LIMERICKS FOR MURRAY MARSHALL

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Murry is looking hale and hearty,
We know by his work he's a smarty,
From orderings, he makes spaces,
From valuations come places,
For his 60th we had quite a party!

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Thanks to everyone who wrote limericks for Murray! I did not announce a winner of the contest at the party and after some thought I hearby declare

Ludwig Broecker

the winner of the limerick contest, for both the quality and quantity of his limericks. (Ludwig, I owe you a beer the next time we meet.)

Here are the limericks I received, starting with those of the winner.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *by L. Broecker* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * **

In a town which is often quite cold,
Lives a boy, now 60 years old,
For my propositions,
He finds weaker conditions,
I must confess, they still hold.

In a town where the coats are furry,
Lives a man whose name is Murray.
He cooks calculations,
Admired in all nations,
With salt, pepper and curry.

A boy full of smoke and steam,
Lived in a quadratic form scheme.
He could really combine,
The space sign by sign.
That was a marvelous dream.

A boy from the Saskatchewan stream,
Once found a quadratic form scheme,
And made in his lecture,
A pretty conjecture.
The solution remains but a dream.

A student and his sister
Came to Murray, asking mister:
We, surprisingly, found,
Forms quadratic and round.
Murray only answered: ask Pfister!

In a land where the maples are red,
Lives a man who likes to eat bread.
As far I have seen,
He takes margarine,
Since it is easy to spread.
(There is a story about this; ask Ludwig.)

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* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *by E. Broecker* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * **

A boy from a big northern nation
Decided to do calculation.
He knows how it runs,
Created three sons
And a lot of investigation.

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* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *by T. Craven* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * **

There once was a mathematician named Murray,
Whose beard could be called rather furry.
His orderings on rings,
Were marvelous things,
But his questions might cause one to worry.

There once was a man named Murray,
Who often seemed to worry
About ordering spaces
And abstract real places,
But not what went in his curry.

Far up north in Saskatoon
In the land of bugs and loon,
Lived Murray Marshall,
Who was very partial,
To having a nap around noon.

Marshall's love life turned around,
When eventually he found,
That abstract real spectra
Didn't interest Electra,
And tried something less profound.

Once when I was in Rangoon,
Or perhaps twas Saskatoon,
For abstract real spaces
I found many places,
But then I found the saloon!

Murray needs a limerick
Like he needs a walking stick.
He smokes his pipe,
But hates to type,
For he prefers to point and click

A pretty mathematical coed
Had a thesis advisor named Fred.
She said, "I do think
His math it does stink!
So I'll have to try Murray instead."

* **

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *by A. Pfister* * * * * * * * * * * * * * **

There once was a boy from Saskatchewan,
Who liked to play with square and fan.
To order them in nice array,
We like him best, cheers to Murray,
He set out a great Marshall plan.

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* * * * * * * * * *by C. Mulcahy* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * **

A conjecture both deep and profound,
Asserts that all Q-forms are round,
In a paper by Marshall
To which I am partial,
A counterexample is found.

There once was a fellow named Marshall,
Who had a result that was partial.
He sent it to Colm,
Who found it quite solemn,
And before you could say "Space of Signatures" they had a joint paper
    in the Journal of Pure and Applied Algebra.

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* * * * * * * * * *by the Kuhlmanns* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * **

Abstract spaces of orderings,
Non-compact cases and valuations rings,
Red sportscar and quadratic forms,
Signatures and fierce thunder storms,
Now you can guess who enjoys such things!

When Murray stated Marshall's conjecture,
"This is too good to be true" was the reacture
From a famous mathematician call Pfister –
And I'm proud to say, "Hier ist er!"
Which means "Here he is!" Enjoy his lecture.

There once was smoking head,
Who did it outdoors 'cause indoors it's bad.
Often our secretaries were proud
To have their heads up in the cloud,
Which sneaked in from the break our head had had.

3

It's sort of a math romance,
This man knows how to deal with his fans
And plays with them mathematical games,
And whenever he calls them by their names,
He calls them Naila, Noura, Salma, and Franz.
∗ ∗∗

∗ ∗ ∗ ∗ ∗∗The one that started it all (by V. Powers)∗ ∗ ∗∗
There once was a math guy named Murray,
Who was never in much of a hurry.
His pipe he would smoke,
Great theorems invoke,
Then later go out for a curry.
∗ ∗∗