Comrades - for such will be the appropriate greeting to those of you who open this box -- I feel the power of prophecy in my bones. By the time this paper sees light again, Premier Gonick, the last incumbent of that office before the Western Provinces seceded from the Republican East to form their own Republic, will have passed into history. The story of how the Western Republic succumbed to economic pressures and temptations, finally to become an associated member of the great Union to our south, is well known to you.

Now that the Chinese menace has been eliminated by the timely action of the Soviets, you will be once again girding your loins to face the old Red menace, now free to deploy its force entirely against the West. The ravages of the Sino-Soviet conflict will have convinced the statesmen that nuclear weapons will not be used in a future war. But the threat which you face from biological weapons will be even more awesome.

The United Nations will have been wound up through insolvency and impotency, and replaced by a two-great-power council locked in glorious deadlock. The International Court was crippled, even before the demise of the U.N., by its decision in the South West Africa Case of 1966, and did not function effectively after 1970.

Comrades, you will be living in a cashless society in which you will seldom issue forth from your unites d'habitation. The average working week is 10 hours, and a full cultural and indoor sports programme keeps you busy.

Comrades, you will be preparing to defend Western Communism against Eastern Communism. Whatever the outcome, we hope that sometimes you will look back at the way of life of this time. Because, despite our fears and worries, it is a good way of life and I hope that something of it may survive and be preserved by you.

J. M. Sharp
15 September 1969
I predict that when this box is opened the world will have survived a large scale nuclear war - probably based on racial rather than political conflicts and that the trauma will have brought about a form of effective world government.

Robson Hall will not have been used for educational purposes for some time, indeed, the University will probably no longer exist as a geographical entity since education will take a much more fluid form, making heavy use of individualized electronic communication.

The people won't have changed very much, and my three major interests - work, food and sex, will continue to be of great importance to most.

R. Dale Gibson,
Professor.
The direction in which affairs are moving in 1969 indicates that the box in which this note is found will probably be opened after Robson Hall has been demolished by some hostile deed of war. It is doubtful that this prediction will be read as long as 50 - 100 years.

With the ideological and racial differences that divide the world, we are inexorably proceeding to suicidal genocide. In the year 1999 wars will end for all time, but not before death and destruction unknown in their horror have trod the earth.

This is a prediction based on the world's present course; there glimmers here and there of love, understanding and tolerance but unless these can flourish, my prediction appears inevitable.

E.A. Braid,
Associate Professor.
PREDICTION
BY STAFF MEMBERS ABOUT CONDITIONS
WHEN THIS CORNERSTONE IS OPENED

When - through purposeful demolition, or an Act of God, or warring men - this cornerstone is opened, Universities and all other educational Institutions as we know them to-day, will no longer exist. Information will be dispensed almost in capsule form and will be readily available to all. The goal of 'education' (quite distinct from dispensing capsule information), will no longer be to earn money to buy 'things', but rather to draw out the creative ability of each individual and to feed the human spirit.

And if this prediction proves to be wrong it won't matter. Technology will have won and the human race will be on the way out.

MARY CAREY
September 15, 1969.
My primary prediction concerning "what things will be like when [this] cornerstone is opened" is, far from being a momentous one, simply that Canada will be, as it should have been made to be from 1763 onwards, a unilingual English-speaking country.

In the present year 1969, Bill C-120, "An Act respecting the status of the official languages of Canada", was passed by the Parliament of Canada, after a great deal of soul-searching, self-righteous demanding and consternation in various parts of the Canadian community. This Act, which was introduced by the Prime Minister, generally speaking, reiterates that English and French are the official languages of Canada and provides for their usage in federal institutions. To what end? I suppose that basically its exponents see it as not only the ultimate weapon by which to crush the French-Canadian Separatist movement, but, also, as the magic wand by which Canada will be transformed into a truly bilingual country. Unfortunately, the former end is bound to occur and the latter end just as bound not to occur by virtue of the economics and geography of North America in general and Canada in particular.

By the time that this cornerstone is opened, the Official Languages statute and all of the bilingual apparatus that exists today, or may exist in the future, as a result of the passage of that statute will have become, simply as a result of the realities of the Canadian situation, dead letter and obsolete. All of this will demonstrate the the decision in this regard, which was taken by the English in 1774 and manifested in the Quebec Act, was an unfortunate and expensive one for the Canadian nation.

My only other prediction is that by the time this cornerstone is opened, I am certain that the world in general, and what is now North America in particular, will have long since become a place in which I am glad that I will not be with you to read these predictions. I know that I am a leopard in this respect, who will regret, to the point of being unable to adjust happily, the passing of the way of life that has existed in North America up until now and even now is beginning to disappear as a result of the inevitable march of science and technology, and over population.

Cameron Harvey,
One of the teachers of
the present Faculty of Law,
September 8, 1969.
Change is a geometric progression. Therefore, I forecast profound and far-reaching changes when this cornerstone is opened and this prediction read, which I anticipate will take place fairly close to our second millennium, namely, this year 2,000 A.D.

By then, I should be in my sunset years, but hopefully still in robust health, due to the advances in medical science. However, it will be in the field of technology and the physical sciences where change will be most evident manifest. I expect my grandchildren to be honeymooning on the moon, and to take this as a matter of course. Over all will loom the giant figure of Einstein. The technology that his theories have spawned should, by the year 2,000, have made space warps possible, and with the mastering of this fourth dimension man should be journeying to the furthest reaches of space. Colonization of the more habitable planets in our solar system will by then be undertaken on a regular basis.

I further predict that population control will be universally acknowledged and practised. The reasons for this will be not because of a shortage of food-stuffs or basic changes in the earth's ecology, but primarily because of man's innate psychological need for an environment that is not overcrowded. The mistakes of past generations will have been rectified in that earth's environment should have been scourged of all major sources of pollution. This will be accomplished not through chemical means, but by mastery of the biological sciences.

By the year 2,000, the peoples of the earth will have reached a state of emotional maturity that thus far had been sadly lacking. Racism will have become a thing of the past, due mainly to the interpenetration of all societies which had come about because of improved and more efficient and rapid means of transport. Although there will be a diminishment of our cultural resources because of a lack of ethnic diversity, this will be more than offset by other advantages. The rule of law will govern on a world wide basis, and world courts with the ability to impose appropriate sanctions, in those few rare instances where required, will be accepted by all members of the world's populace without hesitation.

I further predict that selective breeding shall be the order of the day. This might sound very Orwellian at the present time, as I am writing this during the year 1969, but three to four decades hence our social scientists should have found methods to happily balance personal freedom and social responsibilities.

By then, the practice of law, like all other professions, will have become highly automated. Computerization will have eliminated practically all clerical drudgery, and technology will have injected a great element of certainty into the law while still allowing for an appropriate measure of flexibility, where necessary.

In the words of Julian Husley, it shall, indeed, be a "brave new world".

A.B. Bass  September 11, 1969
Anno Domini - The Lord Knows When

Anno domini one thousand nine hundred and sixty nine mankind first triumphed over the spatial bounds of the planet earth. A venturesome step on the lunar surface of this planet's closest neighbour was greeted with great acclamation and joy by all peoples. That same memorable year in a little known part of the planet's surface, a solemn ceremony was performed by the keeper of an office which was ancient even then. The Lord Chancellor of a land called England with much pomp and awesome speech buried a tiny casket sealed magically by powerful forces within the cornerstone of an edifice dedicated to the Goddess of Justice. Locked in this tiny casket was a charm which when unsealed could alone disperse an enchantment cast upon all priests attendant upon the Goddess. All who served the Goddess were granted the gift of eternal life. But alas, powerful though their science was and though as victorious heroes they had stepped over the outermost bounds of space, their power could not over-power time. Old Father Time still held sway over these enchanted devotees of the Goddess. A millennium had passed. The priests though devoted were weary with age and at last one more weary than the rest spoke out and sought to unseal the casket. Ere he did so his age brightened eye looked back upon the thousand years and he gave his valediction thus:

My friends this thousand years has seen miracles performed which were not dreamt of in our youth -- all miracles save one -- eternal youth. A thousand years ago our community was scarce known on the surface of our planet. Those dedicated to the service of our Goddess bore renowned names -- Oxford, Harvard, Cambridge, Heidelberg. Time has eclipsed them all. Today ours is a name of greater renown in close communication with our other Halls on other planets in Outer Space. By the power of science we may hold council with our fellows on planets in galaxies further away in space than our minds could fathom with the ease of a local telephone call. By virtue of our enchanted power earthling novices have flocked to us, tantalised by the hope of eternal life and the power to communicate
with their fellows on far-flung planets. A thousand years ago they imbied much learning which has fallen into since then. Motor Accident negligence claims which troubled our Goddess much have vanished. Her brow now wrinkles over, interplanetary space craft claims. Our quaint rules of Real Property have disappeared with the advent of a Space free for all; and Shelby with his Case have long slipped into oblivion. Our novices speak not the language of the Statute of Frauds for the memory of that merry monarch of the realm of England, Charles II has vanished with much else of that far away era; they converse now of interplanetary computer negotiations and electronic equipment agreements.

And we, my friends, have lived beyond our age. Our Chief Priest, great soul that he is, brought us together from the far-flung lands of His globe with no fear nor favour nor regard for our religion or race or creed or colour or political hue. That same all-encompassing spirit still imbues him, and we have now in our midst our fellow priests from Mars, Orion, Andromeda and planets and galaxies which were unknown when first we came together a thousand years ago.

Our oldest companion looks upon this with much understanding for he has witnessed the dissolution of our earth bound empires and has also witnessed their inter-planetary transformation; though he may look askance at the technologised speech of our younger novices and the resonant phrases of the speech of Great Caesar's ancient empire still roll with greater ease from his lips.

Our congenial companion from Cambridge has pursued with equal equanimity and enthusiasm the technological weapons of Outer Space. His attention having been disengaged from the lawful uses of such toys as telephones and wiretappers the magnitude of interstellar communications has sparked his imaginative zeal and these ancient halls have won earthly fame for the deep research conducted by him.

Our gentle colleague who kindred spirits finds in Nature has of recent centuries withdrawn to solitude to mire among the flowers. His paintings and his poetry are prized among our vast collections. At occasional intervals he returns to our midst to enhance us with his tales of nature and to give counsel in our halls how best to conduct ourselves and so frame our laws for earthlings, as would most enhance Nature. And for this all creatures seeking our protection from other earthbound mortals, sing his praises.

Our sweet fair companion has multiplied her brood a hundred times. Her dynasty produces only devotees of the Goddess and our novices each century have sprung from that same source and many have become our companions alas only to pass away before our aging eyes; whilst we remained. So many transformations has the realm of law witnessed, no longer does she need to sermonise of Wills and Trusts. Our conceptions now extend to interplanetary succession and dynasties as galaxies which are light years away.
Our crippled colleague though now stiff with ancient age has yet lost none of his zest for life and sport. The Roman Emperors were wont to amuse their subjects at the gladiator's arena and in our youth we revelled in the sport of horses on the hoof; but centuries have passed and now our sport comprises of a race of missiles to the planet Mars and yesteryear methinks an earthling reached the Milky Way traversing its far-flung spaces.

Our gracious Parsi lady of ancient lineage recalls the imperial might of Empires seven millenniums long past; a mere thousand years is a trifling time and yet this millennium has been more extraordinary than the seven preceding ones. By a scientific process of de-fission we now have our counterparts on many planets and our families are reproduced by psychic means. Domestic relations concern interplanetary cousins; and by some strange phenomenon of curious split our legal lady now has two her her; lest one should die the other lives anew.

And in our midst we have our learned man of books whose pedigree to Pekin can be braced. Such is his friendly zeal we now can order volumes of the rarest works from outer space and such his speedy service within moments they appear in our hand. Volumes upon volumes they lie stacked in our deep archives buried underground. Works from Orion, Pedasses and Lydia and from those who wander midst the Milky Way and those who dwell on the cold Pole Star and from our nearer neighbours too, Uranus, Jupiter and hot Venus who supplies our entire collection of unlawful Romances.

My friends our members have expanded since those dim days a thousand years away to a myriad; and we who are the central core of priests have lived too long. Age tolls my friends too heavily on this head, I canst not continue longer hence, forgive me friends and colleagues if though present here I have not spoken of ye. I bid adieu to those who will remain after we have departed ere I break the magic casket sealed too long. So come my friends -- we can but hope our memory will remain to inspire those who follow after to achievements greater than those we have performed.

Meher K. Master
September 15, 1969