, Piper corroborated past historical accounts, with one notable exception. Credit for the yell rightfully goes to William (Dick) Grant—a quiet and reserved second-year student who passed the yell along to Piper.

William Frederick Grant was born in May of 1876 to proud parents Robert, a prominent architect and developer, and Annie Coulson in Toronto. Robert Grant co-designed and oversaw the construction of many Toronto buildings, including the Massey-Quick house for Arthur Lyman Massey, the son of Charles Massey who was an organist and concertmaster and died prematurely, prompting his father Arthur to

construct Massey Hall in his memory. William Grant was a quick learner and sharp student—qualities which helped greatly as he attended the School of Practical Science at the University of Toronto from 1895-1899.

Possible Oikesplanation

Unfortunately, Piper never knew how Grant came up with Toike Oike, but wrote that he performed some of his own research, progressing no further than determining that the words sounded Chinese or Japanese. Contrary to Mr. Piper's attempts to find meaning in the cheer, the words exist in Japanese Romanesque dictionaries from the 1880s. Toiki or “To iki” means “breathe” as in to breathe in, and “oiki” or “o iki” means “go”. While not commonly used in this way, the combination of the two essentially means, “Take a deep breath and go”, which elicits feelings of determination and steadfastness in times of hardship. It also works as a primal scream-type of cheer or as a softly spoken or silently thought inspirational mantra, “You've got this,” so to speak. There's no evidence that Grant consulted a Japanese-English dictionary, but as Piper pointed out, they do sound Japanese, and Grant's father and business partner were studying Japanese architectural designs at the time—it's possible that a Japanese-to-English dictionary was within Grant's reach.

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TOIKE OIKE
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continued from page 3

Grant and Piper: A Good Oike’s Work

After graduation, Grant started The Grant Contracting Company with two engineers from university before leaving to work at the Niagara Falls power station, eventually becoming Town Engineer for Sault Ste. Marie until 1912, when he returned to Toronto. He met his wife Lola while working in Sault Ste. Marie, and they tied the knot on Dec 11, 1907. In 1917, when Grant was 38, he began to feel unusually tired, which led him to seek medical help. Eventually, his doctor discovered the cause of his lethargy: Hodgkins’ Anemia, which took Grant’s life on Jan 9, 1919, at the young age of 40, leaving behind his widow Lola Hamilton Miller and no known children. Grant never sought to take credit for the School Yell, seemingly content to help build Canada and have his phrase speak on his behalf and for future generations.

As for Piper, the tiny acorns on the Engineering

Society coat of arms that hold promise for future generations grew into mighty oaks. Piper married Helena Constance Beard from Montreal, and they had two children; a son Spencer (named after Sara Spencer – Arthur’s grandmother) who attended the University of Toronto, and a daughter Eleanor, who became a respected nurse and had three children. After making a relative fortune in the railway industry throughout the 1910s and 20s (“Piper St.” in downtown Toronto was named after the Piper family), the Great Depression took Piper from “riches to rags”. A couple of generations later, Arthur’s great-great-grandson Spencer was born, who received a master’s degree in engineering and works on components for the automotive industry. Spencer’s family proudly displays an original Piper railway lantern in their home.

The Importance of Being Oikest

A cheer is visceral and unifying, and can often be heard in sporting events,

during parades, protests or wherever a rallying cry is required. There’s no way to gain the same sensation of being there or (even better) feeling yourself shout out the words with enthusiasm. It’s difficult to say if cheers will be ultimately pruned-off as part of natural growth and evolution, but shouts and cheers run deep in our ancient psyche. Yells reinforce traditions, including ones which serve as reminders to engineers that they are part of a group with a moral obligation. A “thumbs-up” is easily forgotten, whereas a chant creates lifelong connections amongst engineers and even in onlookers (e.g., Meds). Yells and chants establish and strengthen physiological links, which lead to a sense of coherence and social bond between participants.

While it’s important to recognize William “Dick” Grant as the author of Toike Oike, it’s not quite as critical to find out what Toike Oike means (although it’s fun to try). By lacking a solid definition, Toike Oike gains the strongest meaning of all—something personal and unique to everyone who shouts and reads the phrase. Engineering traditions represent something special that unites students and engineers from all places, cultures, and walks of life, and a long line of engineers stretching back to the 1800s underscores the tradition that University of Toronto engineers can, and will, achieve great things.

For When...

JAGRITI NARAJ
Cannon Contributor

Hey Frosh! It’s that grand time of your life. Purple-skinned, entering UofT Engineering with all your hopes and dreams. This might seem like the most significant leap you’ve taken so far, and you’re definitely going to learn a lot. Design teams, clubs, Skulenite, EngSoc, Straight As, lots of friends, an effective transition – generally everyone has some combination of goals chalked out in their heads prior to starting university and that’s great! I did too.

Some worked out as planned, others didn’t. Even as I write this my mind focuses on the tick marks (that worked out), and tries to dismiss the just misses and total apparent failures (that didn’t). But I’m here to tell you that it’s okay when things don’t go according to plan, in fact they often won’t. When ranting retrospectively to a friend about the 30 straight gruelling hours our team put into the CIV102 bridge project, I had all sorts of negative comments. In short, pain (rewarding, but pain nonetheless). She replied saying, “Yeah, ahhh it was an experience.” This resonated with me.

Good or bad, every single impactful moment, is an experience. That’s all. The only element in this grand, tangled web that really matters is you – your growth, your mental health, your sanity, your happiness. This philosophy is easy to gloss over theoretically, before and after the event (horizon? just kidding!)

But for when:

You see 45% on the Calc

1 midterm! 50% average
– WHAT?! Blasphemy. Is the whole class failing?

Comparing your mark to the average is the only comparison you should be making; please try to move past the 99.99% you got in high school. Further, your overall grade in the course is NOT your raw mark in a given test. The final mark is going to be the outcome of normalisation or adjustment according to historic course averages.

Imposter syndrome
– “Do I belong here? X literally built a rocket in his basement and Y has made 5 apps, what have I done?”

Everyone is unique. Nobody has it all sorted. Yes! There is a reason you were accepted into this program. No! You were not supposed to be a pro-engineer-designed-automated-vehicles before even starting Skule. Everyone has strengths and weaknesses. Taking 9 courses in a term might come with a trade-off in social life, being very engaged with Skule activities might mean average grades. You may start a company or you may just decide to balance it all or simply go with the flow. It’s about you, and you’re awesome!

EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT THEY WANT TO DO IN LIFE AND I JUST UHH DON’T.

If you don’t have direction, be engaged. Go to a club’s general meeting (definitely if there’s free pizza), join a random intramural, try public speaking, WRITE FOR THE CANNON – explore multiple avenues because why not. Assessing opportunities by the ‘why not’ principle proved handy to me. Ultimately, you would’ve interacted

with different people, accumulated a bag of experiences, tried various things – by a simple process of elimination, some clarity about your dislikes, if not likes is bound to emerge.

The programming bias
This one’s for those of you who haven’t programmed before. (I hadn’t). While introductory programming courses are meant for beginners, there’s bound to be someone in your class – the built-my-own-AI-engine whiz, knows 10 different languages, did 7 weeks of labs in 5 hours. Do not get flustered and feel like it’s beyond you! You might be slow, rusty, even unable to solve some problems that otherwise seem trivial. If you don’t look for shortcuts, (aka partners who’ll carry you) at some point you’ll get comfortable with computational thinking. It’s a shift in perspective more than anything else. When flustered, go to Office Hours!

It’s been 6 weeks and I still feel like I don’t have any friends.

You’re encountering a bunch of changes; some transitions are rougher than others. The relative time it takes to find your crew is ultimately inconsequential. As for making friends, don’t be afraid to be yourself or apprehensive to reach out. Remember that everyone is excited to meet new people and simultaneously anxious.

Parting words, dear Frosh.
YOU ARE NOT ALONE. Seriously, you’re not. Reaching out might seem out of your comfort zone, too much effort or you may fear being judged – but shooting that text or sending that email is literally ALL you have to do. You’re surrounded and supported by a community of wonderful, brilliant, warm, friendly people (friends, upper years, advisors, profs, TAs...) – some in the exact same position, some who’ve been there before, and literally everyone is happy to help!

A Requiem for My Commute

EMAAN FATIMA
Cannon Concern

Rating My Commuting Stories: An Exhaustive Series

Here you are, in the bustling city of Toronto. You each have your own quaint little story, and here’s mine: well, specifically, my stories commuting. You see, I had never used public transit before starting my first year at UofT. It was a huge change, and though the public transport infrastructure here isn’t terrible (it even won a prize when it was ahead of the game like, 20 years ago), like all cities, the ecosystem is... interesting. This is a memoir of nearly every weird thing that’s happened to me since I started commuting a year ago. God, I really need to get my license. I hope you can hear my exasperated

sigh through the page.

September 7, 2021
Woah...second day of F!rosh Week! First day of in-person F!rosh for the 2T5s! And pretty much the first day I ever commuted! Exciting! ...And already I somehow saw like, half of a random guy’s bare butt. Full disclaimer: I had not seen a manbutt before. Kinda hairy and intense way to start the year. Didn’t know that low-rise jeans were back in fashion, but I guess we learn something new everyday :)

5/10, because I learnt something new, but had to suffer unpleasant sights...ugh, men.

September 9, 2021
My first day of lectures started out with a glorious morning subway ride up, until this...quirky man hopped in and grabbed this woman’s shoulder, causing this other woman to scramble to change her seat. After that he took it upon himself to rip out pages of a magazine, roll them into paper balls, and aim them at me like I was some sort of basketball hoop. Don’t we love it when we’re objectified by random men on the subway? Reduced to being a net, this is a new level of low. Anyways, I’ll be honest: this one was a little scary even though I didn’t catch a word of whatever he screamed at me. I wonder what he’s up to today...

4/10, slightly entertaining, but u n d e r s t a n d a b l y problematic.

September 16, 2021 (It seems the universe was sending me a message every time I attempted to head to school)

This man came into the subway car I was in with

September 13, 2021

Most of these are concerning, but this one’s a little wholesome, I promise. Some guy came on the subway and started goofily dancing next to me, and when the train stopped at different consecutive stations, he would just dance his way out and in the subway doors at every single one. It was pretty cute, we love it when we see people happy and thriving.

10/10, I felt complete, thank you wholesome subway stranger.

September 14, 2021
Someone wrote “You are selfish” on a subway car door. That’s all.

7/10, made for reflective thinking, but damn, what did I do...?

September 15, 2021
A random guy squeezed into a seat that was clearly marked ‘don’t sit here’ (which is not okay because hey, social distance!) and caused the lady sitting in the adjacent seat to get up. He then proceeded to use her seat as a leg rest, and then ate a salad with his hands...pausing to wipe them on his pants every 2 minutes. Absolutely delightful. My day became even better when he got a little too close to me as he was leaving, causing me to visibly jump. So very thrilling.

4/10, slightly entertaining, but u n d e r s t a n d a b l y problematic.

September 16, 2021 (It seems the universe was sending me a message every time I attempted to head to school)

This man came into the subway car I was in with

Requiem for my Commute continued on page 6



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Requiem for my Commute continued from page 5

scalding hot Starbucks coffee, picked up this empty ‘Tim Hortons’ cup off the floor of the train, and then proceeded to transfer his coffee into it. Why? Not quite sure but okay, you do you. Maybe it was a corporate statement. A protest of sorts - a “look, coffee is coffee, be it 2\$ or 7.”

My deep capitalistic introspection and cosumerist habits debate ended abruptly when he started scream talking to himself using very vigorous hand signals, after which he repeatedly made eye contact with me and yelled the word “bomb”. Huh, weird..

0/10, I actually got up and changed my seat this time...

September 28, 2021
This time I was on a TTC bus - it was late and the entire bus was empty but this man (notice how all of these interactions are with men...*gags*) just HAD to come sit next to me and block my exit out of the back corner I was sitting in.

4/10, a little creepy, but mostly just annoying.

October 15, 2021
Another ‘this whole bus is empty but you seem interesting so I’m going to sit right next to you’ moment, but the man tried to talk to me this time. A little weird but he had a very cute penguin wallet so we’ll just let this whole thing slide <3.

9/10, a point lost for the creepy aspect.

November 16, 2021
This very interesting man came into the

subway, took off his shirt, proceeded to smell his armpits and then screamed something incoherent at me and some other people...well, I honestly gave up on this subway ride and just got off at the next station.

2/10, mildly disgusting and an inconvenience.

December 4, 2021
Some crazy woman (woman!) kept screaming “I HATE YOU” and throwing her phone amongst other things at people at Queen’s Park subway station. Luckily she didn’t get on the same subway as me, and apparently the cops came for her after I left.

5/10, could have been more entertaining, but lost points for the danger aspect.

February 17, 2022
Okay this is a Union station story at approximately midnight. I was going to take a GO train home but it got canceled so I was waiting for the next one when this sketchy guy came over to me and asked to use my iPhone charger. I probably shouldn’t have let him use it but I felt bad and it’s not like I could lie and say I didn’t have one because I was literally using it...

Anyways, he sat next to me and asked a bunch of invasive questions and tried to give me his Instagram too...this was definitely a wild night and I probably could have made some better decisions but oh, well.

8/10, hey, it’s an interesting story.

March 11, 2022
I took a GO bus home, but there weren’t any seats left so I just climbed into the baggage compartment, crossed my legs, and made

myself comfortable for the bus ride.

10/10, will do it again and have done it again.

March 24, 2022
This man on the subway, I kid you not, got down on one knee in front of me for a very conspicuous amount of time to ask me for money. I honestly feel like I got stolen a chance of being proposed to... whoops.

9/10, was very creative, but lost a point because of the uncomfy aspects.

March 25, 2022
I was the last one on the bus that day when it suddenly stopped. I thought it was just an extended red light or something, but after a while of staying immobile I realized we weren’t at a signal but actually parked in front of a Popeyes. The bus driver wasn’t even in the bus, he was out getting his food...

6/10, because he didn’t share his fries with me >:(

April 14, 2022
I took the GO train that day, and let’s just say that if this very kind stranger didn’t wake me up when we got to Union...I would have been on my way to Kitchener and that might have caused uh, at least a few problems.

Anyways, the very kind man who almost hit me with a door and then growled at me at Union station really woke me up though. How nice of him!

6/10, truly a wild ride.

April 15, 2022
Some old white dude in a Bluejays cap 110% took a photo of me in the subway.

0/10, consent is important!

April 16, 2022
We broke a GO bus. It was so overloaded with people that it kept tipping forward so the bus driver had to give up and pull over. Some men jokingly blamed me for breaking it because I was sitting in the baggage compartment again hehehe.

5/10, it did provide good late night entertainment.

April 17, 2022
This homeless man on the subway had a dollarama sword. I’m not going to lie, that was pretty cool.

10/10, we love cool swords.

April 18, 2022
A man walked around the subway screaming that he knew for sure that everybody had a microchip in them. Woah.

6/10, what if he’s right??

April 21, 2022
Some guy next to me on the bus was singing really loudly. Could have passed as wholesome but it made it difficult to cram for my final.

1/10, keep it down.

May 3, 2022
Sprawled across 3 seats, this homeless man rapped his heart out.

8/10, too many explicit words were used, but hey, good entertainment.

May 8, 2022
This man took it upon himself to wish me happy mother’s day, he added a “Jesus loves you” after it as well.

4/10, caused some confusion.

May 9, 2022
Got catcalled at Union station. It started out pretty normal, but then turned

into a LITERAL cat call. The guy genuinely started calling out ‘pspspspsps’ at me... damn he really just gave up treating me like a human being...

7/10, it was, okay, I gotta admit it was pretty funny.

June 25, 2022
This very nice gentleman roamed around Union station and screamed at me saying that I was pretty. I-I don’t know what to say..

9/10, warmed my heart, but then I heard him scream the same thing at other people...I feel cheated on.

Alright, so aside from being totally cathartic for me to share, the deeper purpose of this story (I have been told I have to add a moral or else I should submit this dumpster fire to some other unserious newspaper) is that, well, weird shit will happen to you. You’re in a big city, and if you haven’t already seen strange stuff, you will. In the moment, it can be scary (or if you’re as unhinged as I am, entertaining), but if you learn from my experiences (unsure how much takeaway they have) you can be prepared to react. Most interactions are harmless, but a city is a city, so be mindful, be prepared, and most importantly, submit your stories to the Cannon.

Please.

Editor’s note: this story is meant to showcase the experience of one student, as a student newspaper. If you’re quaking anxiously because of it - that isn’t the goal! Being aware is important, but god, we don’t wanna terrify you. The TTC is generally very safe - especially during rush hours or early.

Nefarious Publications and Their Impact on Skule TM

NAT ESPINOSA-M.
Editor-in Chief

BREAKING - April 2022. Well, okay, it was breaking news in April, but the Cannon is a little slow on the uptake at times. In any case...

What is the role of an Editor-in-Chief, truly, if not to guard their newspaper with their life? Open wounds bubbling out blood like thirsty fish, sleep deprivation bordering on insanity, the quasi-rabid production of articles from thin air to fill up an issue despite their questionable relevance - these may all be side effects of the role, yes, but they are ones that any self-respecting head would brandish proudly. They are to be used as weapons against evil-doers on their evil-goings, but alas, a certain so-called “newspaper”, time and time again, fails to accomplish the most basic purpose of guarding its holy grail - that is, itself.

Though specifics will not be disclosed so as to rid readers of any notion that the Cannon supports nefarious organizations in their nefariousness, it is our journalistic duty to bring forth to light the truth. Ultimately, the Cannon Newspaper aims to be a platform for student voices to be heard! As such, it is our duty to inform the student body (and further, to raise awareness among the reporting community) of the ongoing theft of newspapers.

On April 1st 2022, a newspaper claiming to be the “Stolen Toike Oike” was published by an organization with no affiliation to EngSoc, the Faculty of Engineering, and indeed, the University as a whole. The Toike Oike additionally released an official statement dismissing claims of any affiliation to such a group. Initially, this claim was met with skepticism: is it not the editor-in-chief’s duty to guard their newspaper? Upon further reflection, it was understood that the “theft” of a name is not only challenging to

named underground press - is not a new one in the slightest. Such groups have existed in oppressive regimes, in counter-culture environments, in resistance-style settings, and more throughout history. Now, it does seem rather radical to equate what is summed up by a collection of lewd-jokes and faculty-critiques to Resistance Publications (dating as early as the 16th century, when authors could be imprisoned, tortured, or even murdered for their opinions and reporting), but in a North American context in which - for better or worse - free speech is permitted,

freedom, and culture.

Censorship
Rarely does the Engineering Society explicitly ban something from being printed. Not that this is a particularly good metric for measuring how open the speech is, as this depends largely on the staff of the paper, the submissions, and the editor-chief themselves. Regardless, as the funding body of both Engineering Newspapers, EngSoc has final say on what goes, and so printing scathing articles would not be permitted - at the very least not in the framework of the Stolen

in lectures with bad professors (yes, there are inarguably professors who are not good at lecturing) in which students stand by meekly while raging about the injustices in private chats. Maybe it’s even happened to you.

Culture
The Organization which publishes the stolen paper cannot be disregarded; their very vocation is to disturb the status quo and bring about camaraderie. What better way to do both than to stand against a common frustration through humour? As early as the 15th century, clandestine satire, circulated orally or through manuscript, was the primary way to provide free commentary on real issues. As progressive as humanity is, some things refuse to change.

Ultimately, it can be said that beyond banning the existence of underground publications, it is a governmental body’s duty to take a critical look at their content. If this medium has been chosen to enable free speech, what is it inside the papers - beyond the phallic jokes - that the contributors are criticizing, and most importantly, why.

Univerisity of Toronto’s motto, “Velut arbor aevo” - may it grow as a tree through the ages - is an adaptation of Horace’s lines “crescit occulto velut arbor aevo fama Marcelli” And as we know, a tree, after all, grows from its roots. You know, underground. Get it?

there is one caveat to this freedom: the publication of obscene material, libel, and other things that explicitly go against the institution’s standards. As such, the stolen paper can be qualified as such - especially in a context in which the paper is funded by the very organizational body it seeks to criticize or mock.

Freedom?
A tale as old as time - the freedom granted by anonymity. Even if a student were given the chance to openly speak their thoughts in an official newspaper, unless they sit in a position of power, they may be hesitant to do so. If they do, it would likely occur under the protection of anonymity as a type of whistleblower. This is likely due to the systemic power the institution has over students: ultimately opinions matter much less than getting that degree. It’s visible

guard, but also no actual legal ramifications can be brought upon a group that does not exist.

Yet, we are not here to report on the alleged #1 Newspaper on Campus alone; the impact of the Stolen Toike Oike’s existence is profound for all publications. As self-proclaimed bastions of free speech, why is there need for an under-the-table creation to be shared? Why is its existence seen as necessary and even positive among certain circles? Should such a thing not be scorned by all?

The notion of clandestine press - also

F!ROSH WEEK 2T2 SCHEDULE

	MON	TUES	WED	THURS /FRI
8:00	MEET GROUP	GROUP TIME		
9:00	MATRICULATION	ENGINEERING SUCCESS SEMINAR		
10:00				
11:00	LUNCH	CAMPUS TOURS/ E4TW		
12:00	FIROSH GAMES/ DYE	LUNCH	FACULTY EVENTS	CLASS STARTS!
13:00				
14:00	GROUP TIME	CAMPUS TOURS/ E4TW		
15:00				
16:00	DOWNTOWN WALKAROUND	GROUP TIME		
17:00		CHEER OFF		
18:00	BREAK/ DINNER	BREAK/ DINNER		BED RACES
19:00	NITELIFE + TROPICAL ****	NITELIFE + NEON ****	NITELIFE + HAVENGER SCUNT + PAN!C AT THE ****	NITELIFE + BOARDGAME **** (THURS) & JURASSIC **** (FRI)

*BEING IN BED
CAN BE EXCITING*
EVEN FOR ENGINEERS.

THE BLUE AND GOLD COMMITTEE
PRESENTS...

BED RACES

THURSDAY, SEPT 8TH 2022

4:30 PM

SF ENTRANCE

GET IN BED WITH AN ARTSCI. I MEAN, GET IN BED AGAINST AN ARTSCI. WAIT, THAT DOESN'T ACTUALLY MAKE SENSE. SHIT ON ST MIKES COLLEGE. BUT NOT IN A KINKY WAY. ASSERT YOUR DOMINANCE ON THE COLLEGES, ALSO NOT IN A KINKY WAY. ACTUALLY MAN, I DON'T EVEN KNOW. LEARN MORE AT [BLUEANDGOLD.SKULE.CA](https://blueandgold.skule.ca)



Third Place

YASMINE AL-MAHOOD
Cannon writer

You wake up. That’s the first step of the day—unless you spent the night catching up on all the material you’re behind on. In that case, the first step is eating a load of carbs and caffeine to keep you going for the commute to campus. If it’s longer than thirty minutes, maybe you catch a half-asleep break. Otherwise, you’re heading straight to your first class.

The day is like any other day. Confusing, never-ending, a little exciting. We like to complain but it can be neat to learn something new. It feels good when it clicks. But that takes tremendous amounts of work and time. Day-to-day, you’re mostly lost. Even when you try to relax you sit in a library wondering what else you can do. You come back home stressed to death because you have to get it, you have to get it, you have to get it. Do the practice, read the textbook, ask questions. Five times over, five days a week. Watch the videos, study with friends, re-do the assignments. Breaks for entertainment or nourishment come and go like shadows. Breaks leak into work, work leaks into breaks; ten more minutes of this TV show, one more homework problem. In an inevitable attempt to make up for the mess, you compromise by multitasking. You balance the tragedy of hitman Bill Hader expressing the horror of being the hand of violence through the exploitative, therefore also violent, craft of Hollywood acting—with the nightmare of debugging your half-formed C game hours before midnight submission.

Then it’s two AM. You promised yourself you’d get at least five hours of sleep. You lay down. A million

things pop up in your head. But you breathe in through your nose, and out through your mouth. Leftovers from the anti-anxiety sessions you went to.

Then your bank account and CV flash before your eyes like a cheap jumpscare. You need to improve your skills, you need to work more, you need to create more. Network with industry professionals! Join design teams! Start a project! It’s maddening. Everything, from the industry-focus of university to your parents during break, wants to put you to work. The application of our knowledge is the most valuable part of gaining it in the first place. But I don’t want work to take over my life.

Outside home and class, though, you don’t know where you can go. Friends help, but they aren’t often an option, especially for commuters. What do you do when you just want a break? As sociologists call it, people go to a “third place”. These are places defined by their communal and inclusive environments outside of your home and workplace. Places including community centres, public libraries, cafes, parks, theatres, cookouts. Even modes of media, including the internet, can be described as third places.

Us engineers are at St. George campus the majority of the day, especially first and second year students. Outside classes, sleep, and commute, we get about six hours in the day to ourselves. After the routine I described above, that number dwindles further. Our work is our life, it seems.

But I refuse to submit to the so-called grind. It isn’t just a desire for fun. It’s a necessity for rejuvenation. You need a break. It isn’t

lazy or futile—it is basic physics. You need energy to expel energy. It’s obvious reading it, but you’re in survival mode when you’re in the thick of your studies. You just want to get it done. You don’t think about the repercussions. Your author has lived through the most stressful two years of her life and she has realised this through retrospect alone: you often prioritise work over your well-being. It’s easier to do and survive, than to wait and flourish.

With time, I’ve found my third place outside the weight of home or the schedule of classes. Anywhere from fifteen minutes to several hours of my day spent here supplies me with the spark to keep going. Some can be the equivalent of a midterm that goes better than you thought. Yes, it can be that good.

I like to stay on or near campus longer than I need to. It’s worth it for a few reasons. You can explore a concentrated collection of independent and diverse food places. Food trucks, live-music restaurants, pubs. The epic highs of a dozen peanut sauce wontons, the deep lows of unseasoned British food. Both exciting to discover.

You can explore the collections on campus. The Art Center at University College, Hart House, and many other UofT buildings through the “Art on Campus” program hold various collections belonging to the university. The Art Museum website directs you to the campus’s collections and events. For example, an upcoming exhibition at The Jackman Humanities Institute titled The Centre Cannot Hold: Labourious Memories is showcasing the curations of Visual Studies graduate students from September 14, 2022 to June 30, 2023.

If you aren’t inclined to traditional art, I first ask you to try it. I used to be a snob about not understanding

art until I tried to make my own and realised making decisions to reflect inner truths is, surprisingly, very difficult. If you still don’t care, you can explore the vast media collections from The Music Library or Robarts’s Media Commons Archive. Personal listening or projector rooms allow you to experience the high-quality, rare work instantly. My deep dives into the book collections at UofT and nearby public libraries have pulled me off the edge many-a times. I read snippets on maritime history, gender theory, Fight Club, video games, cowboys, internet ambivalence. It was incredibly fulfilling. Subconsciously, I was drawn to topics furthest from my studies.

That’s how I discovered UofT’s most valuable treasure: on-campus organisations. You don’t get how important they are until you experience them. UofT and Skule™ have hobby clubs, sports groups, design teams; all of them newcomer-friendly and dedicated to their mission. The lists of affiliated clubs at sop.utoronto.ca or skule.ca leads you to the organisations’ social media, discords, and mailing lists. Take a chance at a meeting or event. Learn how to play Magic: The Gathering with UofT Tabletop Gaming Club, represent Skule™ in intramural Ultimate Frisbee games, design 3D tetris-arranging robots with Spark! Hey, maybe even write for Skule™’s very own The Cannon (wahoo!) or Toike Oike (booooo). If nothing entices you, perhaps you’ll enjoy more laidback organisations. The Arts & Science Student Union (ASSU) is a collection of student unions that both represent their disciplines and hold fun events for the public. The Buddhism and Psychology Student Union holds meditation and yoga sessions. The Cinema Studies Student Union (CINSSU)

screens Free Friday Films (FFF) each afternoon at Innis Town Hall, showing everything from Over the Garden Wall (2014) to Summer with Monika (1953). The Equity Studies Student Union (ESSU) organises open mics and protests for issues at UofT and Toronto. Hart House is our community centre, which you already pay for with incidental fees. Work out, swim, join a Creative LifeSchool class on improv or photography. Watch a play held at the theatre or talk to the HH Film Board of local filmmakers and lovers. Keep track of other performances held by the Centre for Drama, Theatre and Performance Studies; the Faculty of Music; and the UofT Drama Coalition associates on their websites.

All free, all accommodating to UofT students, all a part of the university experience. Take a day. Take a night. All you need is 20 minutes maximum to walk across campus or a couple bucks to hop on a subway or streetcar. It’s worth it. To me, it’s essential. It’s my eye of the storm before delving back to the usual routine of trying to get it, get it, get it.

Maybe the third place is an escape. Maybe I’m trying to emulate Da Vinci. Maybe it’s inspiring to recognise the complexities of other fields.

What I know is that I wouldn’t have felt comfortable in engineering if I didn’t let myself explore what else was out there.

Mel Bonis: A Life and History

JAHNAVI UPRETI
Senior Editor

Melanie Bonis was born on January 21, 1858, in the fourth arrondissement of Paris. Her parents had no musical background; her father was a watchmaker, and her mother was a hairdresser. Despite this, she showed great musical talent and sensitivity, teaching herself how to play piano at a young age.

Her parents did not encourage her piano playing, considering it a “disturbing source of noise.” However, with the insistence of Jacques Maury, a family friend and future professor at the Paris Conservatory, she finally began piano and music theory lessons.

Bonis exceeded in her newfound lessons. She quickly surpassed her first teacher, beginning her instruction with Cesar Frank. This would open doors to composition and eventually introduce her to the Conservatory in 1876. Here, Melanie Bonis would change her name to Mel Bonis. This was a more androgynous version of her name, and came about due to the difficulties female composers faced. Bonis

would go on to share the same classes with renowned composers such as Debussy and Pierne, establishing a well noted reputation with her teachers, and winning prizes for piano accompaniment and harmony.

However, all of that came to a standstill when she resigned in 1881. It is in this year that her parents pushed for her to get married - to take on more feminine professions, have a beautiful wedding, and most importantly, to prevent her from marrying the opera singer Amedee Hettich, with whom she was having a forbidden relationship.

Bonis carried the family tradition by marrying Albert Domange, a man who was 25 years her senior, twice a widower, and a father of five boys. After her marriage, she focused on her domestic role of raising the 3 children she had with Domange. Domange did not like music, making the marriage an unideal arrangement for Bonis. Thus, a limited amount of pieces were released from 1881 to the 1890s, and Bonis was forced into her role of “Madame

Domange”: a wealthy wife who gave her husband 3 children, and split her time between a a private mansion in Paris, a property in Sarcelles, and a house in Etrelat.

Since Bonis was isolated from music, her interest in composing waned. It took a few years after her marriage, where she met with Hettich once again, to re-enter the scene. Hettich introduced her to Alphonse Leduc, her future publisher. Leduc’s influence brought her music back into the music milieu. Her scores began to be sold and played, and brought her and Hettich back together as collaborators on pieces and anthologies.

Bonis accompanied Hettich’s singing students, showed him her compositions, and set his poems to music. Her reunion with Hettich caused a clear internal struggle, as she was still passionately involved with the man who had wooed her previously. After giving birth to a secret fourth child, she began to show signs of depression. Nevertheless, it was at this point in her life that she was the most prolific, as well as the

most inspired.

Bonis composed over three hundred works, which spanned pieces for two hands, four hands, or two pianos, and consisted of countless compositions for the voice, chamber music and orchestral arrangements. Her identity was split between Madame Domange, a dutiful and pious upperclass wife, and the colourful pieces she released under her pseudonym of Mel Bonis.

Due to her diligence as a composer, Bonis became of member of the Societe des compositeurs de musique (SCM). This society attracted the most renowned composers through composition competitions - two of which were won by Bonis. In 1910, she became a secretary at the SCM, working with elite performers of the Parisian world, such as Massenet, Saint-Saens, and Faure.

This was a unique achievement for a woman at the time, and cemented her reputation in the Parisian musical world. Bonis’ music was played by the most renowned concert halls, and her pieces were performed

by famous musicians and orchestras. However, despite evidence that her work was praised and performed during her lifetime, she faded into obscurity and was only rediscovered in the 1990s. This shows evidence of the challenges that affected female composers; even though Bonis was celebrated in her life, no attempts were made to preserve her work for future generations.

During the latter half of the twentieth century, an interest in history’s “forgotten women” was emerging. It was then that Bonis’ work was revived, with her descendants beginning the serious study and preservation of her life’s work. The hundreds of scores that took up space in her relatives’ basements - all of her manuscripts that had been influential and monumental during her lifetime - were being dug up again, as well as her life story.

Bonis’ impact on the musical field is yet to be fully explored. However, despite history failing to catch up to her, her music is able to inform the listener of her life; of the complexity and sensibility in her compositions, as well as the turbulent and passionate ordeals within her life.

Fields of Us

MINHA KHAN Managing Editor			
take my hand, i promise i wont let go	let me pull you along, as i take you back to where we belong:	ill pull you along, taking you to where we belong	
can i pull you along, taking you back to where i know we belong?	among the flowery fields, the curve of our backs slanting along the curves of the hills	to enter into a sanctuary that is for the Earth and now ours	
ill show you where my spirit feels its peace, so you can feel it too	when we lie down	the grass tickling our bare feet to assure us that we are home	

Being an Engineer

RAUHA AHMED
Cannon Senior Editor

Does this scene sound familiar?

So you’ve joined engineering and you realize that you are a little blown away by the sheer number of math and programming courses you have to take. You see all your friends joining hackathons and design teams where it seems like they’re doing even more math and coding, applying what they learned in class. You ask yourself if this is all you’ll ever do, live and breathe engineering for the next 4 years.

Well, I’ve got good news for you. You most definitely do not have to live and breathe engineering for the rest of your degree. There are multiple ways you can arrange your schedule so that you’re not just doing math and programming-related things. Here’s a list of ways you can diversify your experience and make the most of your program.

Join Clubs

In addition to design teams, the University of Toronto has a vast number of different clubs and societies that you can join based on your interests. Whether you’re a star swimmer or a marketing genius, there is something for everyone. The University of Toronto Varsity Blues has 44 teams for 26 different sports, including swimming, soccer, rowing, baseball, and more. If you’re into music and instruments, you can join the Skule orchestra or the Stage Band. Are you a budding writer? Join our very own Cannon and show off your skills. There are even interdisciplinary clubs like the MSA where you can meet people from different programs and make meaningful connections with them.

Take Electives

Electives allow you to incorporate your interests in the very courses you take. You can take art-science or humanities electives to fulfill your elective requirements as well as explore new interests and hobbies. You can use them to develop important skills and add variety to your

degree. Chances are, if you really enjoy your elective, you will have more dedication to the work assigned and it can act as a GPA booster.

Minors

Taking electives from a certain category qualifies you for a minor and is a way for you to make your interests an official part of your degree. A minor can complement your engineering major and expand your knowledge in a wide variety of things. Whether you’re into business, economics, or art history, there are a number of engineering and art science minors you can choose from.

The point is, there are a number of things you can do to make your experience unique and also get to participate in activities you actually enjoy. So don’t worry, you won’t only be drowning in integrals and algorithms for the next 4 years, even if it might feel that way some days. Just take the time to really explore your options and make connections with the diverse Skule community.



OPINION

VP SL Music of the Month: Summer Rewind



NOAH GUERIN
Vice-President Student Life and Music Nerd

MAY - UNLIMITED LOVE JUNE- HARRY’S HOUSE JULY - RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

June in music was much less exciting than last month with some pretty disappointing releases from Drake and Post Malone so I decided to go back to last month and cover a project that I have really been enjoying this last month from an artist that I don’t usually listen to very much besides the occasional radio play. For those of you who know my music tastes (which are wide-ranging to say the least but usually focuses in rock and hip-hop), you might be surprised that One Direction was my first concert not including The Wiggles funny enough but since his days in the band, I haven’t paid much attention to his music but perhaps I should have been.

This month’s album is Harry’s House by Harry Styles.

I came across this album while browsing Apple Music as I do and with As It Was blowing up online, I thought I would give it a try and I was very impressed. There are very few songs if any on this album that are skips and there

are some really great bumping tracks with great energy as well as some really deep and meaningful ballads that I enjoyed.

Harry’s House - Harry Styles

Most Popular: As It Was

Most Likely to be in a Walmart Commercial: Music For a Sushi Restaurant

When You Need a Good Cry: Matilda

One That Will Get You Bopping: Satellite

Anyone else wonder how they did this picture? It’s cool!

I liked this album so much I rushed to Ticketmaster only to be disappointed that the tickets had sold out weeks or months before I even heard about this album lol.

Feel free to give this a listen, let me know what you think! Feel free to send me more music you think I should have flowing between my ears, I am always looking for new tunes.

July - I was able to attend two concerts and I had a blast. The first one was very last minute but I am happy I went and got to see Roger Waters (singer of Pink Floyd). The second one I have been waiting to see for two years in Rage Against the Machine. For those of you that know me, I’m sure you know that I am a pretty chill dude. Although that is true, sometimes whether its during working out or after a long day, sometimes you just need to get pumped up and RAAAAGGGGEEEE a little bit. That is one of the reasons why Rage Against the Machine (RATM) is one of my favorite bands and why I had such a great time at the concert. Nothing beats just listening to some of your favourite tunes on max volume and just screaming obscenities at the top of your lungs.

RATM has just four studio albums (one being a covers album) but my favourite of the bunch by far is their self-titled debut album. The cover alone is just so powerful and iconic and the music inside it is nothing less.

Their innovative mix of hip hop and metal is what really drove me to them and the passionate vocals from Zach de la Rocha and the insane guitar solos of Tom Morello are what kept me listening.

Rage Against the Machine (self-titled)

Most Popular: Killing in the Name

Best Head Banger: Bullet in the Head

Best Guitar Solo: Know Your Enemy

Best Song to Scream Into the Void: Freedom

This iconic cover depicts a Vietnamese monk

protesting the Vietnam war through self-immolation.

Although this probably isn’t an album for everyone, who knows you might come to love them. I

certainly do. I will absolutely be looking to buy another round of tickets if they ever tour again. Feel free to give this a listen, let me know what you think! Feel free to send me more music you think I should have flowing between my ears, I am always looking for new tunes.

DESIGN TEAMS

SUMMER SPOTLIGHT: Design Teams

VARIOUS

SkuleTM Design Teams

The Troitsky Bridge Building Team is an engineering design team that creates bridges and competes at Concordia University's annual Troitsky Bridge Building Competition.

Over the last three years, UofT has managed to attain three consecutive victories. This past year, UofT won first, second and fifth place against the top engineering programs in Canada, and took home over \$7000 in cash prizes.

The event consists of drafting, modelling bridges, testing under a hydraulic press, developing structural analysis reports, and recommending applications in a real-world setting. This is an excellent opportunity for competition experience as well as design, structural engineering, construction, and project management!

If you are interested, give us a follow on Instagram @troitskyuoft or email us at troitsky@skule.ca



THE TROITSKY BRIDGE BUILDING TEAM



THE CHEMICAL VEHICLE DESIGN TEAM

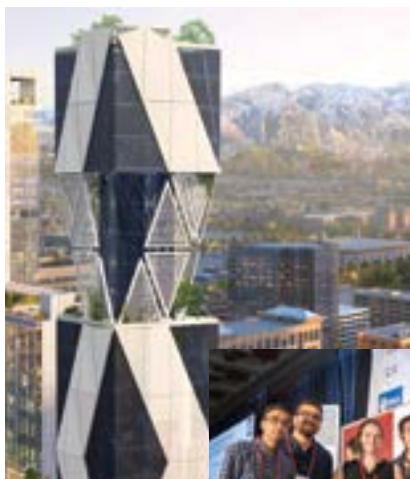


The University of Toronto Chemical Vehicles Design Team (UTCV) is a multidisciplinary team dedicated to designing a small vehicle powered by a chemical energy source. Each year, we take our car design to attend the American Institute of Chemical Engineers (AIChE) Chem-E-Car competition (See Figure #1), a test of both power and accuracy. The 2022 AIChE Northeast Regional occurred virtually on April 3. The team won first place and

beat the reigning champion teams from Clarkson University and Cornell University. UTCV first competed in the regional competition in 2018 and placed ninth out of 21 teams. The next year, we reached sixth place out of 12 teams. This year's victory is a great accomplishment for the team after two-year absence due to COVID-19 restrictions. After the regional competition, the team attended the 5th ChemE Exhibition & 36th ChemE Dinner to present and celebrate this year's success.

In the 2022 Undergraduate Seismic Design Competition in Salt Lake City, Utah, the University of Toronto Seismic Design Team (UTSD) won the Best Architecture Award out of 32 international teams. The team also brought back our award for 3rd place (out of 29 international teams) from the 2021 online competition. These achievements prove that the UTSD is consistently in a leading position for both seismic and architecture design among other top

universities. For the last two years, our team has grown our YouTube channel and we have now reached 1000 followers! Our shake test video has over 77,000 views and Seismic Academy has more than 16,000 views. In addition, we continue to innovate and explore new possibilities by developing design programs such as Autobuilder that combine civil engineering, computer science and machine learning. This year, the team will keep thriving - with ambitious captains eager to take on another year's shaky challenge.



THE SEISMIC DESIGN TEAM



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO FORMULA RACING

The University of Toronto Formula Racing (UTFR) is a design team that has been in operation for over 25 years! Every year, we design, build, and race a new formula-style race car and compete internationally in Formula SAE/Student competitions in the USA, Germany, and Canada. As of last season, we've made the switch from combustion to electric vehicles, placing 21st overall at our competition in Michigan, USA. This year, we are developing our first driverless systems for autonomous racing.

to software, to business - you'll find a place on our team! The practical skills and experiences built on our team complement academic theory taught in the classroom, meaning our members are highly sought after for internships and full-time roles.

If you're interested in joining us in the fall, follow @uoftfsae on Instagram and stay tuned for updates on how you can get involved!



We welcome engineering students from any discipline. No matter your background & interests - from manufacturing, to wiring,

THE BLUE AND GOLD COMMITTEE: PRIDE FLOAT BUILD



TAKE THE NEXT STEP

Get a jump on your career. Join our **Student Membership Program** to establish a connection to the professional engineering community and keep in touch with the association that regulates the practice of engineering in Ontario. Then, through our **Financial Credit Program**, you may be eligible to have the cost of your P.Eng. application fee and first year of enrolment in our EIT Program credited towards payment of your initial licence fees once you have been approved for a licence. Learn more at www.engineeringstudents.peo.on.ca or www.peo.on.ca.

Professional Engineers Ontario Regulating and advancing engineering practice to protect the public interest.

After 2 long years without a Pride Parade, Pride Toronto finally announced that things would return to fully in-person! This exciting news was met with delight all-round, and for UofT Engineering, this meant that the Blue & Gold Chairs had to produce a 14-foot long, 12-foot tall structure to sit on a flatbed truck and be paraded around Toronto - designing, buying materials, budgeting, and actually building the thing - all in less than a month.



With the outstanding help of EngSoc (fulfilling their promise to "fund [Pride] out the ass"), Engineering Positive Space, the entirety of The Trinity, and undergraduate engineering students, and the Dye Subcomm, the event was an overwhelming success. Ushering over 2 million spectators, UofT was proudly represented by the rainbow build - "become the Rainbow, Be Gay" float.

If you can't wait to get your paws on some tools for more awesome builds, follow @bngcommittee and stay tuned for Tools101!



[insert article title]

[YOUR NAME]
Cannon Writer

Have something to say? An opinion that needs stating, a burning desire to find out why despite being the #1 Engineering School in Canada, the lab equipment can be so decrepit? Why that one prof simply cannot seem to comprehend student brains? Be it reporting on events, issues, relevent Skule opinions, design teams, affiliated clubs, sports teams and more -

Here’s a blank canvas. It’s yours - claim it.

Become a Cannon contributor today. Let’s stir up some trouble this year, shall we?

cannon@skule.ca
cannon.skule.ca
@cannon.news

**Here’s a blank
canvas.
Use it.**

*(no, not to wipe your ass - to write
some articles for the Cannon
Newspaper, you weirdo. Gosh,
that’s what the Toiking page is for)*