

Royal flush in order, because...

## We're headed for one huge crap-out!

It is a well known fact that when a toilet is flushed, the water moves in a counter-clockwise fashion in the northern hemisphere, a sort of 'gulp' at the equator, and clockwise in the southern hemisphere (only where toilets do exist, of course). Now consider that about 500 million civilized people in the world have access to toilets. Not just any 500 million people, mind you, but 500 million well-fed people.

You can well imagine just how much wear and tear is being placed upon the plumbing of our nations, and what sort of nightmare an international 'log jam' would produce.

Yes, while you and I go about our daily business, complacent in the safe secure walls of the U of A, little thought do we give to the fate of the 'sinkers' sorry, but I must get technical) that we so carefreely flush away. Who can be so naive as to believe that all these little (and sometimes big) sinkers end up merrily drifting down the North Saskatchewan?

Not this Engineer! Just think of one of those logs starting its journey at the 14th floor of Tory. By the time the little bugger reaches the 7th, it's doing a good 75 mph, and by the first floor this little wisp of shit is going well over 180 mph!!! This fleeting feces sure doesn't end up stuck in the North Sask., but to one of our sewer pipes. And this just builds up and up and up!!

Disaster does seem imminent. Then the thought occurred to me - just how did the Roman plumbing last for thousands of years? How did Caesar prevent a seizure of the pipes?

After extensive research, I found that Roman engineers were well aware of the danger of the sewage system overflowing and blowing up. This discovery came only after the people of Pompeii learned about bad sewage management techniques (some historians call this 'lava', but I say shit is shit in any language or era).

So what did the ingenious Roman engineers do? They also saw that their toilets also flush-



ed counter-clockwise. With solid logic and a lot of experimentation, they found that if you occasionally had a clockwise flush, you would clear out the entire sewage system of built up crap. Now the Mediterranean would have a certain air about it instead of the streets of Rome.

There was one problem. All these experiments were done in conquered lands beneath the equator where toilets flushed clockwise. So the emperor of the time, Gluteus Maximus decreed that an exchange of toilets would be made every 150 years with the southern territories. That way, both toilets and plumbing systems of all the empire would be saved extensive wear and would last forever.

I figure that our time is just about up in North America, Europe and Australia. Unless we start a massive trading system of plumbing between above-equator and below-equator countries soon, we will all suffer the fate of Pompeii (whose engineers, incidentally, were all trained at the Universitatis Calgarius). Our toilets just cannot take too much more wear, and we'll know it when they give out.

Living under the threat of nuclear war is nothing compared to living under the threat of shit from here to breakfast. We have to start taking action now! What can you and I do as individuals? Write your M.L.A. and your M.P.! Be warned - we've got less than 10 years left!

And that's not just a bunch of crap, either!!

by Dr. W. P. Steckley  
Fluid Mechanics

## Will Edmonton collapse?

"Edmonton faces physical collapse," said Geoffrey Wilde, last Friday evening to a meeting of concerned scientists and members of the public, where he stressed the possible consequences of continued removal of coal and oil from under Alberta's surface.

"For years people have been complaining of slumping along the river valleys. Last May the Cambridge building basement warped. I am afraid that this is the beginning of a terrible period in Edmonton's history," said Wilde. "Look at the Frank slide. If people wouldn't have started mining in that area, those people would never have been killed."

"For nearly 29 years we have been pumping oil and gas out of the ground around Edmonton. Literally thousands of wells have been drilled in the Edmonton area. This represents a considerable volume that has been displaced."

Amid shouts from attending clergy that "God would not permit this to happen," Wilde continued: "If you take the air out of a balloon, it deflates. Take out the water from the beneath the ice on a lake, and it will hold out, but eventually it must crash down. I feel that Edmonton is in

danger of precisely the same fate."

Granted, the thickness of the "table" that we sit on is at least 4,000 to 6,000 feet thick, but Wilde maintains it is only a matter of time until "the world falls down."

Some of the religious in attendance pointed out that San Francisco's 1971 earthquake may have been due to a combination of oil exploration off of California's coast and the continued presence of immoral and licentious businesses there.

Don Kluck, speaker for his congregation, announced that the religious communities had not closed their eyes to the visit of Miss December from Playboy to Edmonton recently. Kluck believes there is some basis for taking the Wilde idea seriously.

"Unless we repent, doom will overcome us all," chanted a number of people at the back of the room.

Wilde maintains an immediate halt to oil and gas production followed by decisive action to remedy the situation is the only solution.

"We must drill three holes per square mile for a radius of 57 miles around Edmonton, and start pumping material back down to restore the natural

balance of the Alberta sector of the North American crust. I think that this would be an ideal way to dispose of sewage. But what is really needed is at least 100,000 pounds of Portland Normal cement with 874 pounds of Krazy Glue per hole."

Wilde's reason for advocating this last solution is to provide a sound industrial basis for the reinforcement operation. "Last year we had all kinds of drilling rigs leaving for the United States. This may provide an incentive for them to come back. And business would be great for the cement industry. It could mean a new boom for Edmonton."

Wilde feels funds for financing this project "should come chiefly from the Alberta Heritage Trust Fund," in order to ensure that our children live to enjoy the Heritage of Edmonton as we knew it."

Some feel it is significant that the University of Alberta Geology Department has not yet broken its continued silence on this topic.

Wilde requested that every one write their M.L.A. as soon as possible.

"It may be too late already," he said in closing, "and it will take more than faith to keep us from sinking in this."

## Towel-pusher's job Weir(ed)?

by Horst Schidt

Jacques Weir, a slim, balding, 32-year old ex-model with a winning smile figures he has "about the swellest job in the world."

You've probably seen him a hundred times - at least, if you've ever taken a shower in the men's locker room in the Phys. Ed. Building.

You see, Jacques Weir is the man behind the glass partition who hands out fresh towels to the dripping masses.

Do you consider yourself an accomplished actor or actress? If so, read no further.

Limited acting experience will be considered an asset as Studio Theatre invites all interested parties to audition for the final presentation of the 75-76 season, the musical OH! CALCUTTA! Details can be obtained by contacting Mr. DeLiles in Rm. 3-146, Fine Arts Bldg., ext. 1271. Auditions close January 31.

From 7:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m. six days a week, Jacques is always there, taking your clammy, sweaty, smelly towels and replacing them with clean, warm, fluffy towels which you then dry your hair and wipe your reeking feet with and return to Jacques for yet another warm, dry, fluffy towel.

What in HELL is so "swell" about a job like that, you ask? Let's let Jacques tell it:

"How can you even ask such a silly question?" he bristles, when asked what the hell was so swell about a job like that.

"They look so helpless standing there, shivering, with just scads of water still absolutely dripping from their divine bodies," he gushes, "and after all, would they turn their back on me if our positions were reversed?" ("Not on your life," said one of Jacques' prospec-

tive clients. "Nope, I shore wouldn't turn my back on that guy, not naked anyhow.")

The financial rewards of the job? "Not that great," says Jacques, "but honestly, I'd do it for nothing. Anyway, what do I need money for? I don't have to buy food, I usually manage to find something nice to eat right here," he winks.

Aren't the matching shirt and pink jumpsuit he wears to work a bit impractical? "Oh, well, I suppose it depends on what you want out of a job - I mean, I guess I could dress sloppily like all these other creeps," he said, gesturing to his fellow workers, "but if you're going to do that, you might just as well blow job satisfaction to the wind."

Jacques is neither married nor possessed of three children. He has no family except a roommate named Bruce.

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