

THE GAME OF THE NAME

Yesterweek, in a small filler in a newspaper, I read that the man who developed the diesel cycle, which is how diesel engines work, was named, oddly enough, Otto Diesel. Good, I thought, it is only meet that a person who has put a lot of time and effort into inventing something should finally get his name in a super-market weekly.

I told the young genius whom I was babysitting about Otto Diesel and received a knowing look and a scornful ten-year-old sigh.

"A diesel is a kind of a truck, stupid, not a person's name!", quoth he. I mentally consigned him to the kindly hands of the next barbarian horde that passed through North River and forgot the incident until just a few minutes ago, when I discovered that even adults have difficulty believing that the name of some common object is also the name of some person in the past who had invented, popularized, or stolen it.

For instance, a friend of mine would not believe the story that I told her about James Jerome Internal-Combustion Engine. It seems that James and his friend, Jacob P. Automobile, were riding home one day when James suddenly got the idea that would revolutionize North American Society.

"Jacob", he said to his friend, "you know how tiresome it is to be constantly taking care of these horses, just so that we can ride into town on Sundays? Wouldn't it be nice if we had some sort of mechanism that would just sit in the shed until we needed it?"

Jacob (who was allergic to horses) was immediately enthusiastic.

"I know, James! It would be made of metal, so that it would never grow old,

and it would fly through the air to wherever we wished to go!"

"No good, Peter Helicopter and Samuel Variable-Pitch Propellor (with a little help from Thomas High-Octane Aviation Gasoline) are

already working on that one. What say we make one that stays on the ground? We could call it the 'Gnudge'!"

The two chums began work on the new invention in their basement alchemy lab immediately. In quick succession they invented gunpowder, concrete and bronze, but these were obviously dead ends. For one thing, they had already been invented. Finally, they came up with a device that would do everything that they wanted it to do, but Mary-Claire Hovercraft sued them for patent infringement, so they had to come up with something else.

Eventually, however, they had a machine which had four wheels, a motive power unit, and a glove compartment, and they knew that they had done it.

"What shall we call it, James? Somehow, 'Gnudge' does not seem appropriate for such a thing."

"Well, it seems to be the trend these days to name one's inventions after oneself, like Marlene Wallpaper or Nicholas Video-Tape did, so let's call it the 'automobile'."

"Good idea, James. We can also call the thing in front the 'intenal-combustion engine'!"

The rest is history.

by Lachlan MacQuarrie



Will God throw flowers at our funeral ?

(and will they be paper roses ?)

Demons dance and feed the darkness-
'The crash of the cosmos will only kill you once.'
But night is always falling.
Somebody, somewhere, is inventing a new way to kill.
And the night stars bleed to watch and mourn.

Spacewalker, what did you find ? There is no way out.
Is there a way out ? There is no escape.
Is there an escape ? I have found nothing.
What did you find ? There is no way out!
Is there a way out ?

And so it goes. That's the way it goes.
That's the way it is. That's the way it is.
That's the way it is that's the way it is
the way it is it is it is it ititititatat
at ratatattat the click of a rifle bolt
behind you the hiss of a gas grenade the
soft thud of a satchel charge thrown into
the shelter next to your foot and you're
going to die and that's THE ONLY WAY IT IS!

Military LAW is a Light Automatic Weapon.

Mutually assured destruction is MAD.

Am I the only acronym?
Is there a way out ? I can't see the EXIT signs anymore.

-LM

The Sun

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