

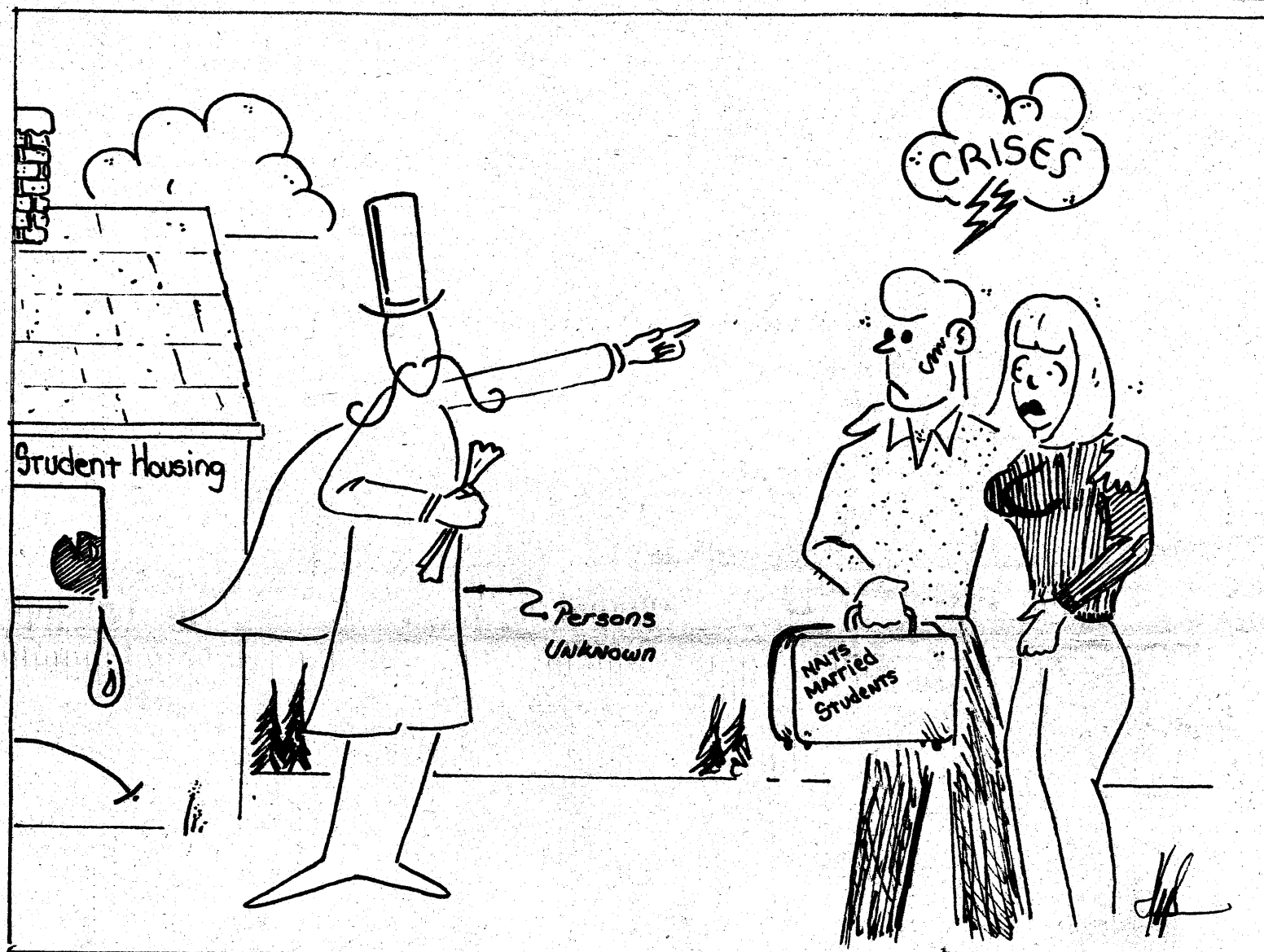
# Nait Nugget

FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1977

ISSUE 23, VOLUME 8

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

## STUDENT HOUSING



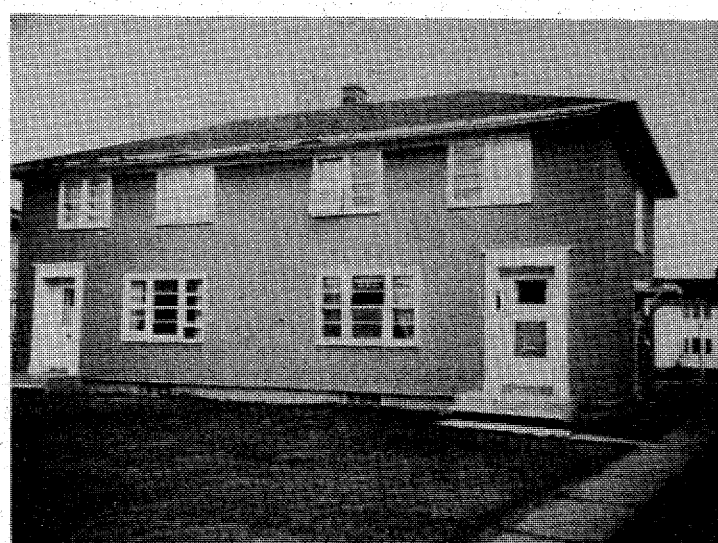
By Rod Boyce

EVER WONDER WHO WAS LIVING IN ALL THOSE HOUSES LOCATED DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM N.A.I.T. (106st.-117 ave.) EVER WONDER WHY THERE WERE TWO OR THREE EMPTY ONES. WELL IF YOU WERE WONDERING ABOUT THEM, I'VE GOT A STORY HERE THAT MIGHT INTEREST YOU, ESPECIALLY IF YOUR MARRIED.

EARLY LAST FALL A MEETING WAS ARRANGED BETWEEN REPRESENTATIVES OF N.A.I.T., THE PROVINCIAL GOVT. AND THE ALBERTA HOUSING CORPORATION (WHO HAPPEN TO OWN THE HOUSES) TO SEE IF AN AGREEMENT COULDN'T BE WORKED OUT TO ALLOW SOME OF THE MARRIED STUDENTS AT N.A.I.T. LOW RENTAL ACCOMODATIONS.

TWO IMPORTANT FACTS TO NOTE ARE THAT MORE THAN 50 PERCENT OF THE STUDENTS WHO ATTEND N.A.I.T. COME FROM COMMUNITIES OUTSIDE EDMONTON. ALSO THE HOUSES ARE ALL 2 AND 3 BEDROOM UNITS.

WITH CERTAIN RESERVATIONS AN AGREEMENT WAS WORKED OUT SO THAT SOME OF THE MARRIED STUDENTS



AT N.A.I.T., COULD HAVE A PLACE TO LIVE WHILE THEY WERE COMPLETING THEIR TWO YEAR PROGRAM. THESE HOUSES PROVIDED LOW RENT AND CLOSE PROXIMITY TO CLASSES. AS A RESULT TEN MARRIED COUPLES WERE GIVEN A PLACE TO LIVE WHILE AT LEAST ONE OF THE FAMILY (HUSBAND AND WIFE) ATTENDED NAIT. SOME OF THE COUPLES EVEN BOUGHT 'FRIDGES AND STOVES THAT WOULD FIT INTO THE OUTLETS PROVIDED BY THEIR "NEW" HOMES AND SETTLED IN FOR THEIR TWO YEAR STAY. A SHORT WHILE AGO EVICTION NOTICES WERE SENT OUT TO TWO OR THREE OF THE FAMILIES TELLING THEM THEY WERE GOING TO BE EVICTED ON OR BY JUNE 1ST., 1977.

APPARENTLY WHAT HAS HAPPENED WAS THAT ONE OF THE UNITS WAS RENTED OUT TO A SINGLE PERSON AND HE BROKE ONE OR TWO CONDITIONS SET OUT IN THE LEASE AGREEMENT BETWEEN N.A.I.T., THE GOVT., AND A.H.C. THE TWO CONDITIONS HE VIOLATED WAS THAT HE WAS A SINGLE PERSON IN UNITS THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO BE

# NUGGET

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The NUGGET is published every Wednesday by concerned students at NAIT. The opinions expressed in this paper are those of the writer, and not necessarily those of the paper. Letters to the editor must be signed although names will be withheld by request.

## EDITORIAL

### The Kind Of Year It Was

Since this is the second last NUGGET for the 1976-1977 college year (thank god?) just write about a few things in general, but nothing in particular about the previous year.

1976-77 got off to a bad start early as the NUGGET was ready to fold after just 3 papers. Fortunately (depends on who's point of view you look at) four young men, Aaron Ratke, Bill Hamilton, James Matas and I stepped in and tried to "save the paper." Were still publishing so I guess we saved it although sometimes I wonder what the hell for.

Anyways the first major function put on by the NAIT Student Council (Shinerama) was a success financially, school wise the relationship between SAIT and NAIT took a real blow. Every year a keg or two of beer is bet as to who can collect the most money from shoe shines. Anyways NAIT won the bet without donations, but SAIT says they won with donations. The bet the way I understood it was without donations, but judging from some of the shoe shines I'd say any price was a donation. After political dickering back and fourth with both sides refusing to pay, the issue went unsolved. Childish arguments actually, but it's the principle that's the thing.

Next on the agenda was Miss Freshette with Marlene Herle the eventual winner out of a class field of five lovelies. She went on to become one of the five finalists for Miss Edmonton Eskimo after she won yet another competition. Even though she was defeated in the finals it was a strong showing and helped to draw NAIT together in their unity.

Student Council struggled on through the year and before it was over two major improvements had been made—a couple of small success cabaret wise. Chinook Day finally come and pubtime was introduced for the first time in NAIT's history. First Garfield, and then Paglearo as far as cabaret successes, despite their small problems. Garfield, for instance, wanted to play only concert music, but before the evening was over they consented. Pagliero, on the other hand started late and finished fairly early. More than one complaint arose because of these incidents. Never the less they were good.

Meeting-wise, other than the fact that three meetings didn't have enough for a quorum (15 or more tech.'s represented), they tell me they didn't do to bad of a job. Well I think three of four of them did an excellent job, but the others sometimes questionable. You've got to consider though that they were all rookies on the job and rookies make mistakes, even editors (don't I know it!)

Queen Week was relatively successful with lots of participation of the tech.'s earlier in the week but in the end Miss Marketing-Rhonda Montgomery was the winner. Telecom had an honest complaint about the chair race but it was to no avail. The worst part about Queen Week had to be the Queen Ball where nearly everyone there had gotten in for free (complimentary tickets). At \$15 a couple though it's a lot of money for college students to shell out for one night's entertainment, although it would have been worth it to see.

The last major thing student council '76-77 were responsible for conducting was the elections for '77-78 student council. Close battles were staged for all positions with everyone running a relatively clean campaign (I said relatively, not spotless.)

With there duties out of the way, except for Rod Osborne (June 1st.) they stepped aside and allowed the new council to take over. It should be noted this years election was held with more vigor and enthusiasm since nearly every position was contested. It's too early to tell yet but they look like they may get some things accomplished. The only bad part about elections was the introduction of new council at the beerfest. Not only did the students of NAIT not know until Saturday night who had won, the candidates themselves had no idea. Not a very classy way to get introduced to politics. 700 partially drunk young adults and a lot of them not even from NAIT!

Well, if you've read this far, you've probably bored of reading. What I am really trying to say about 1976-77 is that it wasn't a great year, but it wasn't a disaster. Student council wasn't fantastic, but they were okay. I wasn't always pleased, but I sure as hell had fun (sometimes).

## 1976 - 1977 Picture Wise



Marlene Herle  
Miss Freshette



Halloween Cabaret  
Contestant



Robert & "Garfield"  
In Conversation



Rhonda Montgomery  
'Miss Marketing'



Dallas Hooke  
Secretary-NAITSA 77-78

## Student Housing

(Continued from Page 1)

FOR MARRIED PEOPLE ONLY AND HE WAS BRINGING OTHER PEOPLE IN TO LIVE WITH HIM.

AS A RESULT AN EVICTION NOTICE WAS GIVEN. THIS UPSET THIS STUDENT AND UNDAUNTEDLY HE TOOK HIS CASE DIRECTLY TO THE HOUSING DEPT. IN THE GOVT. WITHOUT GOING THROUGH THE PROPER CHANNELS. BY BEING RUDE AND UNCOUTH WITH THE HOUSING DEPT. AND WORD EVENTUALLY GOT AROUND TO BILL YURKO, MINISTER OF HOUSING AS TO WHAT WAS HAPPENING. MR YURKO DISMAYED BY THE IDEA THAT ONE OF THE HOUSES BEING SIBLE (HIS EFFORT TO GET TO TALK TO MR. YURKO WITHOUT GOING THROUGH THE PROPER CHANNELS AND HIS BREAKING OF THE LEASE) DECIDED THAT THE HOUSES MUST BE BEING MISUSED. THEREFORE THE CANCELLING OF THE LEASES OF AT LEAST 2 COUPLES WITH MORE CANCELATIONS TO COME IN THE NEAR FUTURE. AS A RESULT MOST OF THE COUPLES LIVING IN THE OLD D.N.D. HOUSES COULD BE EVICTED UNLESS THEY'VE ALREADY GOT CHILDREN.

GOT CHILDREN. THE NEWEST RESTRICTION IMPOSED, SAYS THAT ITS NOT ENOUGH TO BE A N.A.I.T. STUDENT, MARRIED AND BROKE, BUT ITS ALSO NECESSARY THAT YOU HAVE A CHILD OR TWO TO MAKE SURE YOUR MAKING FULL USE OF THE LIVING SPACE IN THE UNITS.

BECAUSE OF THE PROJECTED EVICTION NOTICE, A FORMAL LETTER WAS SENT OUT TO THE HON. MR YURKO STATING THE POSITION OF THE INVOLVED FAMILIES. IT CLEARLY OUTLINES THEIR STAND AND PLEADS THEIR INNOCENCE OF NINE OF THE TEN LEASEES. MR CARTER, PRESIDENT OF N.A.I.T. HAS BEEN NOTIFIED AND HE IS DOING ALL HE CAN TO PREVENT THE EVICTIONS. MR SANDERS, FORMER PRESIDENT OF N.A.I.T., NOW A OFFICIAL IN THE HOUSING DEPT. IS DOING HIS BEST TO TRY AND HELP CLEAR UP THE SITUATION.

IF MR. YURKO DECIDES TO SAY NO, AND KICK OUT THE N.A.I.T. STUDENTS FROM THE HOUSING COMPLEX, AN ELSE FAILS AND MR. YURKO STAYS FIRM ON HIS EVICTION MINISTER OF ADVANCED EDUCATION WHEN HE COMES TO N.A.I.T. IN EARLY MAY TO SEE IF HE CAN'T HELP TO CONVINCE MR YURKO TO CHANGE HIS MIND.

A COUPLE OF SUGGESTIONS HAVE BEEN MADE IF ALL ELSE FAILS AND MR YURKO STAYS FIRM ON HIS EVICTION PLANS. ONE HAS BEEN TO BRING THE CASE TO THE ATTENTION OF THE STUDENTS OWN M.L.A.'S IN THEIR "HOME" CONSTITUENCES, SO THAT HE MAY HELP TO PERSUADE OUR MINISTER OF HOUSING.

ANOTHER SUGGESTION (NOT TO BRIGHT OF ONE) HAS BEEN TO LOCK THE DOORS AND THROW THE KEYS AWAY.

A CAREFULLY SELECTED GROUP OF CONCERNED STUDENTS ARE RIGHT NOW TRYING TO ARRANGE A MEETING WITH MR. YURKO. THEY HOPE TO BE ABLE TO SWAY MR. YURKO'S OPINION IN THEIR FAVOR. HOPEFULLY TO CONVINCE HIM NOT TO PUNISH ALL THE MARRIED COUPLES IN THE HOUSING PROJECT FOR ONE MANS FLIGHT.

INCIDENTLY BEFORE THE HOUSES WERE GIVEN TO N.A.I.T. STUDENTS TO LIVE IN, WELFARE FAMILIES LIVED THERE. AFTER THEY WERE REMOVED FOR DIFFERENT REASONS (THREE OR FOUR OF THE FAMILIES BECAUSE THEY WERE KICKING IN THE WALLS, ETC. THEY WERE FORCED OUT EARLIER) MARRIED NAIT STUDENTS WERE ALLOWED TO MOVE INTO SOME OF THE UNITS. TWO OR THREE OF THE HOUSES WERE SERIOUSLY DAMAGED AND THEREFORE VERY UNRENTABLE. AND IF THE N.A.I.T. STUDENTS ARE REMOVED, THE HOUSES WILL BE GIVEN BACK TO WELFARE FAMILIES.

ONE LAST THING N.A.I.T. IS THE ONLY LARGE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE IN ALBERTA THAT DOESN'T HAVE STUDENT HOUSING. THE OLD D.N.D. HOUSES WERE THE CLOSEST THING, EVEN IF THEY WERE JUST FOR MARRIED FAMILIES.

## CENTRAL UNITED CHURCH

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PHONE 426-1860

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Rev. Cyril Martin

10 A.M. - Adult Bible Class

11 A.M. - Morning Worship

7 P.M. - Senior Young Peoples

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By Appointment Wednesday Noon





## As Far As The Eye Can See

by P. Barry Bourk  
by Edmontonian Rudy Wiebe in  
Collaboration with Theatre Pass  
Muraille

Aha So there IS talent in Edmonton. Mr Wiebe should be proud of this tale as the patriotic Albertan in me is of a group of farmers struggle with Calgary Power, who wants their land for the coal beneath it.

The play mixes the lives of past figures with the lives of those in the present to help develop the social undertones of the plot and to make room for some unique humor.

Those from the past were Chief Crowfoot, actor Gordon Tootosis; Princess Louise, actress Beti Tracuth; and William Aberhart, actor Ted Johns. Through the masterfull acting of these three characters, the audience gets a true history of the development of Alberta (both in the past and the present.) Meanwhile, the characters of the present reveal to us a multiple problems and rewards thrust upon those affected by 'progress' and 'change.'

The characters portraying the modern farming community of Dodds-Round Hill, Alberta who stood out are:

Caroline Kalic, actress Connie Kaldor, who is the granddaughter of a large farm-owner in Dodds-Round Hill. She drops out of college to help her grandfather on his farm and rally against Calgary Power.

Betty Mitchell, Janet Amos. is a local farmers wife who spearheads the farmers movement against Calgary Power's effort for the ship mines and plants.

John Siemens, actor Eric Peterson, is the Head Engineer whose job it is to buy out all the farmer's land. Later into the plot he and Caroline Kalic fall in a touching form of love affair.

Orest Kusnik, actor Dennis Robinson, brings a goodly proportion of comic relief to the play. He plays an owner of a gas bar in the town of Dodds-Round Hill.

All in All, we have a high social-impact play with alot of comic relief and a bit of nudity some more small jokes.

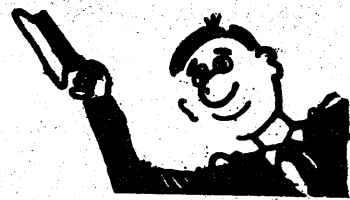
SOMETIMES I FEEL  
by ELLIOT HUNTER

Sometimes I feel even before I could see, my dreamy eyes caught the breeze coming in off the waters. And I'm a million miles high climbing up thru the trees and the peaks were the eagles are bearing their young ones. As I roll on down I can see away to the east and I'm a gladening sign to the sun burnt farmers bent over their all too quiet like fields.

If it could be, I'd cry down my soul, streaming like rain for the fields-sweet, gentle rain for the fields.

Well come on now we're all wantin' to see you; green waving green golden wheat seas.

## Commissionaires Corner



By S.S. Johnston

In response to several inquiries the following procedure should be followed to avoid any embarrassment when either entering or departing the Activities Centre.

Identification--NAIT cards must be carried at all times, this can be the difference of being able to enter or depart the Activities Centre back into the Institute.

Students, Instructors, and Staff should attempt to plan any activities in the Institute areas and ensure they are completed before going to the Activities Centre. Of course the reverse would apply should any sports activities require the use of the Activities Centre before any studies, etc, in the Institute.

Students, Instructors, and Staff should not sign in the register at the MAIN entrance for the sports activities in the Activities Centre. Parking is available and the doors are open in this area to receive anyone for quick entry.

The Commissionaires on duty in the LINK portion Activities Centre have to enforce the control of persons arriving and departing the Activities Centre, this control is necessary as a protective security measure.

Students, Instructors and Staff having reasons to be in the Institute after normal hours should sign in the register and sign out to clear the Institute area before proceeding to the Activities centre. This provides a safety precaution for locating persons in the event of fire, etc.

Another point to remember when in the Institute area-visit your locker and take items including clothing and books with you from the Activities Centre after repeat AFTER you have signed out.

## NAIT NUGGET GRADUATION - 1977

Would you please notify your graduands that they may pick up Graduation invitations for themselves and their guests at the Student Services Office-Room E-134. In addition to picking up invitations other pertinent information to the Graduation Ceremonies will be provided to them.

### ODDS AND ENDS

When a driver of a hearse had a highway accident in Spain the ambulance drivers put the corpse in the ambulance and the unconscious driver in the coffin. Upon closer inspection, the mistake was noticed.

\*\*\*\*\*

A boy was born in Sheffield England with four legs. Operated on last week, he will be able to live a normal life. He is one of only twelve similar recorded cases

\*\*\*\*\*

Cockroaches have been proved even more clever than was formerly believed possible. Experimentors at Michigan State University have discovered that cockroaches learn faster after their heads have been chopped off.

Beheaded cockroaches can live up to a week because they have nerve clusters in other areas of their bodies.

A Russian man has successfully trained a group of beheaded cockroaches to open tiny newspapers, sit on wee chairs and to eat off miniature plates on a cockroach-size table.

TO: ALL Students  
From Yearbook Staff  
SUBJECT: Contributions to the Yearbook

A Yearbook, in essence, brings back memories for the students of their school days.

Because NAIT is such a diversified school it is difficult to include a memorable event for everyone in the institute.

This year we want to give the students a more personal contribution to the 1976-77 Northern Touch. To do this, we would greatly appreciate it if you could contribute something unique to your technology. For example, "infamous people" (or person) in your tech., a common saying in the tech, a common tech joke, a picture of something from your tech, etc., etc.

The yearbook staff wants to make this book more personal and would sincerely appreciate your co-operation.

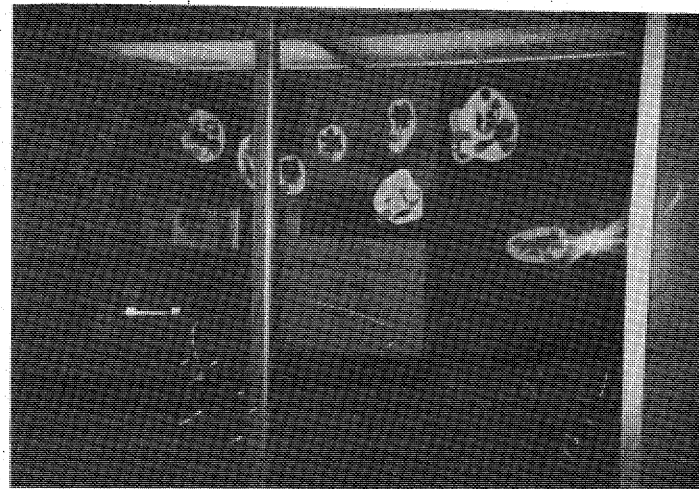
Please drop these off at Student Services no later than May 6,

## SOLO-WISE

Since you cannot refrain from drinking, why not start a saloon in your own home? Be the only customer and you will not have to buy a license.

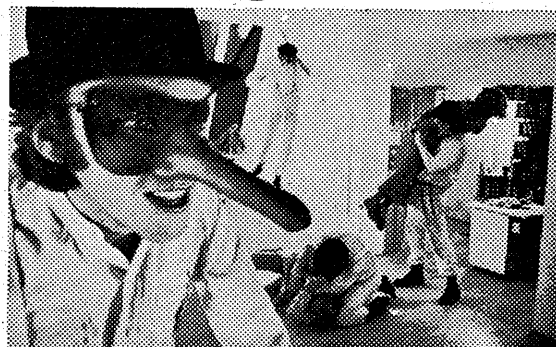
Give your wife \$55.00 to buy a case of whiskey. There are 240 drinks in a case. Buy all your drinks from your wife at 60 cents a drink and in 12 days (when the case is gone) your wife will have \$89.00 to put in the bank and \$55.00 to buy another case. If you live 19 years and continue to buy all of your whiskey from your wife, and then die in your boots, your wife will have \$27,085.47 on deposit . . . . . enough to bring up your children, pay off the mortgage on the house, marry a decent man, and forget she ever knew a bum like you!

**REWARD** for the return of blue leather jacket-lost in Cafeteria Wed April 20th. No questions asked. See John Niddrie, Forestry. Home Phone # 469-4712.



## Little Theatre Presents

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who loved a bit of the old ultra-violence...



went to jail, was brainwashed...and came out cured...or was he?

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# The Combination Has Changed



(reprinted from the Muse)

Your great grandfather had a combination for life: it was a winning combination, and it was based on being "manly."

He learned very early to be a little man, to act and dress like one. He could hardly wait to get into long pants, since this was the visible sign of manhood.

He knew that he was expected to get married, and he knew that he couldn't get married until he could provide. So, his first obligation was to be a good provider. That could take a good number of years.

Until then, there were two kinds of girls. There were "good girls" like his mother, his sisters and their friends. There were "bad girls," who were no better than they ought to be. Manly men did not bother "good" girls. When the time came, manly men looked around for an attractive "good" girl and began courting.

Courting was serious business. There weren't many divorces, divorce was a real scandal. This woman would bear his children, live with him for the rest of her life, and it was important that she be "right." She probably wasn't in a hurry. Once married, she lost her identity completely. She could not have any property of her own. She could not have custody of her children. If she worked, her wages belonged to her husband. Bearing and nursing children would take their toll, and she would probably die long before her husband.

No sooner than ten months after the wedding, no longer than a year or two, your great grandmother was expected to produce a baby. After that they would probably come every year or two. There were lots of miscarriages, and lots of women died in childbirth.

Your great grandfather didn't expect your great grandmother to enjoy sex. After all, she was a "good" woman, and "good" women weren't supposed to enjoy sex. He didn't expect to understand her either. She had a role to fulfill, and that's what was important.

Married men lived the longest and were the happiest. It was a winning combination. The loser was your great grandmother.

A lot of men, and a lot of women have changed the combination.

Even thought the combination has been changed, many of the things we do and learn are based on the old combination.

## YOU CAN'T HATE GIRLS AND LIKE WOMEN

Men are taught to regard women with both disgust and fascination. The teaching starts in grade school or before. They learn that men are capable and strong and that girls are dumb and fragile. They learn that certain things are "men's work" and other things are "women's work". They learn

that it's somehow "unmanly" to do "women's work." Boys must not play with dolls. Boys must not sew. Girls cannot be on the Little League team.

In the fifth or sixth grade the girls see a film on menstruation. All the boys are shut out, and there is a lot of giggling and dirty jokes. If the boys are shut out it must be taboo, right? Why would they shut out the boys otherwise? It goes on through high school, with the "manly things" and "womanly things" strictly segregated.

This kind of education has a purpose, and the purpose is to make boys regard woman and women's bodies and women's work with enough disgust that boys will want to act as "manly" as possible. For girls the purpose is to make them believe that they are slightly disgusting and only fit for staying home and having babies.

Things which are disgusting and taboo become fascinating, just because they are forbidden. Your parents do not want you to be a homosexual, so they begin to focus you on girls sexually. Meanwhile, of course, the girls have been focused on boys since they were two years old. The old combination was that girls had to be focused on men because if they didn't get married and have babies they might as well be dead.

In other words, you are taught that girls are not suitable as friends, that they are slightly disgusting as people, and then you are taught that it's all right to think of them as sexual objects. You learn to hustle girls, or use girls, or be hustled by girls, but you don't learn to like them.

Meanwhile the girls, who don't really like being hustled or used or treated as mother, learn to be suspicious of you.

And the two of you come together in the biggest con game in the world...dating.

## THE DATING GAME

If you don't start dating by the time you're sixteen or so, or at least start talking about it, people are going to worry. They're going to think that you aren't normal or something, or that you have bad breath or a rotten personality or are too shy. They're going to push you.

What do you do? Do you date to get your parents off your neck? Are you interested in sex? Do you ask a girl out or pick up a girl somewhere? Do you like or hate it? Does it bore you?

What about the girl? Was she afraid to say "no"? Remember, girls are still taught to be more passive and polite, and many of them don't know how to say "no". Did she really like you, or was she just tired of staying home?

Did you spend money on the date and resent it afterwards? Did she offer to pay her own way? Did she seem happy? Were you? Did you hustle her? Do you plan to see her again? Will she want to see you?

It's a game. It isn't courting, because you aren't looking for a wife for the next fifty years. It isn't a ball game, because the score may be 0-0. It may not even be fun. You can have more fun with your friends. You could have more fun if she were your friend. What happens is:

-You date her that once, maybe

twice, and then don't do it again because the whole thing was just too phoney and uncomfortable.

-Or, you find out that you like her. She's interested in some of the same things that you are, and it's fun being with her. You tell her that she's different from most girls.

She really isn't. It's just that this particular girl turned out to be someone you could be friends with. If you could have known that in the first place, it would have saved you and a lot of girls a lot of trouble.

But you didn't know, because you didn't have any female friends. The solution is simple. Don't date. Make some female friends, and spend your time with your friends, male and female, but don't date. Why should you go through that courting routine when you aren't courting? Why should you hustle a girl you don't even know or like? Unless, of course, that's what you're really after. It's a good way to get hated.



## THE FEMALE AS FRIEND

In a study done not long ago, a group of people was asked to select from a long list of characteristics the ones which were male and the ones which were female. Then another group was asked to select from the same list the characteristics which were adult and those which were childish. The "female" and "childish" lists were very similar... why? Because the women have been taught that men and society do not like strong, capable women. Such women are called "masculine," "unwomanly," "desexed."

Girls don't want to be "masculine," they just want to be people.

They don't really want to hide their personalities behind a silly baby mask, but the world keeps forcing the mask onto them. Their fathers call them "baby doll." Men on the street call them "baby" and make remarks about their tits. Their schools push them towards home etc. and away from math and science. If they are intelligent, their mothers tell them to hide it. By the time most girls are through high school, their minds and abilities are permanently warped. No girls want to be called "unwomanly" or "desexed," but underneath

there is a lot of resentment toward the people who put the baby mask on them and tied it there.

The part that hurts girls the most is this. Many of them refuse the mask, try to live as they really are. They want male friends because they find men interesting and attractive. But, the men seem to give all their attention to the girls who wear the mask best, the baby dolls with six pounds of eyelashes and silly giggles.

If you're serious about having female friends, judge them the way you judge your male friends.

## WHO DOES WHAT?

It's easy to destroy people and put them down. It's also stupid. It's easy for men and women to destroy each other, but it's stupid. No one gets hurt if each person remembers that the only thing people owe one another is courtesy.

If you do decide to ask a girl out, even if you spend a week's pay on it, she doesn't owe you anything but courtesy. She does not owe you anything but courtesy. She doesn't owe you a kiss or a quick hop into bed or going out with you again. If she's polite and she likes you, she'll issue the next invitation herself if you've indicated that this is O.K. You say, "It was fun. Give me a call if you'd like to get together again." She may send you a note or a little impersonal gift to thank you for your thoughtfulness. At that point that's all you've got coming. If you're already friends, courtesy is less important than honesty. If you're not friends, courtesy lets you find out about each other without hurting anyone.

If she says "no," it doesn't mean that she hates you. It may mean that she cares about someone else, or doesn't want to get involved just now, or that you aren't the type of person she relates to easily. That's her problem, and courtesy demands that you don't hassle her.

Sex is best between friends. Not quickest, just best. Ask anyone who knows.

## BETWEEN FRIENDS

There are only two basic kinds of sex: sex with victims and sex without. Sex with victims is always wrong. Sex without is always right.

Sex with victims leaves someone abused, hurt, demeaned, of damaged, either mentally or physically. The girl at work who is forced into sex on Saturday night and then is talked about on Monday is a victim. The guy who pays all his wife's bills while she runs him down to her friends is a victim. The girl who accepts a ride home from someone she's just met and then gets raped on the way is a victim. The guy who helps a girl out, time after time, while she laughs at him behind his back is a victim. The girl who gets psyched into sex by a guy

who uses every trick in the book is a victim.

Men have a whole mythology which they use when they victimize women. They say things like; "Oh they have to fight a little, but they really love it." "Never believe a woman when she says 'no'." "A girl who will do it with somebody will do it with anybody." "She's lucky I even looked at her."

Sexual athletes don't have lovers or friends, they just have victims. Sexual athletes can be either male or female and what they count up as "scores" their victims count up in hate and resentment.

One way to avoid having victims is, of course, to have sexual relationships only with your friends. If you can't manage that, at least try to observe the ground rules.

1. Never assume: Never assume she can't get pregnant. She may look and act sophisticated. She may have been married and have two children. Don't assume she knows what she's doing at this particular moment.

She may have quit taking the pill three months ago when she broke up with her boyfriend, and she's too high at the moment to remember that.

She may be having a personal crisis right now and not be thinking too clearly.

Don't assume. Ask. Ask before things go beyond the point of no return. If she's young, always ask. If she blushes and mumbles something, don't take that for an answer. If you know her well enough to be getting into bed, you know her well enough to get that little point straightened out.

Don't tell her you've had a vasectomy, or that you're sterile, unless you really are. You may not be gambling with your life, but you are gambling with hers.

2. Be honest about your intentions: If this is a one nighter, and you don't intend to be around, say so. If you're just lonely and down, say so. If this is a girl you've just met and she agrees, you're in the clear provided that she's old enough to have some sense. If you lie to her, or coerce her, she's victim even if nothing happens to her later that may hurt her physically. You don't want to be honest because she may turn you down? Right. She may.

3. Be fair: The girl is a human being, not a plastic doll for your convenience. You may have picked up a dose of something at the party two nights ago, but you're not sure? She can always get a shot of penicillin, can't she? Maybe she can and maybe she can't and maybe by the time she does it will be too late and she will be permanently sterile.

The man or woman who passes on a venereal disease by carelessness or dishonesty is dirty. That's it. There's no other word. It is not like a simple cold; it is not simple to diagnose in many women, and if you're not sure, use a



# It's Best Between Friends

(Continued from Page 4)

condom. If you won't use a condom, masturbate. It's not "unmanly." It's a lot manlier than taking the chance of crippling someone.

## PERFORMANCE

The penis seems to be a wild animal which some men succeed in either taming or domesticating. Men call this process "preformance," which means getting it up and keeping it up reasonably on command. Even young men worry about this, or brag about it, which is the same thing.

Who is performance for? The curtain goes up, the scene is set, the act goes on. Who is the audience? Who sits in the theatre and cries, look, look. He's performing."

A "performance" is staged, scripted, and acted. The feeling is all pretend. A great actor may give a great performance, but it's still only an act. If the actor is sick, or the curtain sticks, or the prompter get the hiccups, the performance doesn't come off. Meanwhile, the audience has been taught to expect a performance.

Just as women have been masked as "baby dolls," men have been masked as "performers." It's men's insistence upon performance which has led women to expect it. Most men teach most girls to believe that all men are insatiable sexual performers, all the time. Then, when the performance doesn't come off, the girl believes that it is her fault, that she isn't attractive, that she isn't womanly. She starts to hate herself, and she takes it out on the man in her life, which makes him feel worse, and the whole thing is miserable.

With friends no faking is necessary, no performance is necessary. People do what they feel like doing, when they feel like doing it. They don't force themselves. They know that there are a lot of ways of satisfying one another and that what is important are the feelings, not the ritual.

Of course, we have to admit that there are some sexual sickies around who simply can't have friends. There are men who can only feel sexual if they are hurting someone or dominating someone. Rapists are like this, men with inadequate personalities who

substitute a knife or a gun for the maleness they don't have and then lie about it to themselves. There are female rapists, too, women who substitute predatory sexuality for personality and then try to convince themselves they are irresistible. Sexual sickies grow up in homes in which sex is a taboo. The best protection against growing up to be a sickie is to talk about sex (not brag, talk) to both males and females until the horrid fascination is gone and the healthy interest remains.

## ROLE PLAYING

A lot of the traditional Male-Female stuff is tied into small actions and courtesies which men are supposed to perform for women. Men are traditionally supposed to walk on the outside, open doors, help women in and out of cars. Most of it had a purpose, once.

A man walked on the outside to stand between a woman and the muck thrown up by the horses in the street. His cloths were easier to clean than hers. A man opened carriage doors and gave a woman his hand because she had on thirty yards of petticoats and skirts, on handfull of purse and fan, the other holding her shawl.

A man opened doors for a woman because she needed both hands to get her skirts through. Did you ever wonder why doors in old houses are wider than doors in noe ones?

### -Traditional role:

She never calls you. You call her. You make all plans and invite her. She accepts.

You pay. When you can't pay, you don't go.

You always call for her at her home and take her back to her home.

You do not involve her sexually unless you are engaged to be married.

She does not plan any career which may not fit in with your future.

She does not commit her time to other people or activities. And so forth.

### -Contemporary role:

You call one another when you have something to say or share.

You make plans together, or go places separately.

You both pay, or either one, or decide on things that don't take money.

You meet wherever is most convenient for both of you.

You decide together on your sexual relationship.

You each plan for the future individually.

You each do things and see people you like. You feel that you are more interested and interesting this way. and so forth.

If the two of you decide to play a traditional role for an evening, with long skirts for her, perfume, jewelry, and getting her hair done, great. Play it to the hilt. Open the doors, offer your arm, get the fun out of it. If you never play those roles, fine.

Remember that most of the traditional courtesies offered to women are the same courtesies provided to the elderly and infirm. Most of them are based on the assumption that women are fragile and in need of protection. Under some circumstances this assumption may be true for every on. True courtesy consists of moving to meet people's real needs, not the phoney ones. If someone is struggling to get through a door on crutches, you don't worry if it's a man or a woman, you just help.

## DREADFUL DON'TS

-Don't pull the trigger unless you're ready for the bang. Sex is emotionally loaded. Only kids, drunks, and sickies play Russian Roulette with it.

Inside each person there are at least four people. There is the child that plays and giggles and cries and wants to be cuddled. There is the thinking, planning person. There is the sexual part, the part that lists and rampages. There is the male or female part that carries all kinds of deep instincts, role models, strange

expectations, and guilts. Sex can be the trigger that fires these parts of people into conflict with one another.

A perfectly rational, nice, freindly woman has sex and then, for no apparent reason, begins to cry. A perfectly pleasant, considerate guy has sex and comes all over violence/nasty. A woman who needs a baby like she needs a hole in her head starts talking about getting pregnant.

So you and she have agreed that you don't want marriage, that you don't want children, that all that must come later and maybe not with each other. Then, suddenly, she starts in on the relationship, wanting to get married, wanting children. You begin to feel hostile, there's an argument, you both feel miserable, you decide women aren't worth it.

The male-female part of people is in constant tension, like a spring wound tight. Sex may release that tension, letting all the feelings, wants, hopes, fears and frustrations out at once. Let it go by. Take thirty deep breaths. Kiss her and tell her you'll talk

about it later with a table between you.

-Don't lie to yourself. Decide honestly what you want from your relationships with women. Do you want a convenient warm body? Buy one. That's right. There are women who have chosen that business, buy one. Don't ever brag to your friends, I've never had to pay for it," when you've lied' threatened, coerced your way through sex. You've paid for it. You just don't know it.

Do you want a virgin to marry? Buy one. There are girls in that business, too. Marriage is the price that you'll pay, and you'll get the virgin. Very temporarily.

Do you want a woman to abuse and dominate in order to make you feel like a "man."? Buy one. Buy yourself a full size plastic model, and when you've broken

that, admit you're a sickie and buy a psychiatrist. Watch for the symptoms: You get furiously angry when a women says "no." You are tempted to use force, or do use force on women. You consider the sexual act to be a score. You think that if a girl gets raped, "She probably asked for it."

Do you want a housekeeper-cook-laundress? Buy one. A good housekeeper is darned expensive, but they can be had.

Do you want a lean, elegant model type to make everyone stare, a woman that makes you say, "Hey world, look what I've got?" Buy one. The price may be high, or you may be able to swing it for the price of a good dinner.

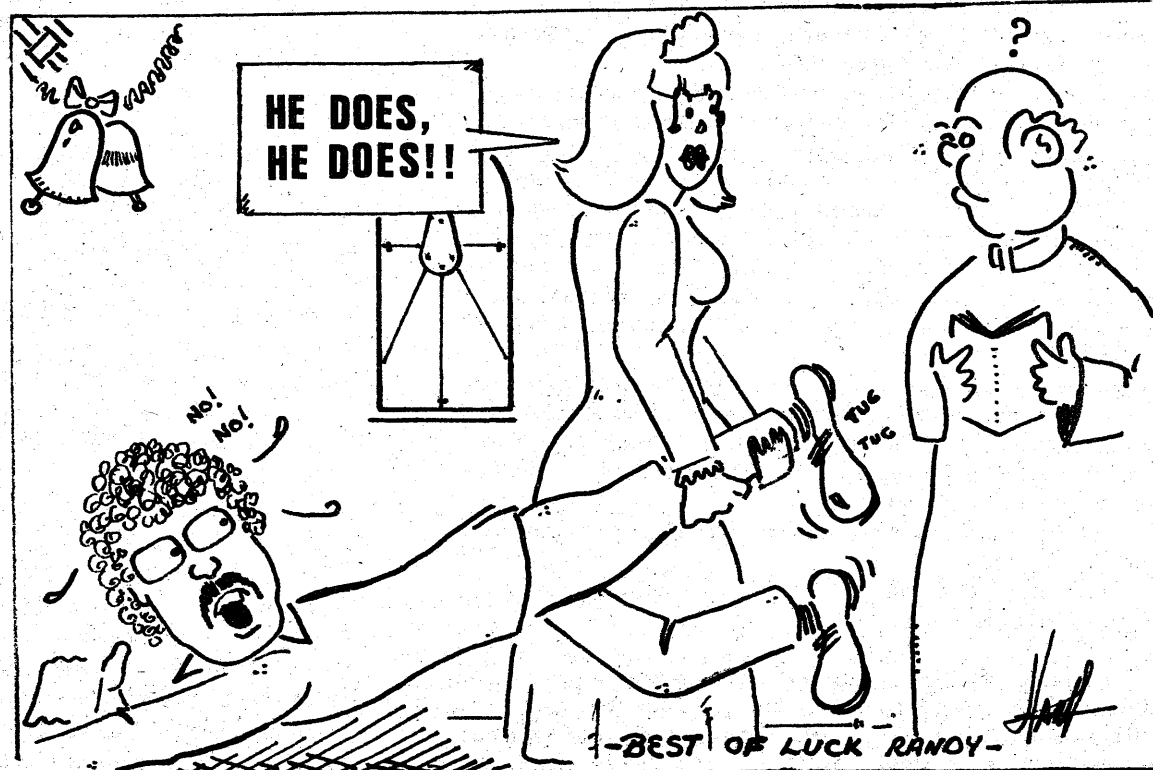
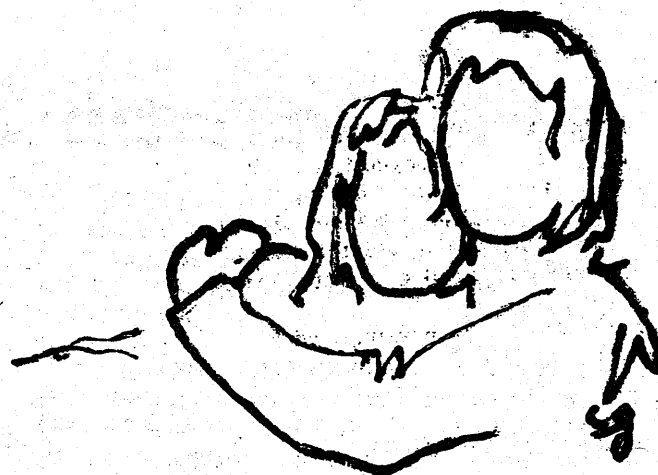
Do you war a friend to share things with, to care about you, to have a sexual relationship with that's more than performance? They aren't for sale. They can't be possessed, or forced, or abused into friendship. They can't be bought.

## -THE RIGHT COMBINATION

The right combination of you and a woman is you the way you want to be, no lies and no performance, and a woman the way she wants to be, no mask and no pretences. You will be happy with her and away from her; she will be happy with you and away from you. It will not depend upon the size of her breasts or the size of your penis, upon her eyelashes or your reputation as a mighty hunter. It will depend upon the persons involved who are friends of one another.

The right combination always starts with friendship. It can't be more than that until it has been at least that.

Exerpted from Rocky Mountain Planned Parenthood Pamphlet. More information at Planned Parenthood of Nfld./Lab 114 Empire Ave. 753-7333.



## Driver, Navigator No. 1, Navigator No. 2 & The Telecom Car-Pub Rally

The following notes you are about to read, are a written play by play of the Nugget Bombers latest car rally. Since it was a car pub rally the notes have been written in various stages of drunkenness. The three participants are Driver-Rod Boyce; Navigator # 1-Aaron Ratke; navigator # 2-Robert (Snake) Young.

Navigator # 2: H'mm, this traffic is a bitch. As I don't know the whereabouts of our destination I can't say anything about quicker routes. Aaron hit it right on, checkpoint # 1. 2 up-2 down. Well, 2 minutes for 2 beer eh? I had visions of slightly longer, more casual periods where there could be some conversing with the other competitors. We were one of the last cars and there might be some bunching up further on. The old stomach is saying fizz, gurgle belch and we have yet to reach the Bruin Inn. This bode's ill for my "guttivuts." Alongside the Sturgeon River in St. Albert sits the Bruin Inn. There we too sit, only briefly though, for round 2.

Navigator # 1: man likely is not meant to drink this early in the day, and if he was it wouldn't be at the rate of 1 draught per minute.

Driver: After the Rosslyn the passengers are excited but still quite sober after going 2 on 2. The Bruin Inn made it 4 apiece, and there are now some minor grumbings from the crew-they are not too sure how many two on twos they can handle. Robert is burping more frequently now. The driver is starting to get into the swing of things as well.

# 1: Robert is now starting to talk about using different grade of oil for coating backroads, they must be getting to him.

Mayfield Inn: Wish they wouldn't hide the cans so well, certain pressing issues are making themselves felt.

Driver: Our shakey representative is starting to complain slightly about the rate at which he has to guzzle. He really can't understand it though, because he did so well in practise last night.

# 2: Destination Bonaventure. Pity, we just passed it a few minutes back. I was figuring our next bar would be the Yellowhead. Well maybe next time. I recall the Bonaventure being the place where I was first exposed to the curious mixture of beer and tomato juice, many years ago.

Driver: Navigational abilities becoming very questionable. Now where did they put the Sands? I think I was there for lunch a few times.

# 2: Gravity seems to be playing a fairly important role right about now, namely keeping me from floating away. I fear that at this rate I might at least partially refute NEWTON, (my version could well be what goes down must come up.)

#1: At the Sands now, they have so far gone through 170 draught and still have some as yet unclaimed. The taste seems to be improving.

Robert has about had it-game for driving down a dead end road to get to the next bar.

Driver: Arguments between the driver and the navigational crew seem to be coming with increasing regularity. Robert's complaints are slowing down-but he is game to stop at a vendors for something to carry us on, (or should that be away?)

# 1 & #2: Enroute to the Commercial, Rod has just revealed to us that at the Sands parking lot, while we were inside, a young lady had asked for a ride to a destination downtown. We were going to the southside though. He turned her down though, without consulting us first and VERY MUCH TO OUR DISMAY, as she didn't look to bad when we saw her sitting on the curb outside the Sands.

Driver: Now I know my navigators are getting drunk. I mean I've been with worse, but I try to keep them few and far between. At the Commercial now. They only have to drink one drink the rest of the way now. Other than my navigators moving slightly slower and laughing and joking a bit more there doesn't seem to be too much physical change.

# 1: I've have finally found a job where our old NAITSA President is suited to his work-slewing draught to a bunch of drunks!

At the Highway Inn-Grant Cook and Sharon Megley-the most friendly and cooperative pair of "barkeeps," yet a truly nice pair of people.

Driver: Our chances of surviving the course are getting better-were only down to 3 bars. The whole crew seems to be doing well. Robert, navigator #2, is wasting his breath giving me directions now, since we are in my home stomping grounds.

Saxony: I do believe that we are now at the point where 1 or 2 more beer will not affect either one of my beer guzzling navigators. .

..... AM BECOMING POSSESSED OF A TERRIBLE THIRST! . . .

# 2: No comments seem to get made about the Nu West, scarcely surprising, don't seem to be able to remember too much about it.

At the K-wing: One wouldn't think that after 15 draught too many people would have much of a thirst left, still there were all those unfulfilled drivers. I vaguely remember drinking half of a sixteenth glass and hearing stories of "pedestrian" mishaps in the parking lot.

After driving part of a bucket of balls at the driving range, (none of which I was able to see very far,) it was home to bed for the rest of the afternoon. Thanks a whole fucking bunch to the asshole who smashed into the back of my beat up old Volvo in the lot behind the Activities centre Saturday afternoon.

Driver: Ah, the K-Wing at last. I think maybe I'll just go inside for a sip or two or three or . . .

# 1: Hey Cookie, now that we've finished the practise run, when does the race begin.

The shortest time the course was run in was 2 hours and 18 minutes. The Bombers time was 3 hours and 11 minutes.

The record high for penalty points in one leg is 29 by the last place finishers (still good for a "Mickey.")



Come On, Let's Get Going



I'm Never Going To Drink Again

following is the list of the way the teams finished in the rally :

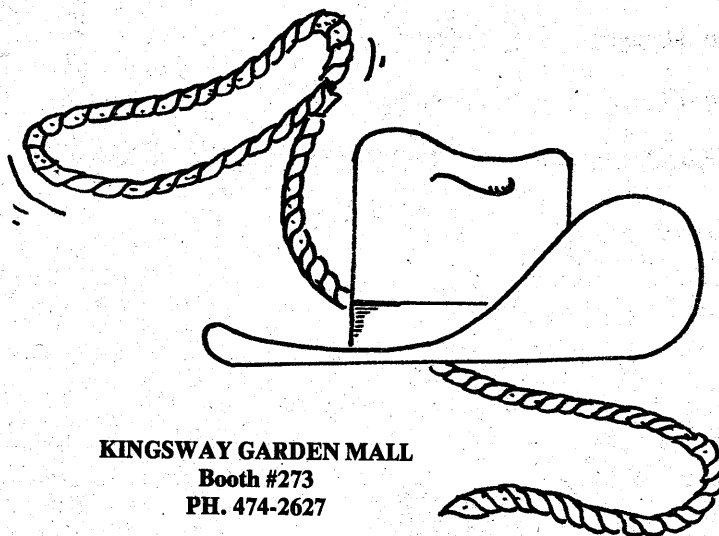
1. -30 Ron Theaker & 2.
2. -31 Bill Gold & 2.
3. -32 Don Petterson & 2.
4. -32 Dave Dandevaare & 2.
5. -32 Bill Jackson & 2.
6. -33. Bart Loojcan & 2.
7. -34 Cliff Cwihun & 2
8. -35 Jim Palmer & 5.
9. -36 Mark Urban & 2.
10. -37 Bob Barley & 2.
11. -38 Willy Gelden & 3.
12. -39 Dale Short & 3.
13. -39 Bill Hart & 2.
14. -42 George Van Cleemput &
15. -48 Ken Erwein & 2.
16. -50 Dale Stave & 2.
17. Rose Thomas & 3.
18. -50 Aaron Laverty & 2.
19. -63 Wayne Strach & 3.
20. -67 Susan Sawyers & 2.
21. -77 NUGGET BOMBER & 2.
22. -96 Leñ Stec & 2.

The negative number you see beside your name is the amount if time you were off the projected time it was supposed to take you. The and 2 or 3 was the amount of navigators or drinkers each team had drinking at each bar.



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#### 'Diary of a Countryman'



#### THE HIGH PLAINS DRIFT HEN

Hoot and I got out early today, and we were waiting in the heat on Princess Elizabeth sidewalk for a quick bus home. Hoot was so thirsty his hind leg was shaking. Fortunately we had some beer at home, because the Kingsway was outside our ambit of combined finances. Half of Nait was lying around behind us, on any patch of grass they could find. It must have been 150 degrees out there.

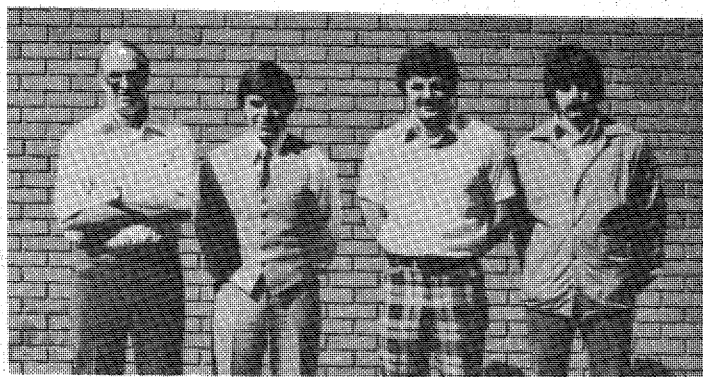
Thru the heat waves, a couple of miniature old ladies approached, all shopping bagged and speckled, and grey haired. Wouldn't you know it. One had to be yipping about all those lolly gags wasting the tax-payer's money by lying around on the grass when they should be in school learning something. Just being able to go to school would be all the fun she'd need. Hoot swallowed his big thirsty tongue and asked her if she'd like to come and take buseness-it's a hell of a good time.

It must have been the heat-heat makes everybody go nuts. She up and hit Hoot across the head with her shopping bag for being so smart ass with her. The students on the grass were all looking our way; mouths hanging open all over the place. The other old gal gave me a jab with her cane and told me to get back into school. I had no business being on the sidewalk at this time of day. My open mouth was a sign that I was a real bone-head, which infuriated her all the more.

The next thing I knew we were being chased across the grass, over and around the students who were just crying it was so funny.

The two old gals had Hoot and I vastly outnumbered, but thankfully somebody with a frisbee came to our rescue. A nice, solid shot it was too, right in the large size ass. A nice, solid shot it was too, right in the large ass of the fastest of the two ladies. Then the air turned thick with frisbees and footballs. Those of you who saved Hoot and I today we thank you.

The old birds departed back into the heat waves as fast as they had came. But Hoot and I learned our lesson today. We're well armed now, and we'll frisbee anybody who says we should be in school now.



Pictured from left to right they are: Art (The Con) Hooks; Gary (Geritol) Meadus; Al (Mr Steady) Symington; & Jules (Sharpshooter) Together they formed the "Geritol" Gang.

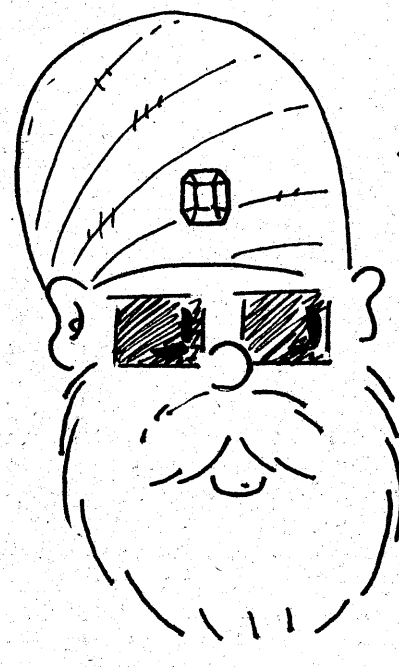
They defeated Lynn Clark in the A event final.

The second event winner was Bill McCallonrink, they defeated Lynn Biesal. The third event winner was Bob Strashok, they defeated Lorne Hastyn.

## WANTED: YEARBOOK EDITOR

For 77 - 78 Term

For more information contact  
Greg McGinley in Room E 133



Omars

Predictions

Well who said I was perfect! I picked two out of four didn't I? I broke even with my bookie, just about. Well I sort of thought I could pick in right without consulting my lamp. This time I've got my friend Aros to rub the lamp for me so I am bound to be right.

Semi Finals  
Montreal  
New York Islanders  
Montreal in 5 games

Islanders are a bit tougher defensively than the Blue's but their still a little young for the taste of champagne from the cup.

Philadelphia  
Boston

Philadelphia got Reggie Leach scoring in the quarter finals and though Boston is going to be tough, the Leach is tougher.

Since the NUGGET is only printing once every two weeks, I'd better predict the finals too.

Montreal  
Philadelphia  
Montreal in 5

I don't remember the Flyers winning a game against Montreal this year! The Leach could pot them one in the finals though. It won't be a soft-checking final though. Philadelphia's goons should be just getting warmed up.

# "Intramural Showdown 77"

SAIT HOSTED THIS YEARS INTRAMURAL SHOWDOWN BETWEEN NAIT AND SAIT. THEY DID A SPLENDID JOB AND SHOULD BE CONGRATULATED. THE FINAL OUTCOME WAS THREE WINS FOR NAIT AND FOUR WINS FOR SAIT. AFTER THE DAYS ACTIVITIES SAIT HAD A WINE, PIZZA, AND BEER PARTY FOR ALL THE PARTICIPANTS. THE GIRLS FROM MEDICAL LABORATORY WON THE WOMENS BASKETBALL BY QUITE A LARGE MARGIN. SURVEY SWEEP SAIT OFF THE BASKETBALL COURT AND INSTRUMENTATION CAME THROUGH WITH A SQUEAKY DECISION OVER SAIT WINNING SIX TO FIVE. THE CONTEST GAVE OUR STUDENTS A CHANCE TO MEET OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS. THIS WILL CONTINUE NEXT YEAR WITH NAIT PLAYING HOST. I WOULD LIKE TO THANK THE PARTICIPANTS IN THIS YEARS CONTEST.



Med Lab I-M Basketball Champs



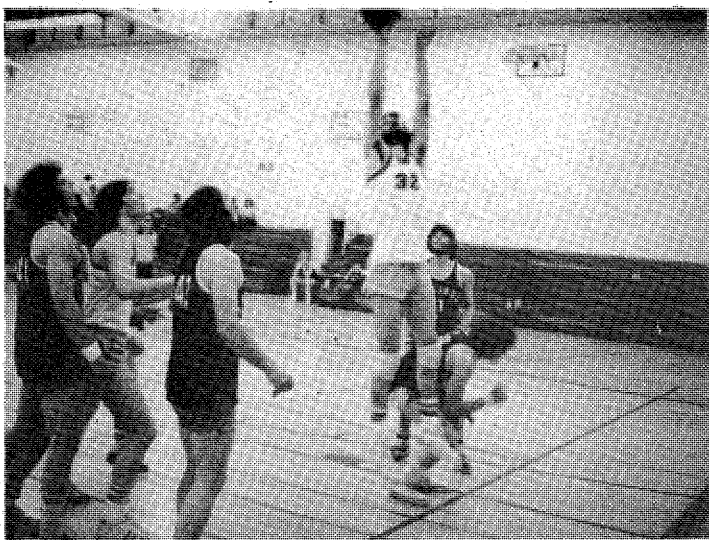
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I'm Not Getting In His Way



Survey I-M Basketball Champs



He Shoots, He Stops



I'll Drink To That