

The Greatest Love Story Ever Told

Pull up a chair . . .

Once upon a time, quite recently, a base young chemist, whilst doodling with his homemade chemistry set, innocently made the discovery that rocked the scientific world, shocked the rest of the world, and created such a helluva stir, generally, that we won't be over it for some time, at least until nylons are back. The name of the young chemical zealot was William Makepeace McFlush, and with a handle like that you'd probably be driven to chemistry yourself.

His father Diamond McFlush, was a mere immigrant truck farmer who had migrated to Toronto during those hazy days when Toronto had a hockey team called the Maple Leafs. (Remember?) There he, (Willie's pa, I mean), met a young Irish colloid, Teresa O'Toole, a buxom young ingenue of the Toronto burlesque, and the reaction yielded marriage plus a heterogeneous substance which they identified as William Makepeace McFlush, after an eccentric uncle who used to read "Vanity Fair" upside down to cure his insomnia.

Willie McFlush soon proved himself to be a young man of many parts, finishing grammar school at the early age of eleven and one-half, and winning the Toronto Star \$1,000 prize for the best essay on "Ontario's Colonial Policy in the Maritimes." Before young McFlush was old enough to be massaging his gums as well as cleaning his teeth, he had come to be regarded as the most precocious little brat in the neighborhood.

Shortly after the world of Science had created the atom bomb and gleefully pulverized a couple of fair-sized communities trying the thing out, Willie, with an eye on the future, took to the field of science. He invested in a Bunsen burner, a few pyrex test tubes, a couple of bottles of HCl and H₂SO₄, two or three rolls of litmus paper, all colours, and a deflagrating spoon.

The first experiments Willie performed included the usual routine humdrum stuff, such as the liberation of oxygen by dissolving his old man's sterling silver cufflinks in acid, and cracking a few atoms of U-235. (Willie fished the U-235 atoms from the apartment of a civil servant in Ottawa.)

Then, one desultory morning, Willie stumbled on the discovery that astonished the world. Water, Willie found out, was not comprised of two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen; but only one part of hydrogen. Water was HO, and HO only. Whatever had become of that other mole of hydrogen was a mystery, although Willie figured it had only disappeared during the last couple of days. When Willie announced his discovery to his father, the old man almost went off his rocker.

Mater McFlush telephoned the family doctor, and told him that Wil-

He was saying that water had only one hydrogen mole.

"OH?" cried the M. O., "Incredulously, and he dropped whatever he was doing, much to the discomfort of a patient, and sprinted over to the McFlush manse. He immediately ordered Willie to his bed, cackled him for the second time, suggested that he get a haircut, and stomped from the house in a high dudgeon. (A 1946 Dudgeon, with the new fluid drive.)

But Willie remained unshaken in his convictions. Summoning his courage, he sped to the nearest CPR office and sent a telegram to the asst. National Research Council in Ottawa.

"HAVE YOU," Willie wired, "NOTICED AND DIFFERENCE IN THE WATER LATELY? STOP I AM INCLINED TO THINK IT IS A TEENY WEENY BIT DRIER. STOP"

The following day, a silver winged aluminium (Al) monoplane taxied into the Ottawa aerodrome, disgorging Dr. Louise Melner, Prof. Albert Einstein, Dr. Hugo Rodzinski, and Mr. Johnny Grecco, the latter having just returned from a fist-cuffing engagement at Madison Square Garden. The select party, excluding Mr. Grecco who was left to fend for himself, was met by a grim-lipped heavy armed detachment of Royal Canadian Girl Guides, who formed a cordon about the party and escorted them to a waiting limousine. They were quickly spirited away into the gathering dusk, and the Girl Guides returned to their barracks and the dusk slowly dispersed, a little disappointed about the whole show.

The scientific delegation and the National Research Council went into a scholarly huddle that same evening, and with a copy of Schlessinger's Chemistry at hand (They were lucky to get one, eh?), they commenced to mull the whole thing over. Young McFlush had certainly copped the duke on them, they agreed, but now the cat was out of the bag . . . "I'll rectify that," shouted Dr. Einstein, the shaggy one, and he quickly caught the cat in the Men's Room (it was a Tom cat), and put it back in the bag again. The delegation heaved a relieved sigh, gathered closer to a thistle tube, and mullied some more about HO.

They finally were forced to conclude that McFlush was right—water had become HO, with a hook to spare. Just for fun, they made up a little H₂O, which used to be water in the good old days, but now it turned out to be a brownish crystalline substance that turned red with Riz Crackers. McFlush's expose was acclaimed as the greatest scientific discovery since Avogadro found a live Hypothesis in a conch shell by the Caspian Sea.

London, Washington, and the Canadian Prime Minister were promptly informed. London, Washington, and the Canadian P. M. sent back terse cables, which, when decoded, all said the same thing.

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Captain: "I find there is two dollars missing from my desk drawer this morning, and you were the only other one with a key to it."

G. I. "Well, let's each put a dollar back and forget it."

The Case Of The Missing Clue

Johnny lay in the morgue and everyone was saying nice things about him. He had been the victim of one of the most gruesome murders ever committed in the Hangemquick Hills. He had been ham-strung and left hanging from the oak tree in front of the town hall.

Miss Dillervimper found him. She rushed to the nearest house, and announced that someone had left his pig hanging in the middle of town and that she thought it was a disgrace. She for one would not stand for it. Later, when she learned that her "pig" was the corpse of Johnny Jones, she protested even more—"The very idea—and right out in plain sight! I wonder why he looked so white?"

"My dear lady, he was naked," Miss Dillervimper faintly. The manhunt started. Police and detectives questioned everyone, even Miss Dillervimper, who was always on the verge of hysteria. The inquisition was of little avail. No one knew anything. Johnny didn't have an enemy in the world. He had always been a gentleman. It must have been suicide.

The police made their announcement—"We have a murder to solve. We always get our man." They had no clues, as usual.

Hangemquick Hills was in a state of suspense for fear that the murderer would continue to kill off the righteous, upstanding townfolk. Some thought that the murderer's conscience would get him in the end, and he would give himself up. Others believed that the perfect crime had been committed.

Then the police found a hair, a fine yellow hair, directly under the place where the body was left hanging. With this clue, they thought they had something really hot. They started combing the town. Specimens of all the blond haired citizens were sent away for analysis. The hair turned out to be from the left side of a cat's tail. The police were as baffled as ever.

Mr. Butch Grappleclaws, alderman, advised the police to get to work and stoop to drastic methods of inquiry. He advocated that each person in the town sleep for one night with the corpse of Johnny Jones. He argued that the murderer would rather confess than submit to this nerve-racking test. The police thought that it was a good idea. The public was informed, and three hours later, fourteen women confessed.

Then the police, in desperation, resolved to use the latest scientific methods for finding the murderer. These methods have been used only once and are still secret. This is how it was done.

Johnny's ration book number was E. G. 2142. From this number the year of his death was subtracted giving E. G. 197, that is, the ration book of the murderer. For further evidence, the teacups at the church tea were sent to a soothsayer. She sent back a very convincing report—"A man has been

The Great Unveiling

(From time to time this page attempts to produce some great literary masterpiece which will go down in Brunswickan history. This is not one of them.)

It happened at the Arts Building. The ancient lobby was decorated with little green and red lights and pink and green balloons. In the centre of the hall, still unveiled, stood that which was to be unveiled. Around that which was to be unveiled were forty-seven or fifty-five coeds. They also were veiled, wearing next to nothing. Nothing showed very distinctly through next.

The search for E. G. 197 began. The townspeople were examined alphabetically, and the criminal was found—it was Elsa Gutensprauer—weight-three hundred and two pounds, blue eyes, always wearing black clothes.

Elsa swore that she was in bed with her twin at the time when the crime was committed—and so she was put on a further charge of perjury. She was found guilty of both charges. However, she will not be hanged—for the laboratory department of the city police found that the rope would not stand a strain of more than three hundred and one pounds and two and a third ounces. Her fate has not been determined. The contesting nominees for next mayor of The Hills will take platforms on her, against her—and the outcome should be interesting.

The faculty marched in to the tune of "Take It Off" and the students followed to the tune of Beethoven's Fifth.

Silence. Mr. Paige was given the honour of the unveiling. He stepped up to the imposing structure, turned to the audience, grinned and pulled the cord. The veil fell, the forty-seven or fifty-five coeds slipped off their veils and fled. The audience roared and the sculptress took her position in front of the work of art.

"I am sure there was some psychological," Miss Thompson began dazedly. "I did this work during periods of insomnia. I can't—Dr. Stewart will—I give you Dr. Stewart." Everyone clapped.

"I have been asked to convey to you the meaning of this atrocity—I mean, this marvel that has come to pass. 'This,' he said, pointing to a perpendicular, bulbous projection of black basalt, 'is the form of a College professor. This,' pointing to a flat piece of red granite, 'is a rope, and this, an octopus-like structure,' is the form of either a student or a jackass. This super-realistic monster may only mean just that, but I prefer to believe that it has a deeper psychological meaning: the mind of the professor struggling for existence. It is the greatest artistic production of the age—and it was all done in somnolence." The faculty whistled and stamped. The student body was silent.

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