

Second In Series of Anniversary Speakers

Dr. Linus Pauling will give the second 150th Anniversary address to the Faculty and students in the Memorial Hall on Monday, Feb. 6, at 3.00 P. M. Dr. A. W. Trueman, President of the University, has asked that all lectures and labs for arts and pure science students will be cancelled to allow the students to hear the address. The subject of the address will be "The Structure of Metals and Intermetallic Compounds."

"The Place of Chemistry and Medical Research" will be the subject of a second address which Dr. Pauling will deliver in the Memorial Hall at 8.30 P. M., Tuesday, Feb. 7.

Twenty minutes under hot flood lights last Monday is paying off for Jane Wright and Ruth Anne Heaney, Camera Club members, some of whom worked into the wee hours Tuesday morning "souping" their films came up with some very nice portraits.

WHILE THE SUN SHINES

A well-known magazine is currently featuring a provoking article entitled, "The Flying Saucers Are Real!" The author believes that the earth has been under surveillance for several years by visitors from another planet—a rather disturbing thought.

We take you to a point some three hundred miles beyond our globe, where a huge metal disc is whirling along at a prodigious rate.

Etaoin Shrdlu, Commander of Space-Disc No. 5, surveyed the television screen with something more than his usual lack of emotion. A telephoto from one of the roving remote-control sub-discs had just revealed an unmistakable atomic explosion in Area 18X47.2A, and Shrdlu's fourteen protruding eyes emitted showers of red-hot carbon, a sign of mild interest.

Shrdlu, in spite of his unenthusiastic demeanour, was the most able space-man on the planet Popsiki, a small world in the Outer Galaxy far beyond the range of the earth's rudest telescopes. But life on Popsiki was doomed, as dirt, the staple diet of the inhabitants, was fast

being consumed, and there was no doubt that a few more generations of Popsikites would eat up the last vestiges of their soil, leaving nothing whatsoever to maintain life on the planet.

It was for this reason that Shrdlu had been selected by the All-Wise to venture forth into the Inner Galaxy in search of an earth-bearing planet as a future colony for famished Popsikites.

"Go, Etaoin Shrdlu," said the All-Wise gently, "and if you find the Promised Land, I will confer upon you the title of Silt of the Earth. Mud in your eye!" He pronounced the classic farewell.

"Mud in yourn," replied Shrdlu, and rattled and clanked off to his spaceship, his twenty-two metal feet almost skipping with pride.

And so, into the infinite went Shrdlu, his armada of remote-controlled sub-discs and cigar-shaped maintenance ships stringing out behind his master disc in glittering array.

Twelve years later, he arrived at Orb G-9, the Earth, and the abundance of dirt on that planet, as shown by a preliminary sub-disc survey, left him incredulous. His meticulous observations conducted over a period of several years, and particularly his detailed observations of the behaviour of the inhabitants, led him to the conclusion that here was the dirtiest planet in the entire universe. He was enthralled.

As soon as the time was propitious, Shrdlu landed in an unsettled area and secured fresh food for his crew. A party was held on the other side of the moon that night, and all and sundry agreed that fresh loam from Orb G-9 provided the most delicious repast that ever they had eaten. The chef's mud pies provided a dessert that was literally out of this world.

But there was much to be done before a full report could be taken to the All-Wise, and for months Shrdlu watched the rapidly changing, composite pictures on the television, pictures flashed from every corner of the globe in an unending stream by the sub-discs. Anything particularly interesting was arrested and regarded in the most intimate detail.

And it was with particular interest and growing satisfaction that Shrdlu watched atomic explosions, which increased in number and intensity over the next year.

Finally, his work done, Shrdlu turned his armada towards the outer reaches of space, in whose chilly blackness spun the red ball of his native Popsiki.

Ten years later, almost to the day, Shrdlu presented his report to the All-Wise, who immediately went into retirement to examine and analyse the great mass of data. A month passed, then the intrepid space-man was summoned to the council chamber. The All-Wise was jubilant.

"Etaoin Shrdlu," he said, "you have saved your race! There is, however, one thing you neglected to mention. Will we have to use force to colonize Orb G-9?"

"No," replied Shrdlu, "I wanted to tell you the good news personally. It'll take us ten years to get there, and by that time there won't be a living thing to oppose us." He handed a picture of a towering mushroom-shaped cloud to the All-Wise. They looked at it together for a moment, then burst into simultaneous guffaws.

"Yuk! Yuk! Yuk! Oh! Yuk! Yuk!"

They should arrive by 1970 weather permitting.

From The Ubsoc. —by Vic Hay

First Model Parliament

The first Model Parliament will be held in "O" Hut on Feb. 10. The Progressive Conservatives will form the government with the C.C.F. as the official opposition. Professor Sorbett of the Political Science Department will be the Speaker of the House.

We hardly find any persons of good sense save those who agree with us.

Opinions cannot survive if one has no chance to fight for them.

The black flower of civilized society, a prison.

—Hawthorne.

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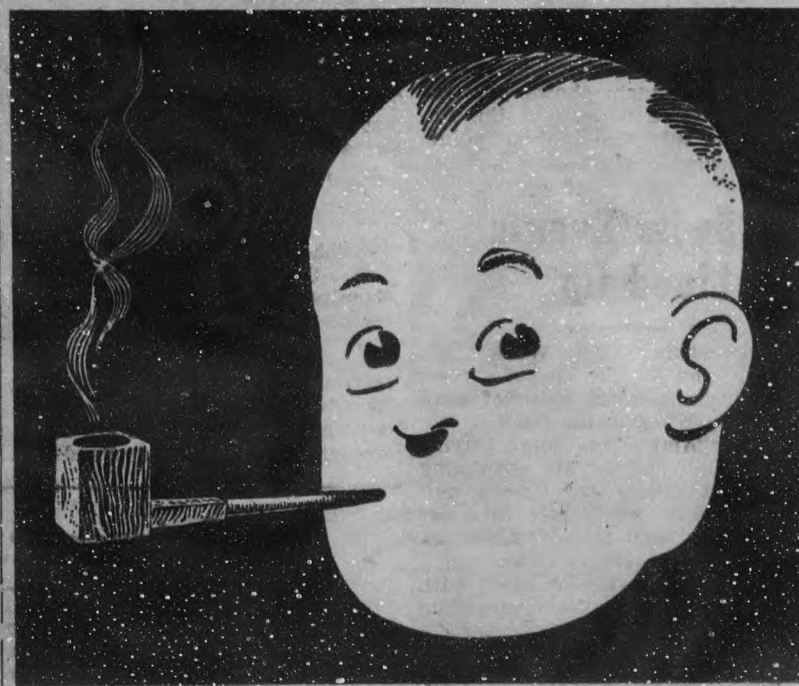
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