

IN PRAISE OF WUSC

by WUSC

World University Service is an organization founded shortly after the First World War, in order to meet urgent needs in the war-torn universities of Europe. When their immediate needs had been met through self-help projects, the academic world began to realize the value of contact and the exchange of ideas. WUS continued through the Second World War and thereafter, evolving into its present form.

Many criticisms have been leveled at WUS of Canada because it is thought that it is composed primarily of self-righteous zealots, seeking their own personal aggrandizement. Such thoughts have been made popular by those who know nothing of WUS, its history, its present, and what it is trying to do for the future.

The principles that underlie World University Service are founded on the belief that every man and every organization in this world are not set apart by themselves, that they are units of something bigger, something more complex than the individual. Man though he is an individual, cannot live in isolation; the common wealth of the world is formed by each contributing some part of himself, either intellectually or through bodily labour, to the greater part. If this were not so, our present society would dissolve in anarchy.

The question foremost in Canadian students' minds when first hearing of WUSC is simply "What can it do for me?" It is certainly not an organization such as NFCUS, which is concerned with the more immediate aspects of the Canadian university community, for if there is any realm in which the peoples of the world should be able to meet on common ground, free from intolerance and suspicion, it is that of academic and intellectual life. Here, the search for truth and knowledge is the driv-

ing force for a world community, of every colour and creed.

Within this community there is great need. In some areas, the need is for food, medicines, living accommodation; in others, books and equipment for the classroom; in still others, a sense of belonging to the larger world, for an end to isolationist thought.

There are many areas of the world which need help in their fight against poverty, disease, ignorance and despair. WUS believes that the most powerful weapon against these evils in **educated leadership**. By giving of our material wealth, we in the West are able to help others to help themselves; and in so doing we create security for them, and for the world.

On the other hand, we in the West need a sharpened awareness of the **cultures and problems of other lands**. The universities of Canada, isolated as they are from each other and from the outside world can grow in strength and wisdom from learning about and helping others. The challenge of international co-operation for mutual growth is the challenge of our time. It is a challenge to which the universities of Canada dare not remain aloof or indifferent, for on its success depends the future of the world as we know it and the civilization which the universities of the world have helped to build.

This is the fundamental "stuff" of WUS.

IN PRAISE OF FOLLY?

by The Gazette

Criticism of WUSC, by those who know and understand the principles upon which the organization was founded, does not aim at portraying WUSC as a fleecing racket run by "self-righteous zealots" who benefit at the average student's expense.

It most certainly does not criticize the nobility of charity, nor does it disregard those worthy plans by which the haves in one community share their goods with the have-nots in another.

Criticism of WUSC, the *Gazette* believes, is based upon the understandable belief that while the organization is strong on principle, it is lamentably weak in efficiency and effectiveness. This is not a mere organizational criticism, but one basic to its existence. Investigation of WUSC today indicates that it is expensive and, in the main, empty of real benefit to Canadian students.

Defenders of WUSC of course recognize that the one question "What can it do for me?" is the most damaging complaint aimed at it, for WUSC obviously does nothing for its contributors.

It is true that the organization sponsors model parliaments at one or two universities, entertains foreign students at others, sponsors lectures at a few, or may hold an occasional discussion group. But these functions often are, or can be, duplicated by other campus societies better suited to the tasks; as mere incidental activities they can hardly justify support of a national chain of committees.

Every university with a WUSC committee pays \$1 per student head per year toward textbooks and relief for overseas students. Such money is payable to a central office which suitably allots the money. Why, then, the necessity for maintaining a system of expensive and

time-consuming committees at every university to handle the money?

Indeed, those payments could be quite easily made through the national NFCUS office in Ottawa. NFCUS claims to be more closely in touch with student life in this country, and boasts at least as advantageous ties with student organizations abroad as does WUSC.

This being so, the question students seem to be asking is: Why must we support TWO national student organizations, when one of them may suitably and easily perform the task essential to the other?

International co-operation, we agree, is necessary for peace and understanding among students. What national university student organization in Canada is better equipped to promote the exchanges of knowledge necessary to this end than NFCUS? It at least purports to speak for Canadian students; we hesitate to think that WUSC would claim this privilege for herself.

From coast to coast, students are becoming aware that a charitable organization, devoted to self-maintenance and a continual fund-raising campaign for various objectives, and providing no service to student contributors other than the sponsoring a few scattered activities, cannot be truly called useful.

The *Gazette's* investigation suggests that the automatic monies levied each year for WUSC purposes be more effectively sent abroad through NFCUS channels. The organization, beyond this would appear to be on the way to a slow death.

KING'S PLAY: A REVIEW—

IF SPARKS WERE LARKS

By MARY HOLM

An enthusiastic and encouraging audience applauded the opening performance of Arnold Ridley's mystery, *THE GHOST TRAIN*, by Kings College Choral and Dramatic Society. The cast and its student director, Russell McLellan, who has been active in dramatic circles in Sydney, had obviously worked hard.

The pace picked up in the second act after a slow beginning, and the action moved on swiftly, reaching a climax in a moment charged with atmosphere when Roland Canning, as Teddie Deakin, suddenly rushed out in pursuit of the ghost. Unfortunately the pace fell away dreadfully after this flash, and the tedious explanations which followed were anti-climatic. This was to a large extent the fault of a play with a very weak ending, but the King's players did nothing to offset the dramatist's shortcomings.

Lighting was effective and sound effects realistic. There were some hilarious moments, provided especially by Rollie Canning, the "phony Englishman" who is actually an F.B.I. Chief in disguise. He had a good sense of comedy timing, and occasionally carried the play over rough moments. Ann Davies as the unclaimed treasure, Miss Bourne, looked the part and seemed to feel the character she was portraying. But she needed to project her voice more. Julia Price, played by Shirley Coles, was convincingly mad, and Sandra Manning, in the role of Elsie Winthrop, was admirably poised, uttered some most realistic screams, and gave the most finished performance of the evening.

All players seemed to be enjoying themselves, but, whether because of first-night-jitters or because some were reaching for lines, they were restrained, and as a result the performance did not have the emotional depth it could, and should, have had.

The actors held their audience with the suspense of this mystery melodrama, which ran in London for a year and enjoyed a successful run in New York, and the audience showed its appreciation for a pleasant evening's entertainment provided by this first, all-student production of King's.

Rutgers U Ending Discrimination

NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. Feb. 5 (UPS)—The end of an era of discrimination seems to be in sight for the Rutgers University fraternity system.

In a campaign of education, and tolerance, with a hand from the freshmen, campus leaders have helped end discrimination at three more fraternities this year, making over half the Rutgers fraternity system integrated.

Initiating the educational program, students' council president Harry Morgan spoke to an assembly of freshmen urging them not to be afraid, "to break the discrimination barrier," and join one of the houses which is trying to integrate. He emphasized that the solution to fraternity discrimination would be the attitude of the rushees toward segregation.

The final test came when pledge classes were announced, and three houses with long histories of segregation had integrated. Zeta Beta Tau, Sigma Alpha Mu, and Chi Phi accepted men from varied faiths, and races into their pledge classes.



"Le'um go, vile brute!" A moment of action in the King's play, "The Ghost Train."

Cracks In The Ivory Tower

CHEAP SKATE

By MARG DOODY

I have taken up sports—or rather, a sport has taken me down. I have joined the Adventurous and the Daring. I live Dangerously. I, a Beginner, a Novice in the gentle art of skating, now go to the Dal rink.

Yes, with my NFCUS card clutched tight in my shaking fingers, I enter the large, barn like building. There, on a large shallow sheet of wax-like material, a gay and colourful crowd skim, rush and roar by, to the accompaniment of ancient music from unknown and presumably heavenly regions. Music that sounds in all reality like an organ grinder in a rut. Just look at the crowd of happy, healthy Canadian youth, skating their way to adulthood—the true descendants of the pioneers! I take a deep breath, inhaling the invigorating scents of artificial ice and stale and musty wood. Then I advance cautiously—I am going to do more than watch, I intend to participate. Down with spectator sports! That is not the true Canadian spirit. Who cares for Ice Follies? Just for me to go out there is an ice folly.

After tightening my skates so that the laces will hold up my wobbling ankles (this incidentally imparts a delightful numbness to the feet), I remind myself to go on. Looking on again, I am entranced with the ease and carefreeness of the skaters gliding by. My heart swells in anticipation of my own athletic prowess. Remember Barbara Ann Scott! With head held courageously high, and ankles already protesting, I enter the arena.

Heavens! I am caught up in a dizzy swirl of people who can actually skate—I am forced to stumble on, over ice that has been cracked and seamed by the sands of blades. Crowds sweep by, like something

out of Dante. I am moved with them. Barbara Ann never had it so bad.

My sympathies are now much more with Mr. Winkle than Barbara. I remember what happened to him with pity and concern, wondering if my fate will be similar. Oh dear—the person ahead of me actually did fall! Wobbling uncertainly in a rut, I wonder if I will soon share the same fate. Miraculously, I recover without such a blot on my icescutcheon. Some sympathetic males skate with me. This is undoubtedly good for them, as it must give them a lot more exercise than they would have alone. Not only do they have the pleasure of supporting me almost entirely, but they must be constantly on the qui vive and make some pretty fancy impromptu sidesteps to avoid my wild slithers and flourishes. Our conversation is limited, as I am much too busy trying to look after my feet. I try to come out with some bright original remark, that will surprise him, such as "I haven't skated very much" or "I'm a terrible skater." I always wish I could add something to it, some glamorous explanation, such as "You see, I was brought up in Baghdad." Most of these Boy Scouts feel they have done very well after one Good Turn with me.

On my own, I skate furiously, if not very fast. My arms pump up and down furiously flailing back and forth—Don Quixote, I reflect, would have run after me, if nobody else. At last I got into some kind of stable relationship with my feet, and act-

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