# MATH-CCTH 1080H - Mathematics for Everyday Life 

Trent University, Winter 2018 in Peterborough

## Assignment \#6 <br> Exam Sadisties Statistics

Due on Friday, 2 March.
Here are the marks earned on the final exam in a mathematics course, which shall remain nameless, given at Trent within the last thirty years. The exam in question was out of 100 .

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0.5 8.0 14.0 14.5 16.5 18.0 19.5 22.0 22.5 22.5 24.5 25.0 31.5 32.5 32.5 34.0 34.5 36.0 36.0 36.0 36.0
39.0 39.5 39.5 40.0 41.5 42.5 43.5 43.5 43.5 44.0 44.0 45.0 45.5 47.5 48.0 50.5 50.5 51.0 52.0 53.5
53.5 53.5 55.0 55.0 55.0 55.5 56.0 56.0 56.5 57.0 57.5 58.0 58.0 58.5 59.5 59.5 60.0 60.0 60.0 61.5
62.0 63.0 63.5 63.5 63.5 64.0 64.5 64.5 65.0 65.0 65.5 65.5 66.0 66.0 66.0 66.5 67.0 67.5 67.5 67.5
68.0 68.5 69.0 69.5 70.0 71.5 72.0 72.0 72.0 72.5 73.0 74.5 75.5 76.0 76.0 77.0 77.5 77.5 78.0 78.5
78.5 79.5 80.5 82.0 82.5 82.5 83.0 83.0 83.0 83.5 83.5 83.5 85.0 85.0 85.5 86.5 88.0 89.5 90.0 91.5
92.5 93.0 93.0 93.5 94.5 95.5 96.0 96.0 97.5 97.5
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1. What can you say about the distribution of the marks on this exam? [10]

## Love and Tensor Algebra

Come, let us hasten to a higher plane, Where dyads tread the fairy fields of Venn, Their indices bedecked from one to $n$, Commingled in an endless Markov chain! Come, every frustrum longs to be a cone, And every vector dreams of matrices. Hark to the gentle gradient of the breeze: It whispers of a more ergodic zone. In Riemann, Hilbert or in Banach space Let superscripts and subscripts go their ways. Our asymptotes no longer out of phase, We shall encounter, counting, face to face. I'll grant thee random access to my heart, Thou'lt tell me all the constants of thy love; And so we two shall all love's lemmas prove, And in our bound partition never part.
For what did Cauchy know, or Christoffel, Or Fourier, or any Boole or Euler, Wielding their compasses, their pens and rulers, Of thy supernal sinusoidal spell?
Cancel me not - for what shall then remain? Abscissas, some mantissas, modules, modes, A root or two, a torus and a node: The inverse of my verse, a null domain.
Ellipse of bliss, converge, O lips divine!
The product of our scalars is defined!
Cyberiad draws nigh, and the skew mind Cuts capers like a happy haversine.
I see the eigenvalue in thine eye, I hear the tender tensor in thy sigh. Bernoulli would have been content to die, Had he but known such $a^{2} \cos (2 \phi)$ !
From The Cyberiad by Stanislaw Lem (translated by Michael Kandel).

