



## A NEW BALL GAME

Meandering through the hall of invention in the Duffy Science building is when one's mop stumbles onto another of the startling traffic-stopping inventions which are produced here on the first floor of this great Duffy Building, yes, it's an altogether new ball-game this week on campus. Klingon, who is a special whoopsie, side-giggling laughter with a salamander snout, was just doing her daily routine of corner licking the invention lab, when she gasped at what she saw....eight Engineers sitting around conversion desk number fourteen, just talking quietly amongst themselves, she almost fell out of her swivel, because as a rule engineers are full of almost boundless energies, it was so quiet that she just had to stop and observe the goings-on, it looked like they had the baseball (which had been on the floor for a better part of the week) yes it was, and when I say, "was", is what I said. It was, it was a mass of thread and sawdust, leather caps completely off, in two pieces, and they were inserting another hollow plastic ball as the core, but they had the core cut in half too, and in it, they had some queer kind of instrument, which Klingon, who is a special whoopsie, side giggling laughter with a salamander snout had never feasted her whippetree type eyes upon before, she used her direct snork extension to bring in the view of the goings on. One of the engineers started to giggle, as he placed a small hand-

ful of nuts and bolts on the workway, and he said that this would finish the mechanics off, of the gy-gy-gyroscope, yes, he called it a gyroscope, and when they poured the liquid plastic into the small plastic ball, they mounted this electronic gyroscope into its base, then from over in the far corner, "I'll call him Rouge", (as the engineers are a shy lot, and they wouldn't let anyone take more credit than the other, they sort of all work together, that's why they always put the letter 'S' on the end of the word Engineers. It seems that they all work as a team...together.) Rouge had a small black box with an electronic swizzle stick sticking out of it, which they call as I found out later it's an areal. Rouge pressed four buttons, and the gyroscope started to rotate by its own volition. It seemed to Klingon, one of the Engineers motioned Rouge to stop, and while the sticky glub in the ball was still plastic enough to stick things into, he added five more transistors, and a hollow-graph of the entire University of Prince Edward Island, and a microfilm picture of the "Class of 82-83" Engineers, now encased in plastic for posterity, they almost with an air of solemnity, replaced the top on the little plastic ball, and then went about the painstaking process of getting the sawdust and string to reshape the baseball, but, as we all know, sixteen hands working together at the job, was a lot easier than one eh, and in no time at all the covers were ready to be sown on again. Now the real test would be given. Rouge waited anxiously in the corner of the lab, and all the other eight backed away from the lab slab, and the ball stood alone in the middle of the lonely slab. It took only a nod of a head, and Rouge pressed the first button. The ball moved to the right, then he pressed the second button the ball moved to the left he pressed the third but-

ton and the ball did a hop up, he quickly pressed the fourth button, and the ball started to bounce by itself on the slab, my oh my, the hoots and jolly whoopers that arose from the Engineers, as they all gathered around their newfound friend, and it now occurred to the Klingon, who is a special whoopsie, side giggling laughter with a salamander snout, well, she said to herself.... now the Engineers will never again lose a ball game, it's another amazing broom sweeping effect on this first floor of the Duffy Science Building, and those Engineers.

## THIN MAN

by Tom Killorn

## TROUBLE IN DOGGIELAND

I was driving home for lunch a few weeks ago when a neighbor stopped me with some bad news. He informed me that he found my beloved mutt Scruffy lying on his lawn and not moving at all. I at first assumed that he was simply taking one of his noon hour snoozes, but on closer inspection it was clear he was in trouble. I proceeded to cart Scruffy off to the vet to check what might be wrong with him. I waited with him at the clinic for what seemed like about three months. Finally the vet allowed us an audience with him to check out what had happened.

The vet very carefully inspected him and after a few minutes a look of total horror came over his face. The vet looked at me and said, "Sir your dog pulled his ligament, he's been jogging hasn't he?" "Jogging? Whatever are you talking about," I asked. "You suburbanites are all the same, you get your animals to exercise and then deny it when I have to patch them up," he exploded. It soon became very clear to me that this was one bitter vet. I told him I knew nothing about animals being exercised by their owners.

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Dr. S. Walker,  
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