



**COMMITTEE ON  
STUDENT EVALUATION  
OF COURSES AND  
STUDENTS' UNION INSTRUCTION**

The Students' Union needs three undergraduate students to sit on a committee with several Academic Staff members selected by General Faculties Council to devise appropriate procedures for the student evaluation of instruction and for reporting the results thereof to faculty and students.

The Committee will meet periodically throughout this Spring and Summer to draft a proposal for General Faculties Council's consideration.

For more information contact the Vice-President Academic of the S.U. in Room 259D of SUB or by calling 432-4236. Applications for this position are available from the receptionist in room 256 of SUB. Deadline for application is February 24th, 1977.

## General Insurance

## Auto, Fire, Life

We realize the problems students have obtaining honest answers and rates for their insurance needs. For quotes and information call



**KEN BURTON ASSOCIATE AGENCIES**  
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## Science Students Needed

To sit as voting representatives on the Council of the Faculty of Science for 1977-78.

The Council meets several times a year and decides upon Academic Policy for the Faculty of Science.

Application for these positions can be obtained from the Students' Union receptionist in Room 256 of SUB. Further information can be obtained from the Vice-President (Academic) of the Students' Union in Room 259D or by calling 432-4236. Deadline for applications is **Tues. March 8**

# CON

by Ambrose Fierce

### The Legend of Egon Pfordenhasseler, Part IV

The salesman showed Egon Pfordenhasseler the brilliant Zapata outfit — showed him the rich and gleaming boots, the skin-tight trousers floridly embroidered, the snowy shirt all ruffled and furbelowed, the tasseled serape, and the sombrero. Egon was sold. What a sombrero. It was huge, and a flaming orange-red. All around its upturned brim, embroidered in bright purple, were beautiful and lifelike peasant scenes: women baking, vaqueros roping cattle, children at the pinata, old men drinking and young men gaming, urchins nursing, chickens, goats, dogs, cats, mice, pigs, and pheasants pursuing their stately existences. Between each figure a pom-pom the size of an orange depended from a three inch length of neon-pink yarn. The whole hat seemed to pulse and glow, as though it had some weird life of its own. What a sombrero. What an outfit.

"Wrap it up," said Egon.

By the time he arrived, resplendent, the party was murky and loud. He clove a path through the bar to the maskers, slipping by Chaucer's Prioress, edging around Ophelia, Jonson's Celia, and sweet Emma. He shouldered between a Yahoo and Pap Finn, getting to the rail just before Flem Snopes. Egon fixed himself a triple tequila with salt and lemon, and began circulating.

He talked, drank heavily, began to enjoy himself. The conversation was raucous and general. Whenever he heard something he did not fully understand, he took a sip from his drink.

"Extended phrase deep structure components," began Pap Finn, but Egon did not hear the end of it, if there was an end, because he took a big hit from his glass — noticing that several guests raised their glasses to their lips when he did — and moved off. He chuckled for the first time in months and decided to drink whenever he *did* understand something. He did this and became very drunk. He was enjoying himself hugely.

Something sharp hit the small of his back. Egon staggered around and found that he had been rammed by some sort of boat on legs; its prow protruded from the individual's chest and stomach, and its stern projected from the person's back. A box with shuttered windows hid the man's head and shoulders. On the prow were three full drinks. The thing boomed hollowly at Egon.

"Have a drink!"

"Okay," said Egon, and took the

largest one. "Who are you?"

"Guess."

"No."

"All right," said the thing, and its two arms fiddled with the shutters, finally getting them open. "It's me," said his chairman.

"What are you," Egon asked him.

"Guess."

"No."

"All right," said his chairman, downing a large drink, then closing the shutters.

Egon was disappointed. He took the remaining drink from the prow and tasted it; it appeared to be a tumbler of tequila. Egon was delighted.

"Come on. Tell me," he said. "What you are." The thing began shaking from side to side. "Come on." The thing began shaking from side to side. "Come on." The thing began describing wider arcs, upsetting drinks.

"Guess," it said. "What am I?"

"No."

"You don't know, do you? Ey? Do you? C'mon, guess. What I am."

"A stubborn son of a bitch?"

"Wrong!" the shutters flew open. "I'm an *archetype!*" Both men guffawed, clinked glasses, and drained them. The chairman staggered off somewhere to founder and Egon, realizing he was impossibly drunk, followed a wall to one of its corners, slid down it and passed tranquilly out, his blazing sombrero tilted down.

"Perfect!" he head, as the black buzzing swallowed everything up. "How verisimilitudinous!"

When several hours had passed, and Egon was still in the siesta position, a negligible sessional in a Claudius getup tiptoed over and poured his drink in Egon's ear, for laughs.

"What's the matter with you?" shouted Claudius, shaking him roughly. "Know where you are? Know *who* you are?" Egon came to, slightly. "What's wrong?" Claudius demanded again, more loudly. "What's the trouble here — the potent spirits quite o'ercrow your person? Yak ... Hello? Hey, you sick or what?"

Egon marshalled his explanation and put his facts in proper syntax. He started to explain that he was incredibly drunk and that was why, and so forth, as you can see, et cetera, booze and that sort of thing — but then ... Egon decided not to explain a God damned thing. Let the stupid bastard figure it out for himself, he thought. He said, as he passed out once again, "I don't know."

TO BE CONTINUED ...

## Undergraduate Awards

The application deadline for undergraduate awards is June 1. Applications may now be obtained from the Student Awards Office, Room 219, Central Academic Building.

**NO TRANSCRIPTS REQUIRED.**

## New moons by Saturn

SAN FRANCISCO (ZEPHYRUS) - Two Arizona astronomers report they may have discovered two new moons orbiting planet Saturn.

Until the announcement by Stephen Larson and John Fountain of the University of Arizona, it was widely believed that the ringed planet had only nine moons, with hints that a tenth might exist.

Larson and Fountain's photographic studies of Saturn conducted over a span of several nights indicate that two large, previously-unknown satellites appear to be circling the planet just beyond the outer edges of its famous rings. They say Saturn may actually have at least 11 moons.