

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—A few of the faithful finked out and a few came roaring through with the usually scintillating copy. Those that came included Marjibell, Brenda Shedden, Larry Mitchell, Trudy Richards, Marilyn Astle, Dennis Fitzgerald, Mike Boyle, Susan George and the snake in the grass (actually bull-rushes) yours truly, Harvey Thomgirt.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1967

who needs a balalaika?

The students' council at Carleton University is to be commended for its stand against Treasure Van.

The annual sale of exotic goods is but one facet of the World University Service of Canada—an organization of very questionable worth.

Theoretically, one of the aims of WUSC is to "increase understanding within the world university community". The ideal of better understanding is good, but WUSC has ceased to function solely as a channel for communication.

According to the students' union budget, it costs \$1,300 to support WUSC projects on this campus; of this, \$200 is used to run the annual fund-raising drive, Share.

It would seem, then, that every student who pays students' union fees is, whether or not he knows it, helping finance a non-profit, student-run charity organization.

We have been told that profits go toward WUSC which "supports professors and students in underdeveloped countries".

If this were all the organization used its money for, it would be most uncharitable to condemn any of its programs.

But, WUSC money also goes to

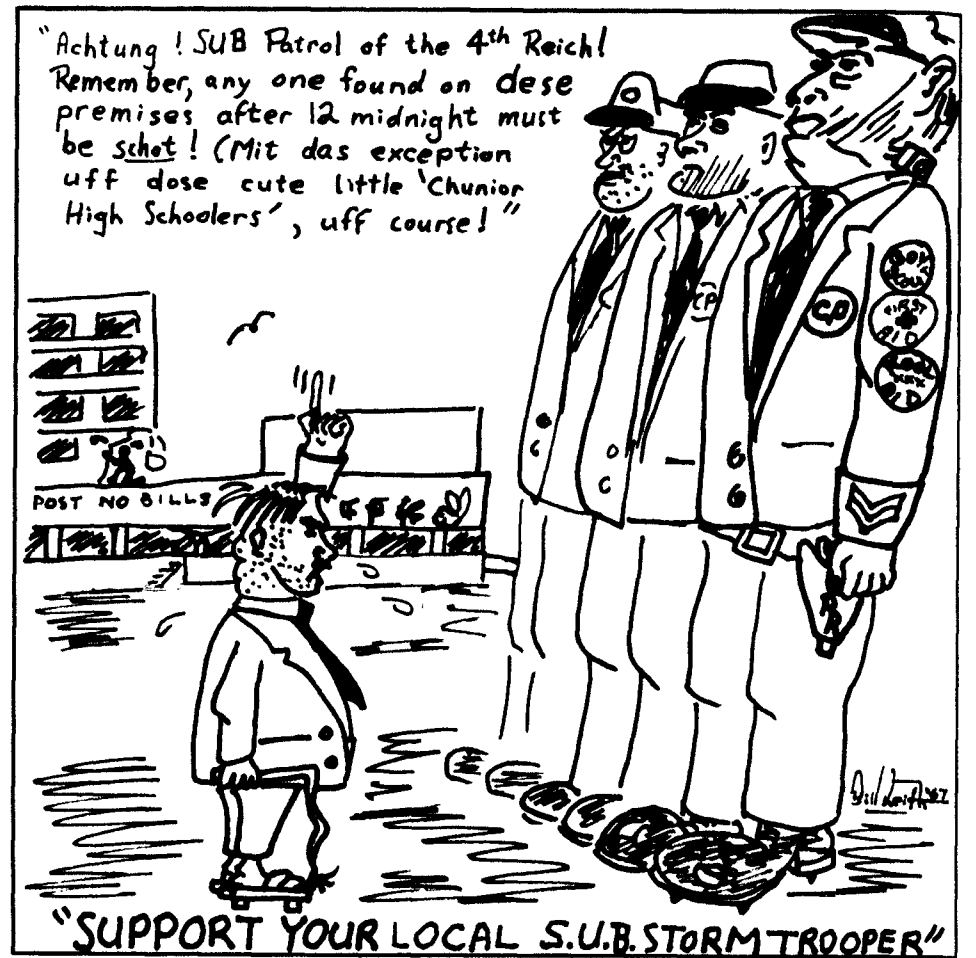
pay for flying a choice group of students to such exotic places as Turkey, French West Africa, and Canada; for Canadian travel seminars; educational seminars (for some reason in a separate class from all the other seminars); and the WUSC national office.

It is a commonly-expressed, yet never-denied theory that most of the profits from any WUSC projects are used for administrating the organization.

This is understandable. Projects such as Treasure Van require a great deal of organization, public relations, and expensive transportation costs.

Yet, when the goods for the sale arrive, many students find most of the items quite useless. Those goods which are worth buying are also sold in many import shops downtown—often of slightly higher quality.

Last year, \$17,059 worth of merchandise was sold; this year, the goal is \$25,000. We cannot discourage people from buying; it is human nature. We can only challenge you to think about where your money is going, and if it's worth it to you, go ahead and buy the Van out of business.



"SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL S.U.B. STORM TROOPER"

the writing on the wall

Reprinted from The Uniter

The student has a tremendously wide range of literature to absorb, from washroom graffiti on the one hand, to the various classics and other assigned readings on the other.

The defacing of public lavatories is an intriguing phenomenon. If you aren't aware of it, Look Up! The handwriting is on the wall!

The problem is unique in that it has three peculiar traits. In the first place, usually males indulge in the practice; it is less prevalent among females, informed sources say. Secondly, graffiti seems to decrease as one proceeds from locker room to fourth floor washrooms. Finally, no matter whom one asks, nobody will admit to having written on a toilet wall.

Investigating the material proffered at the university, one finds all varieties of messages and doggerels covering all aspects of human endeavour, as you can well imagine.

There are political slogans. ("Nasser for Senior Stick").

There are philippics by defecating deviates aimed at one race or another, though Ukrainian people have displayed Negroes and Jewish people for contemporary (but anonymous, of course) derisions. ("If there's no paper left—use your Polack handkerchief, you lb!@ !).)

There are genuine (if incontinent attempts) at poetry. Here is the beginning of a work by an unknown bathroom bard. (Ode on a Grecian

Urinal. Upon this porcelain stool I sit, Trying . . . and so on.)

There are phrases more veritable than laughable. ("Flush twice; it's a long way to the cafeterial!" "To hell with Coca-Cola—this is the pause that refreshes!")

Still others ask thought-provoking questions, seeking the truth, as young men will do.

Most of the material, however, is sexually oriented. It ranges from the mildly obscene to the incredibly depraved. Presumably for the illiterate, many have illustrated their works with murals etched into the enamel with a crude but purposeful hand.

Why do people do this? As no one will admit to it, it is difficult to hypothesize. One thing all graffiti has in common, is that there are no real names ascribed to it. Egoism can therefore be eliminated.

Possibly boredom is the cause. Is it Man's inherent drive to share culture? However pathetic may it be, graffiti is a part (or product?) of our culture. Is the preposterous way our society treats our biological functions the reason why frustrated individuals vent their anomalous desires in vulgar scrawlings? Things are funny if they're not supposed to be said instead, they're hidden away in washrooms to be laughed at in private.

In short, a privy poetaster summed up the entire problem neatly:

"A man's IQ must sure be small, To write on the side of toilet wall!"



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