

# Nait Nugget

Volume X

Wednesday, October 30, 1974 Edmonton, Alberta

Issue 9







# letters



by S/SGT. JOHNSTON

Of late some motor vehicles have been tagged for parking in this area. The recipients of these fines could not understand why they received a fine.

So, a spot check is carried out periodically and visits are also made on request of stall owners and garbage removal people to have the area cleared.

It is felt only fair to warn those who may be unaware of this area by using this column to further stress the area as a no parking zone. -Staff only. However, most do read the signs on lot entrances.

Once again - when in an area where you are unfamiliar with the parking regulations - check out the possibilities of parking by - asking a commissionaire on duty. Thank you.

# Where's our kegs?

Dear Mr Editor,

If my memory serves me right, during the Shinerama campaign in September a sizable challenge was extended by our southern flunkies at S.A.I.T.I. I believe the challenge was that five kegs of beer was to be given to the institute raising the most money for Cystic Fibrosis by the losing College.

It is now the end of October; both NAIT and SAIT's Shinerana's are over and we

# apprentices vs. children

Dear Editor:

I didn't think, before, that apprentices were just some low kind of humans, but after reading your letter I now know for sure.

I don't know what happens in those cattle pens in the north east area of N.A.I.T. but obviously intelligent life does not exist there as previously supposed.

I imagine there are a few intelligent beings in that area, other than the instructors, but they must be few and far

have not yet heard who won the challenge. Have we won and been rooked out of 5 kegs of beer or did we lose and NAITSA is too embarrassed to publicize the results?

Could you possibly enlighten those of us who shined so hard that rainy day back in September? Possibly a statement from Miss Greilach could be obtained. Looking forward to some hasty results I remain,

## Very Thirsty

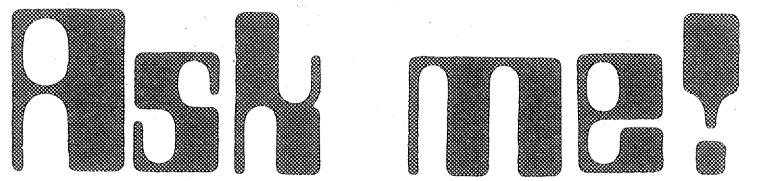
between. This person who wrote that letter is not one of those people.

In reply to his remark that we are "lazy little children" who live off of men like him, I wish to say that there are many students, such as myself, who are putting themselves through NAIT with no help from anyone, not even the government, except themselves. Also many of these "children" have families to support.

The students in Nait that he refers to as "little children" also pay taxes to keep this institute going, plus student association fees which help pay for many of the social functions and athletic facilities that he doubtlessly enjoys.

In closing I wish to say to that apprentice to keep his mouth shut in the future and not to open it and prove that he is ignorant.

P. R. RANKIN  
Telecom II



## What do you like best about Halloween ?



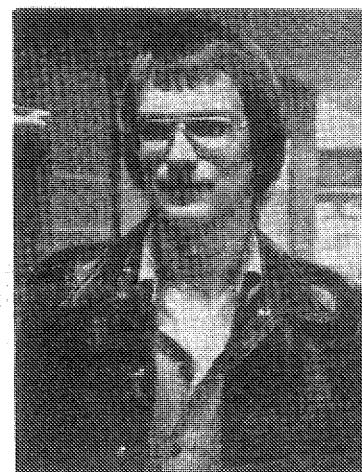
Nothing. I haven't been exposed to Halloween. I've heard that there's razors in apples for kids.

JEFF ROYER  
Civil II



Dressing up and going to the bar. Everybody else is dressed up and it's just more fun. You meet a lot of new people.

DARLENE SMITH  
Secretarial I



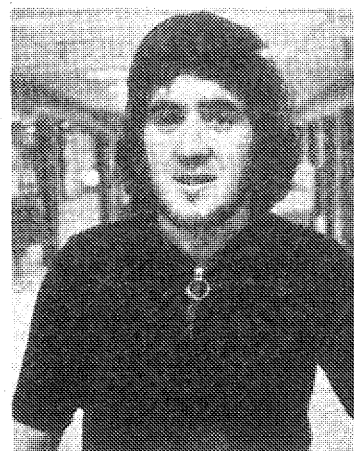
The parties. Last year's BAS party was good. You drink, you dance, you have a good time. By dressing up you can be different.

WOLFGANG JUCHEM  
Finance II



I like the little kids. They're really cute in their innocence, they're so excited and they act out the costumes they wear. For that night they actually are what they wear.

LAURIE SHAW  
Blue Room



The dances and the cabarets and the idea of people having fun. They have special dances and stuff for people dressing up. It provides some variety in life.

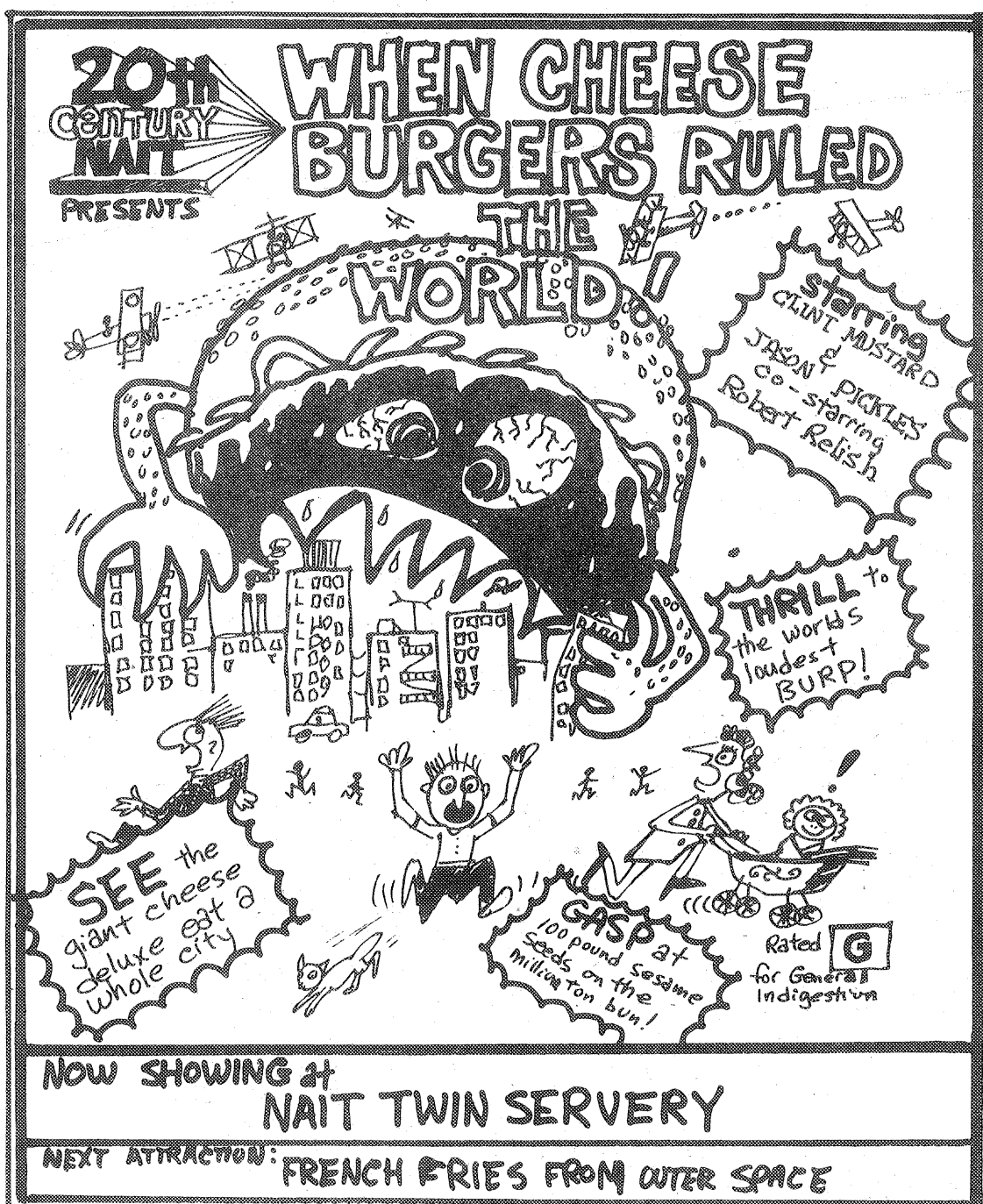
DOUG PARKER  
Instrumentation II



Dressing up, because you don't have to worry about looking funny. It's one time in the year you can go out and look weird and no one notices.

CAROL BOWMAN  
Marketing II

tired of waiting to play pool?





# WITCHES WERE THE

Women have always been healers. They were the unlicensed doctors and anatomists of western history. They were abortionists, nurses and counsellors. They were pharmacists, cultivating healing herbs and exchanging the secrets of their uses. They were midwives travelling from home to home and village to village. For centuries women were doctors without degrees, barred from books and lectures, learning from each other, and passing on experience from neighbour to neighbour and mother to daughter. They were called 'wise women' by the people, witches or charlatans by the authorities. Medicine is part of our heritage as women, our history, our birthright.

Today, however, medicine is the property of male professionals. Ninety-three per cent of the doctors in the US are men; and almost all of the top directory and administrators of health institutions. Women are still in the overall majority -- 70 percent of health workers are women -- but we have been incorporated into an industry where the bosses are men. We are no longer independent practitioners, known by our own names, for our own work. We are for the most part, institutional fixtures, filling faceless job slots: clerk, dietary aide, technician, maid.

The suppression of women health workers and the rise to dominance of male professionals was not a 'natural' process, resulting automatically from changes in medical science nor was it the result of women's

failure to take on healing work. It was an active takeover by male professionals. And it was not science that enabled men to win out: the critical battles took place long before the development of modern scientific technology.

## Witchcraft and medicine in the Middle Ages

Witches lived and were burned long before the development of modern medical technology. The great majority of them were lay healers serving the peasant population, and their suppression marks one of the opening struggles in the history of man's suppression of women as healers.

The other side of the suppression of witches as healers was the creation of a new male medical profession, under the

"the accused  
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shaved of all  
her body hair"

protection and patronage of the ruling classes.

The age of witch-hunting spanned more than four centuries (from the 14th to the 17th century) in its sweep from Germany to England. It was born in feudalism and lasted -- gaining in virulence -- well into the 'age of reason'. The witch craze took different forms at different times and places, but never lost its essential character: that of a ruling class campaign of terror directed against the female peasant population. Witches represented a religious, political and sexual threat to Protestant and Catholic Churches alike, as well as to the state.

Two of the most common theories of the witch hunts are basically medical interpretations attributing the witch craze to unexplainable outbreaks of mass hysteria. One version has it that the peasantry went mad. According to this, the witch craze was an epidemic of mass hatred and panic cast in images of a blood-lust peasant mob bearing flaming torches. Another psychiatric interpretation holds that the witches themselves were insane.

But in fact, the craze was neither a lynching party nor a mass suicide by hysterical women. Rather, it followed well-ordered procedures. The witch hunts were well organized campaigns, initiated, financed and executed by Church and State.

Commonly, the accused was stripped naked and shaved of all her body hair, then subjected to thumb-screws and the rack, spikes and bone-crushing "boots", starvation and beatings. The point is obvious: The witch-craze did not arise spontaneously in the peasantry. It was a calculated ruling class campaign of terrorization.

The most fantastic accusation of all was that witches helped and healed those who had no doctors and hospitals, and who were bitterly afflicted

"bleeding was  
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wounds"

with poverty and disease. The church told these sufferers that their torment was a mark of sin.

But the gout and apoplexy of the rich got plenty of attention. Kings and nobles had their court physicians who were men, sometimes even priests. The real issue was control: male upper class healing under the gaze of the church was acceptable, female healing as part of a peasant subculture was not.

The wise woman, or witch, had a host of remedies which had been tested in years of use. Many of the herbal remedies developed by witches still have their place in modern

pharmacology. They had pain-killers, digestive aids and anti-inflammatory agents.

The witch-healer's methods were as great a threat (to the Catholic Church, if not the Protestant) as her results, for the witch was an empiricist: She relied on her senses rather than on faith or doctrine, she believed in trial and error, cause and effect. Her attitude was not religiously passive, but actively inquiring. She trusted her ability to find ways to deal with disease, pregnancy and childbirth -- whether through medications or charms. In short, her magic was the science of her time.

## The rise of European medicine

Meanwhile the ruling classes were cultivating their own breed of secular healers -- European medicine became firmly established as a secular science and a profession that excluded women.

Confronted with a sick person, the university-trained physician had little to go on but superstition. Bleeding was a common practice, especially in the case of wounds. Leeches were applied according to the time, the hour, the air, and other similar considerations. Medical theories were often grounded more in 'logic' than in observation. Incantations and quasi-religious rituals were thought to be effective. A frequent treatment for leprosy was a broth made of the flesh of a black snake caught in a dry land among stones.

Such was the state of medical 'science' at the time when witch healers were persecuted for being practitioners of 'magic'.

It was witches who developed an extensive understanding of bones and muscles, herbs and drugs, while physicians were still deriving their prognoses from astrology and alchemists were trying to turn lead to gold.

## The suppression of women healers

Universities were closed almost without exception to women wishing to study medicine, and licensing laws were established to discredit the better off, more educated women healers. In trials they were convicted on the grounds that as

women they dare cure at all.

By the 14th century male doctors had won a clear monopoly over the practice of medicine among the upper classes (except midwifery). They then turned their attack on the great mass of female healers, the witches.

The partnership between Church, State and medical profession reached full bloom in the witch trials. The doctor was held up as the medical expert giving an aura of science to the whole proceeding. The Church explicitly legitimised the doctor's professionalism, denouncing non-professional healing as equivalent to heresy: "If a woman dare to cure without

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having studied she is a witch and must die." (Of course, there wasn't any way for a woman to study.) Finally, the witch craze provided a handy excuse for the doctor's failings in everyday practice: Anything he couldn't cure was obviously the result of sorcery.

The proliferation and success of the witch-hunts led straight into an assault on the last preserve of women's medicine -- midwifery. In the hands of the non-professional barber surgeons who wielded forceps, obstetrics was transformed into a lucrative business which 'real' physicians entered in force in the 18th century.

## Women and the rise of the American Medical Profession

In the US the male takeover of healing roles started later than in England or France, but ultimately went much further. There is probably no industrialized country with a lower percentage of women doctors than the US today. England has 24 per cent; Russia has 75 per cent; the US has only seven per cent. By the turn of the century, medicine here was closed to all



# FIRST REAL HEALERS

but a tiny minority of necessarily tough and well-heeled women. What was left was nursing, and this was in no way a substitute for the autonomous roles women had enjoyed as midwives and general healers.

In 1800 the US was ripe for the development of a full-fledged "medical profession". The majority of practitioners constituted anyone who could demonstrate healing skills.

But a growing number of formally trained doctors began to take great pains in distinguishing themselves from the host of lay practitioners.

The most important real distinction was that the formally trained, or "regular" doctors as they called themselves, were male, usually middle class, and almost always more expensive than the lay competition. The "regulars" were taught to treat most ills by 'heroic' measures: massive bleeding, huge doses of laxatives, calomel (a laxative containing mercury) and later, opium. (The European medical profession had little better to offer at this time either). There is no doubt that these 'cures' were often either fatal or more injurious than the original disease.

The lay practitioners were undoubtedly safer and more effective than the 'regulars'. They preferred mild herbal hand-holding to heroic interventions. Maybe they didn't know

"there were professors who wouldn't discuss anatomy with a lady present"

any more than the "regulars", but they were less likely to do the patient harm.

Let alone, they might well have displaced the 'regular' doctors with even middle class consumers in time. But they didn't know the right people. The 'regulars', with their close ties to the upper class, had legislative clout. By 1830, 13 states had passed medical licensing laws outlawing 'irregular' practice and establishing the 'regulars' as the only legal healers. This early grab for medical monopoly inspired mass indignation in the form of a radical, popular health movement which came close to smashing medical elitism in America once and for all.

## The Popular Health Movement

The Popular Health Movement of the 1830's and 40's is usually dismissed in conventional medical histories as the high-tide of quackery and medical cultism. In reality it was the medical front of a general social upheaval stirred up by

feminist and working class movements.

The Movement was a radical assault on medical elitism, and an affirmation of the traditional people's medicine. "Every man his own doctor," was the slogan of one wing of the Movement, and they made it very clear that they meant every woman too. The 'regular' licensed doctors were attached as members of the "paracetic, non producing, classes," who survived only because of the upper class 'lurid' taste for calomel and bleeding.

The peak of the Popular Health Movement coincided with the beginnings of an organized feminist movement, and the two were so closely linked that it's hard to tell where one began and the other left off. The health movement was particularly concerned with women's rights in general, and the women's movement was particularly concerned with health and with women's access to medical training.

At its height in the 1830's and the 1840's, the Popular Health Movement had the 'regular' doctors -- the professional ancestors of today's physicians running scared. Later in the 19th century, as the grass roots energy ebbed and the Movement degenerated into a set of competing sects, the "regulars" went back on the offensive. In 1848 they pulled together their first national organization, pretentiously named the American Medical Association (AMA).

The rare woman who did make it into a 'regular' medical school faced one sexist hurdle after another. First there was the continuous harassment often lewd of the male students. There were professors who wouldn't discuss anatomy with a lady present. There were textbooks like a well-known 1848 obstetrical text which stated, "She (Woman) has a head almost too small for intellect but just big enough for love."

In the late 19th century, the "women's health movement" began to dissociate itself from its Popular Health Movement past and to strive for respectability. Members of irregular sects were purged from the faculties of the women's medical colleges. Female medical leaders such as Elizabeth Blackwell joined male 'regulars' in demanding an end to lay midwifery and a 'complete medical education' for all who practised obstetrics. All this at a time when the 'regulars' still had little or no 'scientific' advantage over the sect doctors of lay healers.

## Money and germs save the regulars

Though no longer faced with organized opposition (they could not claim to control any special body of knowledge), the professional victory of the 'regulars' was only made tangible through a lucky coincidence. Science and ruling-class support became available about the same time, at the turn of the century.

French and especially German scientists brought forth the germ theory of disease which provided, for the first time in human history, a rational basis for disease prevention and

therapy.

Meanwhile the US was emerging as the industrial leader of the world. Fortunes were ruthlessly built. The Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations appeared in the first decade of the 20th century. One of the earliest and highest items on their agenda was medical reform, the creation of a respectable, scientific American medical profession.

Naturally the money to set up such institutions as John Hopkins was firmly behind the scientific elite, of the 'regular' doctors, leaving the smaller poorer schools (often special schools for blacks and women) to close. Medicine was established once and for all as a branch of 'higher' learning accessible only through lengthy and expensive university training.

Medicine had become a white, male, middle class occupation. The doctor had become 'the man of science' beyond criticism, beyond regulation, very nearly beyond competition.

## Outlawing the midwives

All that was left to drive out the last holdout of the old people's medicine -- the midwives. In 1910, about 50 per cent of babies were delivered by midwives -- most were blacks or working class immigrants. Potential profits for 'professional' obstetricians were going down the drain.

Publicly, however, the obstetricians launched their attacks on midwives in the name of science and reform. Midwives were ridiculed as 'hopelessly dirty, ignorant and incompetent'.

A truly public-spirited obstetrical profession would have been to make the appropriate preventive techniques known and available to the mass of midwives. This is in fact what happened in England, Germany and most other European nations: midwifery was upgraded through training to become an established, independent occupation.

But the American obstetricians had no real commitment to improved obstetrical care. In fact, a study by a Johns

Hopkins professor in 1912 indicated that most American doctors were less competent than the midwives.

Under intense pressure from the medical profession, state after state passed laws outlaw-

"nursing had not always existed as a paid occupation, it had to be invented"

ing midwifery and restricting the practice of obstetrics to doctors. For poor and working class women, this actually meant worse -- or no -- obstetrical care. For the new, male medical profession, the ban on midwives meant one less source of competition. Women had been routed from their last foothold as independent practitioners.

## The lady with the lamp

The only remaining occupation for women in health was nursing. Nursing had not always existed as a paid occupation -- it had to be invented. Credit for the invention of nursing goes to a small handful of upperclass women reformers whose prime interest was not in improving opportunities for women but in improving hospital conditions. In the view of nursing leaders like Florence Nightingale, the filthy and archaic hospitals of the time needed a 'woman's touch'. 'The Nightingale nurse' who set the pattern for nursing education in this country as well as England, was conceived as the embodiment of 'femininity' as defined by Victorian society.

For all the glamorous "Lady with the Lamp" imagery, nursing at the time involved little more than household drudgery, with the patriarchal husband replaced

by the lordly doctor. But just as the late 19th century women's movement had not opposed the rise of medical professionalism, it did not challenge nursing as an oppressive female role.

Women have not been passive bystanders in the history of medicine. The present system was born in and shaped by the competition between male and female healers. The medical profession in particular is not just another institution which happens to discriminate against women: It is a fortress designed and erected to exclude us. This means to us that the sexism of the health system is not incidental, not just the reflection of the sexism of society in general or the sexism of individual doctors. It is historically older than the medical science itself; it is deep-rooted, institutional sexism.

Professionalism in medicine is nothing more than the institutionalization of a male upper class monopoly. We must never confuse professionalism with expertise. Expertise is something to work for and to share; professionalism is by definition elitist and exclusive, sexist, racist and classist.

Our oppression as women health workers today is inextricably linked to our oppression as women. Nursing our pre-dominant role in the health system, is simply a workplace extension of our roles as wife and mother. The nurse is socialized to believe that rebellion violates not only her 'professionalism', but her very femininity. This means that the male medical elite has a very special stake in the maintenance of sexism in the society at large. Doctors are the bosses in an industry where the workers are primarily women. Sexism in the society at large insures that the female majority of the health workforce are 'good' workers, docile and passive. Take away sexism and you take away one of the mainstays of the health hierarchy.

What this means to us is that in the health system there is no way to separate worker organizing from feminist organizing. To reach out to women health workers as workers is to reach out to them as women.





# The night the world came to an end - almost

Here is the story of the events surrounding that fateful night, written by Howard Koch, the original writer of the most thrilling hoax ever broadcast.

I was an astonished contributor to this bizarre event which still occupies students of social psychology searching for clues why rational behaviour was suspended on such a vast scale. In the course of forty-five minutes of actual time - as differentiated from subjective or fictional time- the invading Martians were presumably able to blast off from their planet, land on the earth, set up their destructive machines, defeat our

At the time I was an unknown young playwright doing my first professional job which was to write the radio plays for the Mercury Theatre's Sunday evening programs sponsored by CBS and built around the name and talents of Orson Welles. It was an experience lasting six months I wouldn't have missed nor would I ever want to go through it again.

Then came a day when a short novel was handed me - H. G. Well's "War of the Worlds" - with instructions to dramatize it in the form of news bulletins. Reading the story, which was laid in England and written in conventional narrative style, I realized I could use practically nothing but the author's idea of a Martian invasion and a description of their appearance and machine. In short I was being asked to do an almost entirely original hour-length play in six days. I called John Houseman, pleading

On my one day-off, Monday, I made a quick trip up the Hudson to see my family. On the way back it occurred to me I needed a map to establish the location of the first Martian arrivals from where the action would far out over the country. I drove into a gas station and, since I was on Route 9 W where it goes through a part of New Jersey, the attendant gave me a map of that state.

Back in New York starting to work, I spread out the map, closed my eyes and put down the pencil point. It happened to fall on Grovers Mills. Grovers Mills. I liked the sound, it had an authentic ring. Also it was near Princeton where I could logically bring in the astronomical observatory and the astronomer, Professor Pearson, who became a leading character in the drama.

## the Martian invasion

This Hallowe'en will mark the thirty-sixth anniversary of that extraordinary night when the submerged anxieties of tens of thousands of Americans surfaced and coalesced in a flood of terror that swept the country. Between nine o'clock Eastern Standard Time and dawn of the next day men, women and children in scores of towns and cities across the nation were in flight from objects that

Each week by rehearsal time I was responsible for sixty pages of script dramatizing some literary work - usually a novel or short story - assigned to me by Orson or his co-producer, John Houseman, both of whom had pretty exacting standards. They also considered sleep a luxury which, for the most part, they denied themselves as well as their staff. Early morning until late at night my pencil sped and, as energies dwindled,

crawled over the yellow pages of my pad to be transcribed by the young college girl-of-all-work who somehow learned to read my scrawls, a feat more difficult than translating sanskrit. Each batch of fifteen or twenty pages would be rushed over to Welles and Houseman for their criticism and suggestions. Then came the revisions, and the revisions of the revisions and infinitum until the deadline Sunday noon when Orson took over

**isn't there anyone?**

Little did I suspect when I made that haphazard choice, that in the days following the broadcast an enterprising farmer in Grovers Mills would be charging a fifty cent parking fee for the hundreds of cars that swarmed on his farm bringing tourists who wanted to see the spot "where the Martians landed." And over three decades later a news item in the Times reported a real estate development in Grovers Mills in which building lots were being sold at fancy prices because their location was advertised as the historical site of the Martian invasion.

The six days before the broadcast was a nightmare of scenes written and re-written in between frantic telephone calls and pages speeding back and forth to the studio and, all the while, that Sunday dead-line staring me in the face. Once the Martians landed, I deployed the opposing forces over an ever-widening area, made moves and counter-moves between the invaders and us and, eventually, found myself actually enjoying the destruction I was wreaking like a drunken general. Finally, after demolishing the Columbia Broadcasting Building perhaps a subconscious wish-

fulfilment, I ended the holocaust with one lonely ham radio voice on the air, "Isn't there anyone... isn't there anyone... Anyone?"

By that time it seems that only the hardest souls, or those with the presence of mind to tune into another station, were still listening. People were fleeing blindly in every direction on foot and in all kinds of vehicles. The scene in Newark, as it was later described to me was complete chaos, hundreds of cars racing down streets, disregarding traffic lights to the bafflement of police like a key-stone Comedy of the silent movies. Since by this time my fictional Martians were landing all over the country, it is difficult to understand the advantage of flight. But evidently the nature of panic is the failure of the reasoning faculties to function. Adrenalin becomes the motor power governing actions. And just as thirst creates mirages on the desert, fear can conjure up sensory images that have no objective reality. People in the Riverside Drive area reported to the bewildered police the sighting of Martians on their giant machines poised on the Jersey Palisades before wading the Hudson and taking possession of New York City.

## I was my own victim!

In a sense I, myself, was one of the victims of the "Halloween prank" as Orson later called it in a masterly understatement. After listening to the broadcast in my apartment, I went to sleep, blissfully unaware of what was happening outside. Houseman called later that night to break the news but I was too exhausted even to hear the telephone ring. The next morning - blessed Monday when I could afford the time for a haircut - I walked down 72nd Street on my way to the barber shop. There was an air of excitement among the passersby. Catching ominous snatches of conversation with words like "invasion" and "panic", I jumped to the startled concluding that Hitler had invaded some new territory and that the war we all dreaded has finally broken out. When I anxiously questioned the barber he broke into a broad grim, "Haven't you heard?" and he held

up the front page of a morning newspaper with the headline "Nation in Panic from Martian Broadcast." This was a moment that still seems unreal even now thirty years later. I stared hypnotized at the paper while the confused barber stared at me. Center page was a picture of Orson, his arms stretched in a gesture of helpless innocence, and underneath was the opening scene of my script. I had never had anything I'd written published before and here I was on the front page of a New York newspaper! Since then the play has appeared in numerous anthologies and in the Princeton University study of the anatomy of a panic.

It should be said here that my radio play was only one element in the creative effort which brought about this explosive re-

continued  
page 10

the Nait audio-visual center presents the

# News

# News

#2

TO KEEP IN TUNE WITH MODERN LIFE

This week, with out the usual ad line  
 we present the most under rated Audio-  
 -visual aid (heavy on the visual) in use today.  
**THE OVERHEAD PROJECTOR!** Big companies  
 like GM, STELCO, 3m etc. all use this type  
 of machine for their  
 presentations. **WHY?**  
 Well, this machine  
 lets you transmit  
 a lot of information to  
 a lot of other people  
 efficiently. If you are  
 interested  
 drop in  
 to the  
 Audio-Visual  
 Center Room  
 J-21  
 and we'll  
 be glad to  
 advise you on  
 how this "little wonder"  
 can be of use to you.  
 Who knows, this little aid  
 might be the difference between a "good"  
 presentation, or an "excellant" presentation.

this poetry was taken from the book, "CREATIVE PLAYS AND PROGRAMS FOR HOLIDAYS", by Rowena Bennett.

## At goblin time

The way to scare a scarecrow  
Is to wear a sloppy coat  
And tattered hat, and in your hair  
Stick wisps of hay and oat.

The way to scare a witch is  
To wear a flappy cape  
And peaked hat, and as you walk  
Sloop down and change your shape.

The way to scare most any spook  
From goblin down to elf  
Is just to buy a funny face  
And be a spook yourself.

## The witch of Willowby Wood

There once was a witch of Willowby Wood,  
And a wierd wild witch was she,  
With hair that was snarled and hands that were gnarled,  
And a kickety, rickety knee.  
She could jump, they say, to the moon and back,  
But this I never did see. Now Willowby Wood, was near Sassafras Swamp,  
Where there's never a road or rut,  
And there by the singing witch hazel bush  
The old woman builded her hut.  
She built it with neither a hammer or shovel.  
She kneaded, she rolled out, she baked her brown hovel.  
For all witches' houses, I've oft heard it said,  
Are made of stick candy and fresh gingerbread.  
But the shingles that shingled this old witch's roof  
Were lollipop shingles and hurricane-proof,  
Too hard to be pelted and melted by rain.  
(Why this is important, I soon will explain.)

One day there came running to Sassafras Swamp  
A dark little shadowy mouse.  
He was noted for being a scoundrel and scamp,  
And he gnawed at the old woman's house  
Where the doorpost was weak and the doorpost was worn,  
And when the witch scolded, he laughed her to scorn.

And when the witch chased him, he felt quite delighted.  
She could never catch him for she was nearsighted.  
And so, though she quibbled, he gnawed and he nibbled.  
The witch said, "I won't have my house take a tumble.  
I'll search in my magical book  
For a spell I can weave and a charm I can mumble  
To get you away from this nook.  
It will be a good warning to other bad mice,  
Who won't earn their bread but go stealing a slice,  
"Your charms cannot hurt," said the mouse, looking pert.

Well, she looked in her book, and she waved her right arm,  
And she said the most magical things.  
Till the mouse, feeling strange, looked about in alarm,  
And found he was growing some wings.  
He flapped and he fluttered the longer she muttered.

"And now, my fine fellow, you'd best be aloof,"  
Said the witch as he floundered around.  
"You can't stay on earth and you can't gnaw my roof.  
It's lollipop-hard and its hurricane-proof.  
So you'd better take off from the ground.  
If you are wise, stay in the skies."  
Then in went the woman of Willowby Wood,  
In to her hearthstone and cat.  
She put her old volume up high on the shelf,  
And fanned her hot face with her hat.  
Then she said, "That is that! I have just made a bat!"

## On Halloween

One night I went out ghosting  
In pillowcase and sheet.  
I thought I'd scare the big black cats  
And whooting owls and fluttering bats  
That lived along our street.  
I thought I'd ring the doorbells, too,  
And spookily retreat.  
But in a doorway, dim, there sat  
A mirror on a shelf.  
Oh, how I screamed and ran away,  
for I had scared myself!

## Broomstick time

On Halloween the witches fly  
Like withered leaves across the sky,  
Each with a broomstick for a steed  
That gallops at tremendous speed.

Although I don't approve of witches  
Who wear tall hats and live in ditches,  
Still I am glad there is a day  
When broomsticks have a chance to play.

## I met a witch

I met a witch, down in a ditch  
Who wore a flapping cape.  
She thought that she could scare me with  
Her funny twisted shape.  
She waved her hands and muttered rhymes  
For nearly half an hour.  
I only laughed and said, "These days  
Old witches have no power."  
"I have a big brimalkin, though,"  
She said, "He's black and fat."  
But I knew a grimalkin was  
A common alley cat.

She cried, "I'll ride my besom, strong,  
Right up into your room..."  
But I replied, "A besom's just  
Another name for broom."

She said, "I guess I must give up  
Pretending I'm a witch."  
She left her hat. She left her cape,  
And climbed up from the ditch.

She smoothed her dress and took a comb  
And combed her snarly hair.  
"It's no use scaring folks," she sighed,  
"When nobody will scare."

## Witch cat

I want a little witch cat  
With eyes all yellow-green,  
Who rides upon a broomstick  
Every Halloween,  
Who purrs when she is taking off,  
Just like a purring plane,  
And doesn't mind a tailspin  
Even in the rain.

I want a cat who dares to light  
The candle of the moon  
And set its jack-o'-lantern face  
A-laughing like a loon.

I want a cat who laps the milk  
Along the Milky Way,  
A cat of spunk and character  
As daring as the day;  
But gentle-looking kittens  
Are in the stores to sell  
And which cat is a witch cat,  
I really cannot tell.

## Halloween magic

He came a-whistling down the street  
On clumsy, clopping, clown-like feet.  
He stopped and leaned upon a stile  
And gave me quite a winning smile-  
A smile that stretched across his face  
And put his cheeks all out of place.

An early dusk had made the day  
Melt into dark and fade away,  
And yet I saw, to my dismay,  
He was a scarecrow stuffed with hay.

"How can it be, sir," I said then,  
"That scarecrows walk about like men?"  
He winked his eye. (His eye was green.)  
And said, "My dear, it's Halloween!"



# HALLOWEEN TALES TO

these tales

of terror

were written by

students in

Grades 4 to 6,

from St. Leo's

Elementary

The fellows on  
Halloween night

by KEN WEBSTER

On Halloween night the witches come out at 10 at night with gnarled fingers and warts on their noses and face is wizened for everyone knows. With their screaming cackles you hear all night but besides the witches there are ghosts. The ghosts are as wizened as the witches but much more for you can see right through them. Their eyes pop out like frying pan handles, but besides the ghosts there are the cats. The cats are as black as space for all you can see is there pitch white teeth with screaming meows that they make at night. They fly through the air on the end of a broomstick but besides the cats there are the bats. They sleep day and they fly at night. They get tangled in hair and then they bite. Their as mean as the witch, the ghosts, and the cats. They are as means as anything on Halloween night. But besides the bats there is a Count Dracula. When ever he is thirsty, he bites someones neck. Its very nutritious for that's what he said for he hardly eats anything. He usually drinks and that's what the Count does on Halloween night. I know all this for they are all my friends because I am a wolfman who bites at night. I have hair all over me and I'm pitch black for what you can see is my teeth that stick out an inch and a half. So these are the fellows on Halloween night.

What happened on  
Halloween night

by CAMERON McCULLOCK

I went out on Halloween night. There were lots of cats meowing and prowling around. There were dogs that bayed and

dogs that were fighting. I saw a haunted house that had ghosts, witches, vampires, and bats. Witches with no legs or arms. There were squeaking doors. Outside this house was a graveyard. A goblin with dynamite was blowing up the graves. There was a vampire just waking up. He had a wizened old ugly looking face. The vampire had a black cape. There was a skeleton that was half visible and half not. The skeleton

ran right into a wall. A few blocks away there was a suspension bridge and that was the only way to get to the other side. When I was walking across a board broke. When I looked around and saw a space ship I got into it but something pushed me out. I ran away as fast as I could go. Somebody met me but I didn't know who it was, so I tried getting away but the person put out a long cane and grabbed me by the neck. We were by a cliff about 100 feet deep. Someone else came barrelling through it and hit this other person by me down the cliff. The one who did it fell off the cliff too. I got scared and ran home. That was it for Halloween night for me. And maybe every night.

It happened on  
Halloween

by PATRICK HEUER

One day after some kids went halloweening, they started to play ball and a storm started. The wind blew the ball up a road and into a haunted grave yard. The children went to get the ball and a dead man hanging by his neck kicked the ball into the house.

The children went to get the ball inside the house and when they got in the door squeaked closed. The children knew it was a haunted house when they went to pick up the ball. Then they all tried to open the door and they couldn't. They all went to try and find the back door when they heard a squeak, turned around and saw a door started to open so everybody ran and hid. And a skeleton came out of the closet with a huge cup of tea. He put it in his mouth and it went down to his toes and out. Then he went back into the closet and the children came back out and were so scared. They went to the closest window around but it was locked. They looked outside and saw a witch flying on a broomstick. Then a bad storm started and it had hail, thunder and lightening and the windows started opening and closing. The kids ran up the stairs and went into the washroom. There was a tall and ugly vampire washing his fangs and all the kids took off again. They all went to the bedroom and strapped to the bed was a wolfman eating a mailman. Then they ran down the stairs and one fell and the vampire got him and killed him. The others found the back door and ran out. But they were back in the grave yard.

The haunting predators

by SHERRY KRAWEC

I was sitting by the fire when there was a goblin by our window with green slimy skin, and a tail as long as lightening. He had a wizened face, gnarled fingers and eerie eyes. He was creeping towards our house waiting to scream a horrible sound when some witches came crackling on their brooms and wolves howling like thunder and skeletons rattling their bones and bats were charging through the air, ghouls were digging up dead people in graves. Vampires climbing out of coffins



mummies lifting tables, and phantoms lifting their capes over their faces.

Guillotines were chopping off heads and the goblins with eerie eyes, gnarled hands and wizened face was fading away with the witches, vampires, ghouls, skeletons, bats, phantoms, mummies inside the dark clouds. □□□ They were waiting till Halloween comes once more.

The witch's party

by KIM BOGDEN

It was Halloween night! It was silent and spooky at the haunted houses until the witches and ghosts came back with the devils and demons behind them. They were screaming, howling, with squeaking voices and with screeching and crackling yells! When the children saw their ugly wizened face and their gnarled hands and pointed noses, they ran as fast as they could go.

The witches were making a potion in the cauldrons. They brewed it for a half a hour. At last it was ready to drink cackled one of the witches. Everyone had a little of it but not the black cat.

The skeletons rattled outside and the owls hooted and hooted. The mummies and ghosts danced all around. Bats got in the cauldrons and drank the potion. They got drunk from it. Spiders crept around the rooms of the house and all over the place. Even in the cauldrons and pots and pans. Black eerie shadows were all over the place. The zombies ran around and bumped into the furniture and walls. So beware on HALLOWEEN NIGHT!

Witch's house

by CHAROTTE ANTAL

On a cold Halloween night I went to a house. I knocked two times at the door and it opened. Out came an old witch. She had a black cat beside her. She asked me to come in so I did. In the house there were creaking windows and all kinds of colored candles. The wind was blowing in the windows. It was raining outside. She asked if I wanted any red tea and I said no thank you. The witch showed me around, we went in a big room. In this room was an old wolfman who was howling. I asked the witch why he was howling and she said it was because he had not eaten. So we went down some steps, then down a rope. We came to a room. It was even bigger than the other room. I asked her what this room was for and she said it was her laboratory. The door opened. In the room was some mummies and coffins.

One coffin opened. Out came Frankenstein. The witch told him to go back in his coffin and he did. Then the witch asked me if I wanted to help her cut out a pumpkin. I said yes, but I should go. So the witch gave me some candies and I said thank you and I went home.

Going Halloweening

by MARK BORDIGNON

One Halloween, Dracula and wolfman were living in a old black house. No friends wanted to go in but I did.

Luckily Dracula and Wolfman missed me. Unluckily they found me. So I ran. Luckily I hid in the closet. Unluckily they were in the closet. So I ran and the floor creaked. So I stopped and crept along it slowly. I found the door and went out and told my friends.

In Dracula's house he said good evening in a low voice. Wolfman said we will play some records and have many bats come out and play. Dracula said, "No, we will go to the old black room. The last time we were there was 1,000 years ago and we left on the light. We had better go and turn off the light, okay?"

It was scary. I wanted to go so we were lucky we found the door. Unluckily Dracula came to the door. Luckily we went in the closet. Unfortunately Wolfman was playing with the bats. We ran. Luckily we found the door. Unluckily Dracula caught us and took us to the guillotine and my friend was on the stretcher and I was in the guillotine. We got caught trying to find the door and I found it and we were about to go home and Dracula found us. Luckily we found the door and unluckily Wolfman came. Luckily we got out. The police came and took them to jail. We went home and told about the adventure. We went to bed and heard Dracula say "Good evening. May me and Wolfman stay with you?" "No. You go away!" In the morning I woke up and found it was just my imagination. BEWARE ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Halloween night

by ANGELA TAGLIAMONTE

One scary day in a very frightening house lived a witch. She wore a black dress, black hat and her face was wizened. She used to pick up her cat with her gnarled hands. It always was thundering and lightening loudly. There were skeletons that had no skin, ghosts with wizened faces, stoutly built, with red and black spots. There were always scary sounds, there were bats, goblins and werewolves. The witch was always nosey so when someone talked she would creep to the house and listen. There were dead bodies in the house. The skeletons were always rattling their bones when someone came in. Sometimes spooks were making noises. There were dynamites in the house but they never noticed it. When she cooked supper in the big pot this was what she used: eggs with the shell, flour, sugar and cheese. On Halloween night when kids came knocking at the door she gave them some candy that was poisoned. The cat went

meow when all the kids came in. But the mean old witch took all the kids that came to the house on HALLOWEEN NIGHT.

On halloween night

by MELINDA CUMMINGS

On Halloween night, dogs howl and cats screech. Ghosts go for walks in the graveyards and the thunder bangs and makes very loud sounds. You can see witches go past the moon. There is lots of ghosts flying in the air making eerie sounds. You can hear something creeping in the night. Pumpkins glow in the dark. Then you hear a sound coming from the graveyard. It sounded like a heart beat. A witch lives in the haunted house and for supper she eats spider webs and lots of beetles. For dessert, she eats toads legs. To drink, she drinks blood. Her friend Frankenstein lives in the chest and the werewolf lives next door. Watch out, for on the Halloween night, the wolfman walks.

On Halloween

by DEIRDRE NOLAN

One Halloween night all the people were shivering. Most were scared of ghost like sharp pins glowing in the darkness. Some people were scared half to death with doors squeaking and cats crying. In all of this most children were scared but one person was not and that's Jim McNillen. Well, Jim heard witches crackling like chips and said he was not scared. Most people are scared of vampires and skeletons but not Jim.

When Jim went out trick or treating something happened. Jim went to about the third house when a gnarled hand reached into his bag. Jim turned around and there stood a vampire. A vampire with teeth like pins and blood on his gnarled hands. Jim just walked away. All of a sudden Jim heard thunder and lightening. Thunder like two bowling balls hitting together and lightening like shells of steal. Jim ran home like a Bullet.

The spookiest night  
in the year

by LORNA ZAPLOTINSKY

Halloween just arrived. The crackling witches are out and goblins and vampires are out sucking blood from the children. The bats are getting tangled in the childrens hair. The dead skeletons are out to-night. Its thundering and rain is pouring and lightening. OH! What a night! The doors on the haunted house are creaking. I'm so scared to go out. The ghosts with no eyes are catching people and putting them under a guillotine. The Dracula is sawing the heads off of people. The cats and their squeaking noises, the wolf's and dogs howling at night. Its so scary. The frankenstiens are falling off the bridges into the water. The devil has a wizened face and gnarled fingers. The witches are flying on their brooms and laughing away. There are vampires making wax potions. Then everything



# SCARE AND FRIGHTEN

went away. It seemed like I was the only one around. It stopped raining and was just like any other night. But boy what a night that was!

## Where I went on Halloween night

by DENEEN HACKMAN

Tonight when I came to this house nobody answered so I just walked in. I had a very insatiable curiosity and I moved warily. All of a sudden a cat came up to me, man, did that ever frighten me! Suddenly I heard the doors slam and the windows shut. Some ghost voices started to come closer to me. When I was moving cautiously a mummy caught me. She took me to a ghost. The ghost was kind and was a bright white. He showed me around.

There were heads cut off at the guillotine, hanging from the walls. A man was stretched on the stretcher. A cat was put in a fire-pot to burn. Just then a witch put her knarled fingers on my head. She had a wizened face. The the ghost boss yelled, "leave her alone!" We went on and came to a tall orange goblin sawing a lady in half. I opened a closet door when a skeleton with bony fingers fell out. There was a tomb where they put people in and points go right through them. The ghosts took me to their garden. It had beautiful trees and pumpkins, jack-o-lanterns, ghost snacks, witches potions, but where did the ghosts go to? I heard a man scream. Maybe he fell in a deep pit and I was right. His neck was broken alright, his head was broken right off. All of a sudden I heard a wolf howl in a screamy voice.

Black bats were coming towards me. A vampire, with his teeth as red as blood, was coming to suck all my blood. Werewolves were coming another way and mummies another. I was trapped. But there was one way to go.

I heard the kind white ghost call, "Run for your life!" and then I saw his head rolling towards me saying, "go before it's too late."

So I ran. But then I saw Frankenstein, with green skin, and a crack in his head coming towards me. He caught me. I thought this was the end of me when my dog jumped on top of me and I found out I was only having a dream.

But today is Halloween day. So at Halloween night I never went into a house where someone wouldn't come out and give me a treat, when I yelled out "Halloween apples!" or when I screamed out, "Trick or treat!"

## Halloween night

by JAMES VanEGELEN

There was a boy named Bob who lived with his parents. He had been adopted two years ago. He loved to go trick or treating so he got dressed up as dracula. Then he went very quickly because at 12 o'clock the werewolves come out to attack. At 12:30 the werewolf attacked. That's why on halloween nights, no one walks out their back door or front yards because the people think

that the werewolf was hungry early and came out early waiting for his supper. Bob always walked out backwards and if he forgot he had a knife in his pocket.

So he went out trick or treating and he got three big bags full of candy and he came home. No one was home so he went looking for his mom or dad but did not find them so he tried to go home but was lost. He did not know where to go so he tried at this house. It was just like his house so he went in it and found it was a haunted house so he got out. Then a police picked Bob up and drove away. The police said your mom and dad are dead. They were gotten by the werewolf. So Bob got adopted again and lived happily ever after.

## The witch's house

by JANET PRUSKO

Once upon a time, there was a crochety old witch. She had knarled hands and a wizened face. Her shoes made a crackling noise. She had a raucous voice which made everyone scared, that came by. She was a menace to everyone. Her shadows were very creepy. She had skeletons in her cauldron. Her skeletons rattled on Halloween like they never rattled before. She had ghouls which would do as she wished. Her zombies would come out of nowhere and would give you such a scare that you would scream so loud that people would jump out of their coffins. The bats would fly all around you. The bats had webbed feet and their wings looked like rubber and they had eyes like marbles.

Their mouths are as wide as a door. Remember, the next time you go out there, you had better watch out.

## Halloween

by MICHEAL BRINDZA

One summer night my friends and I went halloweening to the big red house and I stepped on a trap door and we went down a hole and we came out at a ghost town. It was foggy out and I went to the house where a werewolf opened the door and grabbed me and took me to a haunted room. Then I saw my friend and then they put my head on a guillotine and pulled the rope down. The knife hit my head and I was dead. Then a vampire put me in a coffin with a mummy and I became a killer. I killed lots of children and they turned into devils. At midnight wolfman howl and demons scream. Bats eat animals and people. Then in five years the killer and no one went to the big red house again.

## The monster's party

by RENATA MARTENS

One day in Dracula's castle lived a family of monsters and spooks. Grizilda was the cook. One night on Halloween, the cook was cooking a special brew for halloween. In came Ugly and asked Grizilda for some bat wings, since she wanted some, and CRUNCH went Ugly. "What was that loud noise?" said Dracula, "Don't you know

I am trying to read my book?" "Yes I do but it was an accident." Well tell me how it happened." Well I gave Ugly a bat wing and she crunched it." "Well be more quieter." "Okay."

When it struck twelve, the party began. There was a band, cider, dances, food and games and all the things you do on Halloween night.

## Halloweening

by MARK STUMPH

On Halloween night when the ghosts are out, you go Halloweening. You had better not go alone or you will be scared out of your wits, especially when you reach the haunted house which has the pumpkin patch outside! People have said they have seen the pumpkins wiggle, roll and glow in the night. They do too.

For when you go halloweening you go in the yard walking slowly, slowly, slowly. You go up the stairs which are creaking up the stairs which are creaking, creaking, creaking. Then you shout "Halloween Apples", the creaky door opens very slowly. An old witch with wrinkled hands puts an apple in your bag and invites you in. You run away, the witch tries to grab you, you run down the creaky steps out of the yard and run home, very scared, running, running, running.

## Halloween

by DANNY SLOBINYK

One night it was lightening and raining outside. A witch named "Natty Putty" with a wizened face and gnarled hands and snarled hair walked with a limp. She did not want any Halloween for children because she hated children. For servants she had skeletons and mummies. Just about a block away lived a vampire and a witch but they did not want the other witch to do this to the children. The vampire and the witch also had servants. They had more servants than the other old witch. They had servants like were-wolves and six wolfmen and five frankensteins. The nice witch made a potion that would kill the old witch. One of the old witch's servants came to the nice witch's place and the nice witch gave the potion to the servant and the servant gave it to Natty Putty and Natty Putty drank it and got killed. Then everybody had a happy Halloween.

## The six witches

by JAMIE MCKAY

Once there was a skinny witch who did not know which potion to drink. She drank any one and won a witches broomstick race. She was so happy she won. She decided to have her self a drink of oil. When she did she was so oily she was called the oiliest witch that ever oiled a witch. After that shadows were appearing on the wall. It looked like her five sisters; Dynamite, Messy, Werewolf, Clumsy and Bullet. The first one, Dynamite, was called that because she was always making potions that would blow up like

the time she was spooked by a wolfman. She made some dynamite and blew up the wolfman. Messy the second sister was so messy one time that the castle was clean. She mess up the castle and said "I hate clean houses so take that and that. There thats more like it. The house looks better." That's why she was called Messy. Werewolf was such a werewolf. She even went out with werewolves. She would by them blood to drink, lip stick to eat and humans to eat. That is why she was called Werewolf. Clumsy, the fourth sister was so clumsy one time there was a big bowl of human Campbells soup. She went over and said "this smells good... OOOOPS." She spilt it over and had to have some crackers with human flesh on the bottom of them. Bullet was called Bullet because she was even faster than a bullet. One time a man shot at her with a shot gun. Everytime he shot he missed because she was so fast. "Well," says Bullet, "that does it!", and turned the man into a bullfrog.

## Halloween

by BRANT PODLOWSKI

One day we went strolling in the woods when it started to rain. We saw a house. We did not know it was haunted. We went into it. After we got in, the door slammed shut. When I walked up the stairs I saw something coming. "What is it?" "Is it a ghost? Let's run!" After we got rid of the ghost, a vampire came after us. I found a ball with spikes on the end so I swung it at the vampire. The vampire was still moving a little bit so I found a hammer and spike and hammered the spike through the vampire's heart. The vampire is dead. I looked behind me and saw dynamite. I saw a hole and dropped the dynamite into it and it blew up. There were another pair of stairs. My friend and I walked up the stairs. I heard a howl and then I saw a shadow of a zombie. The zombie tried to kill me but I pushed him down the stairs. He fell in a deep hole in the ground. Bats were coming out of the hole. One tried to swoop down and pick my friend up but I hit it with my hand. We ran down the hall to a door. We went in this spacious room and we shut the door. Inside we heard a cat but we couldn't see the cat. So we went down the hall and opened a door and saw a dragon. We went to the next door. We opened it. There were some more hallways to go in. When we opened one door, I saw a slide. I slide down and I was outside and it was not raining anymore. So we went home.

## Halloween

by ROMAN BOYCHUK

One haunted night there was a vampire who got out of his coffin and started walking to another one. The vampire opened the coffin that belonged to the gnarled, wizened ghost. The witch made a dinner that was made of frog head's and

gnarled old fingers of the old men. The wolfman had brought his seven demon dogs to the dinner. The seven demon dogs started after the skeletons for for his bones for their dinner. Frank Frankstone came out of his coffin and started toward the seven demon dogs and grabbed them by the necks and killed them for the potion that he was going to wake every one out of their coffins with the witches came flying down for their dinner. It was time for everyone to their coffins until next halloween. GOOD NIGHT...and before you go to bed make me some hot blood.

## Scary Halloween night

by FRANKY TWIN

The door slammed and I heard the creepy sound behind me and I turned around and I saw a mammoth ghost with big eyes and a werewolf bit me and I had a bleeding arm and a mummy caught me and I had to see Dracula and someone screamed and it was a skeleton and I started to go and a storm came and thunder and hail and lightening and a flying saucer and a werewolf howl, and a man sawing a mans head off and as a train crashed on a bridge and the bridge fell in a big hole and the hole is getting filled with water. The bats attack you every time you get killed you are flying in a rocket and the men are getting eaten up.

## Halloween

by GUY DUBOIS

In the old haunted castle a witch lives and a black cat, with eyes glowing in the dark. And a mysterious scientist. He had a lab. In it are monsters bats, ghosts too. The scientist has a machine that makes people go crazy. Everytime they have visitors haunt them they kill them. Sometimes they do experiments with them. In the dungeon there are millions of bodies lying on top of each other, big piles of them. There are eight different labs. One on each floor.

## The haunted house

by PATRICIA KRYWIAK

There once was a spooky witch named Crackle. She had gnarled fingers and a wizened face. She had a friend ghost named Wolf. He also had gnarled fingers. The night on Halloween three kids came to the door. Crackle got the door and pushed the kids inside. The kids cried for help but they could not be heard. Wolf pushed them on the couch and Bullet the vampire came creeping out of the dungeon. He had a wizened face and gnarled fingers and pointed ears. The little girl screamed for help. The phone then rang. Crackle answered the phone and then hung up. The little girl opened a coffin door and saw skeletons and mummies. She fainted. Crackle got a potion and killed her. Her brother and sister got killed too by a guillotine. The night was over. The next morning the police came and found the bodies. Crackle went to jail Bullet got killed and Wolf went to another city. Everytime Halloween came nothing ever happened like that again.



## Kottke's music dense and intricate

by ALEX VARTY

In the hands of a skilled and creative musician, a single acoustic guitar is as effective as an entire symphony orchestra. For years European artists such as Andres Segovia, Julian Bream and Carlos Montoya have astounded audiences with the beauty of their synthesis of flamenco, baroque and romantic elements; now a group of young American masters are mixing blues and bluegrass with European techniques to create an entirely new style of acoustic guitar.

One of the first to apply classical knowledge to American folk music, John Fahey, has used the phrase "American classical guitar" to describe the style, but he has also referred to his own music as "primitive." Both are misnomers. The music isn't classical, because it embodies the improvisatory qualities of jazz, and it certainly isn't primitive, being both complex and subtle.

Fahey's music is the most emotionally charged of the three artists under scrutiny. Listening to a typical Fahey piece, one can pick up such a strong impression of mood that one's outlook can be completely reversed for hours. Fahey has been supremely influenced by the country blues guitarists of the American south, but his technique is secondary to the atmosphere of relaxed temporal distortion that he wishes to project. However, careful listening reveals how cleverly each song has been constructed and how much control is exerted over each note. Some of Fahey's earlier recordings have been rereleased on a Vanguard special collection, and on that set he is revealed as a stylistic innovator, experimenting with the new forms he invented. His more recent issues on Reprise records are more mature, and use a variety of stringed and brass instruments to add depth and to develop his peculiarly languid, southern sound. OF RIVERS AND RELIGION is per-

haps his best offering to date, and it has the stately and majestic qualities of the best of his title subjects.

Leo Kottke is the best known of the three composers and is the only one with a mass popular following. Only John McLaughlin plays acoustic with equal speed and clarity, and I doubt if any non-classical guitarists can match Kottke's right-hand technique. He has primarily been influenced by bluegrass not blues which explains the speedy edge to many of his tunes. Blues songs are inherently loose and spacy, bluegrass is rhythmically less complex but relies more on intermeshing sounds; therefore, Kottke's music is less dense and intricate. Leo's best album is GREENHOUSE, on Capitol: a rarity now, but well worth seeking out. MY FEET ARE SMILING (also Capitol) is more common and is almost as good an introduction to the Kottke sound. Although it's a live album, the recording is crystal clear and the performance is flawless. I can think of few records as pleasant to hear.

Peter Lang, who records for Fahey's Takoma records, is perhaps the most intriguing melodist of the school. To the best of my knowledge, he has only issued one complete album (THE THING AT THE NURSERY ROOM WINDOW) which contained some beautiful and fragile classicalisms, as well as a few amazing improvisations on standard bluegrass themes. Lang usually conveys an intense melancholy and is best for reflections and quiet mood music, but his technical prowess is as remarkable as any of the other guitarists.

Takoma records has recently issued an album with four performances by each of Fahey, Kottke and Lang; it's a fine introduction to their individual styles. Perhaps when record stores realize that there is more to the music biz than bubblegum, country and hard rock we'll be able to buy copies here.

## J. GEILS BAND NIGHTMARES...

### and other tales from the vinyl jungle



"Nightmares... And Other Tales From The Jungle," marks the sixth album release for The J. Geils Band on the Atlantic label. Once more produced by Bill Szymczyk, this one was recorded at both the Record Plant and at the Hit Factory. Nine new selections are pre-

sented, eight written by vocalist Peter Wolf, and keyboard performer Seth Justman. Possibly their best album to date, all fans of the J. Geils Band will enjoy "Detroit Breakdown," "Must Of Got Love," "Funky Judge," and "Gettin' Out."

## end of the world

sult. The brilliant Mercury production with a talented cast under Orson's direction provided the alchemy which transformed written words into a living experience.

For twenty four hours after the broadcast the fate of all of us who participated hung in the balance. The public couldn't make up its collective mind whether we were heroes or villains. While there were numerous injuries, miraculously no one actually died in the mad scramble to escape the Martians although one woman was reported in the act of taking poison but stopped in time by her husband. Then Dorothy Thompson came out in her influential column

with the view that we had done the country a service in showing how vulnerable we were to a panic reaction in the event of war. From that time on the tide turned in our favor, offers began to pour in and, for better or worse, the course of all our lives was changed.

Orson, an instant world celebrity, transported the Mercury players to Hollywood and made the classic "Citizen Kane." Joseph Cotten achieved stardom while John Houseman produced several distinguished films and helped to establish the Stratford Conn. Shakespearean Theatre. As for me, I was catapulted to Hollywood and a seven year contract at Warner Brothers. At

## Righteous Brothers OK, for free

by GARY EVERETT

Monday evening I had the "free" opportunity to attend the Righteous Brothers Concert at the Edmonton Gardens. This was my first exposure to anything other than hockey in the Gardens and, hopefully my last. I thought the NAIT arena was bad acoustically....

The sound reproduction was so bad that I completely missed the name of the warm up singer. That was no great loss as the only talent the guy had was in his feet. I would guess that he had a handful of wildwood flowers for supper - anyway, after half a dozen of his own compositions he finally departed.

The acoustics really went to hell when Bill Medley and Bobby Hatfield, The Righteous Brothers, finally made their appearance an hour into the concert. Backing them was their own nine member band including vocals and brass. Their act consisted of a medley (pun!) of their most popular songs from the early sixties to their very latest.

In the Jubilee Auditorium the show would have been excellent - in the gardens it was bad. Less than 1000 turned up for the concert but of this number most seemed very loyal fans. All in all, it was a good show, except that for anyone who had to pay - you were ripped - off.

first the studio was at a loss how to use me. Accustomed to typesetting writers as well as actors, they had no previous experience with Martians with whom they identified me. Finally I fell heir to some assorted scenes and scraps of dialogue written and then abandoned by two previous writers. I was told to construct a story incorporating these fragments for a production that was scheduled to start in two months. After

concluded  
page 11

tired of waiting  
to play pool?

Men's and Women's  
Intramural Bowling

deadline for entries

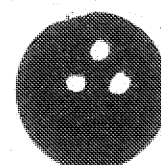
Thurs. Oct. 31/74

more information

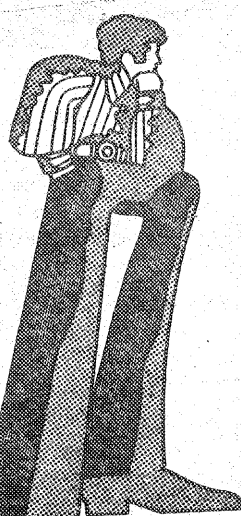
on the

intramural board

outside E136



WHERE THE CLOTHES ARE



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MEN'S WEAR  
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students  
and staff

PS with presentation  
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## NAIT Chaplaincy service

The NAIT Chaplaincy Service  
has the following chaplains  
ready to assist you.

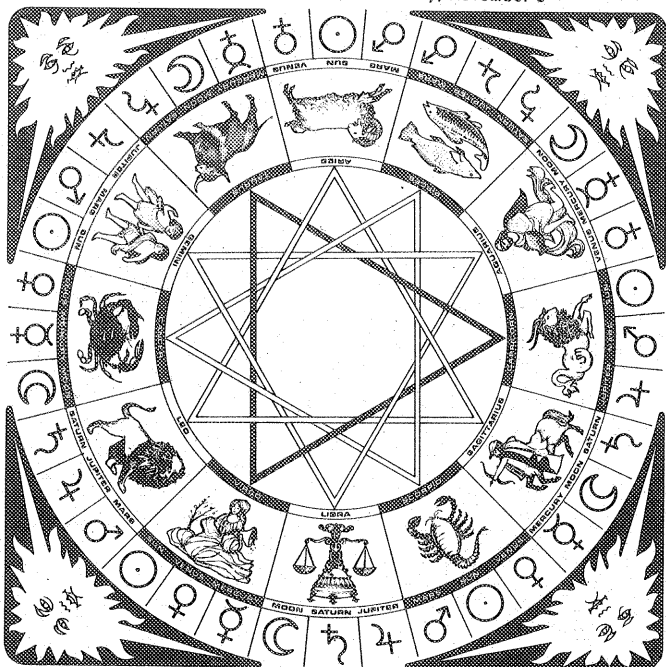
Reily Newman Capilano Baptist Church 10604 - 76 Street 466-4380	Baptist	Tuesday 11 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Cy Martin Central United Church 112 Street and 109 Avenue 426-1860	United Church	Wednesday 11 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Phil Redd Latter Day Saints Institute 8704 - 116 Street 439-2419	Latter Day Saints	Wednesday 11 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Frank Stempfle St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church 11811 - 96 Street 477-8876	Roman Catholic	Thursday 11 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Marjorie Long and/or Don Posterski 8611 - 109 Street 433 - 4916	Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship	Friday 11 a.m. - 1 p.m.

If you wish to make an appointment with one of the chaplains, please call Judy in Student Counselling at 416 (grey).



# YOUR HOROSCOPE

For Wednesday, October 30 to Tuesday, November 5



ARIES

Changes are due in your relationships with the opposite sex. Working with another person assures harmony and the best end results. You avoid blocks on your own path.

Social affairs are highlighted. Your company will be appreciated and demanded more often now. Work loads lighten proportionately. Sibling will have good news.



TAURUS



GEMINI

Could have new cares and duties thrust on you from an unexpected source. Maintain hobbies if at all possible, they are your key to peace of mind. Purchase quality while you can.

Latent qualities are brought out by present events. You are shown appreciation for value given in the past. You are subject to strong attractions and repulsions through renewed awareness.



CANCER

Will find romantic interludes developing in the oddest places. Cancel out-of-town plans and throw a party instead. It will break the tension for all concerned and keep you out of trouble.



LEO

Interests are changing. You pick up on something you have wanted to do for a long time. Older hobbies and recreations could turn out to have money making properties.



VIRGO

Lost articles turn up, favours are returned and your money seems to have a mind of its own. You will spend more time redoing than in actual accomplishments but you do get A for effort.



LIBRA

end of the world  
concluded

another gruelling experience with the camera breathing down my neck and with my short career in the balance, I managed to come up with something that loosely resembled a story which I kept re-writing while the film was being shot. Again a miracle came to my rescue, this time in the shape of a skilled action director, Michael Curtiz, and a superb cast headed by Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. The film that emerged from this unlikely start was 'Casablanca.'

And what of the Martians, those formidable beings finally laid low by bacteria, "the smallest of creatures which God in his infinite wisdom, had placed on the earth." Well, I have a plan for any new arrivals from that distant planet. They will be transmogrified, at least in my imagination, into those Unidentified Flying Objects which we refer to as Flying Saucers. And if and when they come, I shall run toward them not away from them. The martians among us alarm me much more than any from outer space. I think it is safe to assume that any creature evolved enough to span the time-space between the planets will be intelligent enough to share a peaceful existence with other living beings. They may even be necessary to save us from ourselves.



SCORPIO

You may be doing a rerun on all recent experiences. You get a chance to recoup on mistakes and this is one of the few times that opportunity will knock twice.



SAGITTARIUS

Pleasant news of an old acquaintance. Its a particularly busy time as a number of things come to a head all at once. You will be able to cope as long as you don't panic.

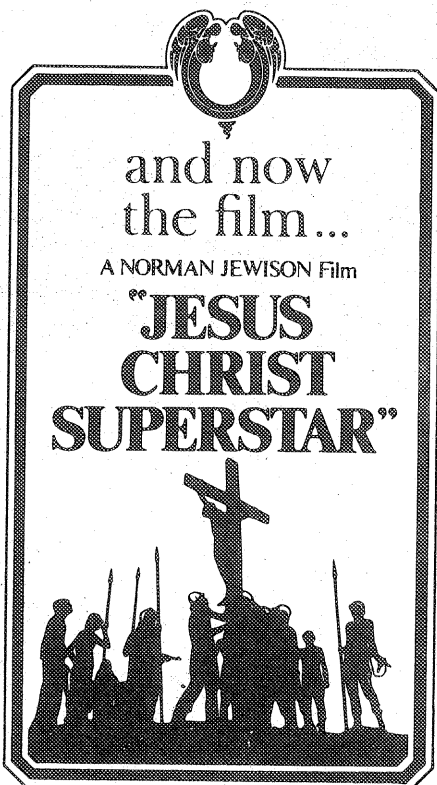


CAPRICORN

A highly restless time but everything seems to slow you and you are sure to be irritable. You need to finish projects regardless so look to friends for help. They'll be willing.

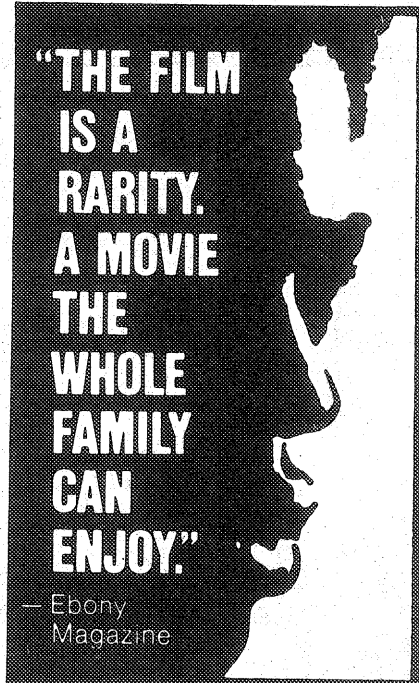


AQUARIUS



A Universal Picture - Technicolor® - Todd-AO 35

**LITTLE  
CINEMA**  
**h-5**  
**all seats**  
**50¢**



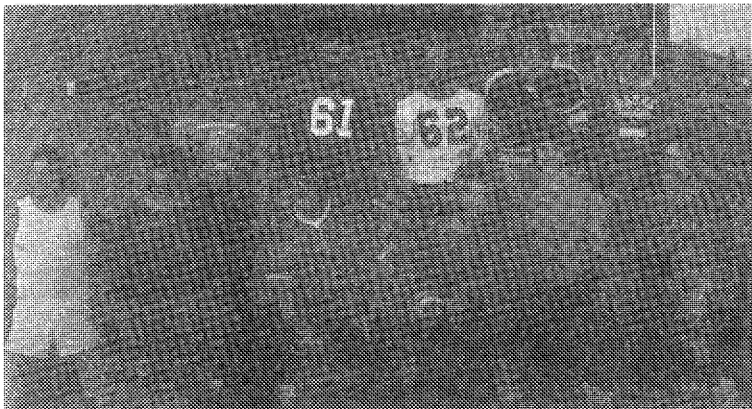
Radnitz / MATTEL Productions  
Presents  
**"SUNDER"**  
A Robert B. Radnitz / Martin Ritt Film  
PANAVISION® COLOR BY DE LUXE®

tonight at 7.30  
ends friday  
family

saturday and sunday  
at 7.30  
family



# Safety touch wins flag battle

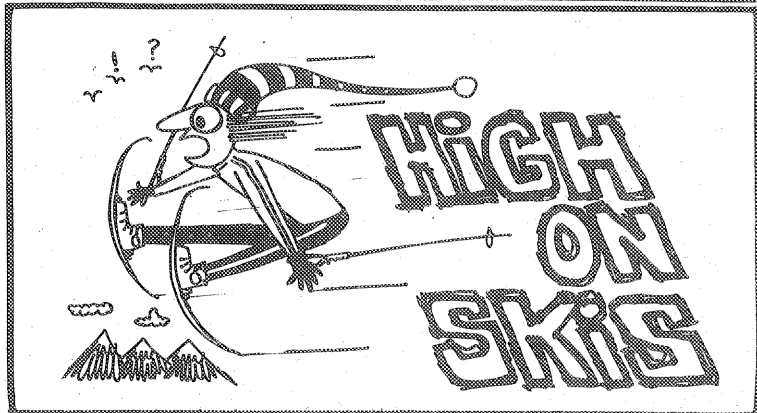


Front - Erich Reimer, Dale Bawol, Dave Dudas, Bill Nyland, Jack Marsh, Howard Hebson. Back - Reg Marquardt, Brent Hogue, Don Murray, Byron Gray, Maurey Thirwell.



With a combination of a good pass rush and solid offensive line, Exploration hammered out an 8-7 victory over Marketing B. The victory culminated a long football schedule in which Exploration, who lost the first game of the season to Marketing A, never looked back. They came in second in their division and later stomped Marketing A, 24-0 in the play offs before taking on Marketing B for the league championship.

Behind 7-6 in the second half, the Exploration line came through to block a pass by marketing in their own end-zone. The ball was recovered by the Marketing QB who was then tagged in his own end zone. Result: 8-7 for Earth who hung on to win the game.



by TED POWER

So everyone is getting ready to go skiing? The first NAIT ski trip is on Dec 6. This will be hosted by both the Marketing Activities Society and the Business Administration Society. The trip will be to Marmot Basin and information can be acquired now.

Sunshine opens up this coming weekend for Ski Constructors and Ski Patrols only. It will be in operation to the public for the November 9-10 weekend.

Still haven't received any questions or ideas for topics from anyone so if there is something you would like answered drop the question into the box in front of the Nugget office. I have to know what you are interested in on the subject of buying boots. Boots have changed as much as skis in the past few years. No longer are they "stiff" or "locked-hinged." Instead they have found that a boot that incorporates a particular amount of "flex" gives the skier a greater feel for the terrain making the skiing smoother and more controlled.

One of the most important features of any boot is how it fits. Your foot should feel "hugged" or "comfortably snug". It should not cramp your toes nor should it let your foot move. Your heel and ankle should be very firm. When you bend your knee forward the heel should not lift off the insole of the boot. Once you have a boot that you think fits, walk around in it for 10-15 minutes. Wiggle your toes, rock back and forth, the boot should not have any pressure points. If any develop, the time to announce them is at the store. The boot can then be heated and the pressure point pushed out with a machine.

If the heel or ankle begins to feel loose after the boot has molded to the shape of your foot this can be remedied by putting L-shaped pads under your ankle. The heel must be firm as the control over your skis is derived from there.

Finally you must place your trust in the sales person. If you are in any way unsure of the fit through his experience he should be able to fix it. For this reason going to a specialty ski shop rather than a department store ensures you that who you are dealing with is a professional rather than someone who was selling cameras the week before.

I hope this will help you in your purchases in the future and again I must ask if anyone has any questions about skis, boots, or bindings to drop a note into the Nugget office.

## WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL

### NEW MEMBERS

#### WELCOME

practise on Mondays and Thursdays at 5:15 to 7:00 pm.

contact -  
Bob Buchan  
student service  
office or  
Louis Davidek  
grey phone 554

# tryouts for badminton

Try-outs for the team will commence next Tuesday, November 5, in the south gym, from 5:00 to 7:00 pm, and on Thursdays at noon. These times are open mainly for practise as the team won't be chosen until December.

The team consists of five men and five women who will play one only of the following events:

- men's singles
- ladies singles
- men's doubles

ladies doubles  
mixed doubles  
plus one male and one female spare

Events played in will include the Alberta Colleges Athletic Conference (ACAC) Tournament on February 14 - 15 and two or three exhibition tournaments.

Winning members of the ACAC go to the 4-West Championships in Saskatoon.

For further information contact Eileen Harle, S-108.

## TEQUILA SAUZA

Margarita SAUZA  
1½ oz. TEQUILA SAUZA  
½ oz. Triple Sec  
1 oz. lime or lemon juice  
Shake with cracked ice  
Moisten rim of champagne glass with lemon rind, then dip moistened rim in salt.  
Sip cocktail over salted edge.

TEQUILA SAUZA  
NUMERO UNO  
in Canada and Mexico.



TEQUILA SAUZA  
use it in a Bloody Mary and you've got a Bloody Maria.

Orange juice never tasted better when your Screwdriver contains TEQUILA SAUZA

TEQUILA SAUZA  
Straight with salt and lemon and you're drinking tequila like a man.

TEQUILA SAUZA  
Great party starter. Mixes well. Everyone's instant favourite.

# PLAZA Q

## Billiards

### lots of tables

a little hard to find but definitely worth looking for

Park Plaza Shopping Centre  
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# SNOW BOUND '74

WITH THE CANADIAN SKI PATROL SYSTEM

1 PM - 9 PM SUNDAY NOVEMBER 3

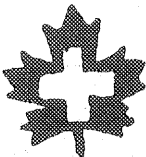
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ADVANCED TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM:

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- ADVANCED TICKETS ONLY ELIGIBLE FOR RAFFLE

WIN A EUROPEAN SKI WEEK FOR TWO



TICKETS AT DOOR \$1.00

P.S. BRING SOMEONE YOU LIKE!