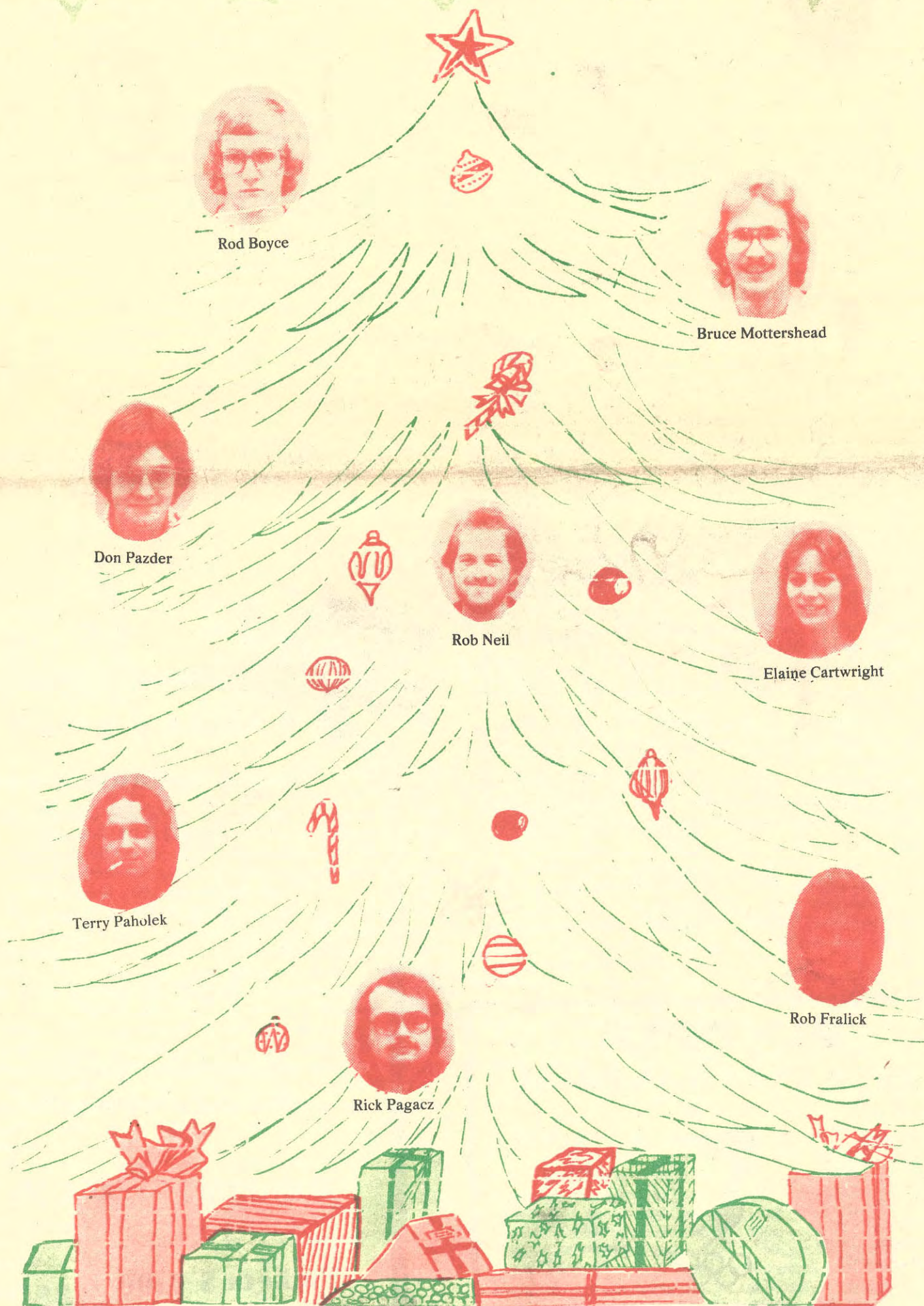


NAIT NUGGET

Thursday, December 22, 1977

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Edmonton, Alberta



NAIT NUGGET

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ENTERTAINMENT

Rob Fralick
Terry Paholek

FREELANCE
Frank Glutton
Monica Richter

SPORTS

Rob Neil

ADVERTISING

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TYPESETTING

Bruce Mottershead

LAYOUT

Elaine Cartwright
Gail Martin
Don Pazder

PHOTOGRAPHY

Dale Henderson

GRAPHICS

Kevin Pack



EDITOR'S CHOICE

BRING BACK CHRISTMAS

Too much sadness floating around and its supposed to be the Christmas season. Thats really too bad. What ever happened to the good old days when Christmas used to really mean something. Not the fabricated commercial ripoff it seems to have now turned into. I walked into the mall the other day and was very disappointed in what I was seeing. Oh, Santa Claus was still there and the malls intercom system was piping out music and people were all pretending they were in the Christmas spirit, but deep down inside you could here them muttering under there breath about the high prices, the poor quality, and just in general the corruption of Christmas.

What ever happened to the time when people used to go out add buy real trees and then have the whole family decorate one Sunday afternoon early in the month of December. What happened to the times when competitions used to be held to see who had the best decorated house in the community. What ever happened to the massive Christmas parties. What ever happened to family reunions Christmas day. Whatever happened.

Its rare nowadays when families get together and celebrate the "real Christmas." Remember the days of stuffed turkey and all the other goodies.

I know its a little bit late to be mentioning it, but why don't you do a little bit extra and try and make this Christmas a little bit more like it used to be.

Its a progressive world that we live in, but I personally don't agree with the theory that says that anything thats old is antiquated. Sometimes we need some of the old just to keep us in touch with life.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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LICENSED

TWAS THE NIGHT

'Twas the night before New Year's and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, excepting a souse
Who was down in the cellar, making home brew,
And, take it from, he had had quite a few.

Up over his head on a cobwebby shelf
From raisins, potatoes, pineapples and wheat;
Fraom recipes gathered from friends on the street.
He said to himself: "Tho' I know I've had ample,
There's still one remaining I really must sample.
I don't know what's in it. The label is missing.
It must be okay now, for it has stopped hissing."
So, pulling the cork with an audible pop,
He refilled his glass and he drank the last drop,
A few minutes later some bells began pealing,
The walls were revolving, and so was the ceiling.
The floor that he stood on appeared overhead
And made him desire to fall into bed.
No bed being handy, he looked at the coal,
And snuggled down into it, body and soul.
The next thing he saw was an elephant pink,
It big trunk exploring for something to drink
It pulled down the bottles, extracted the stoppers,
And out came some green snakes, some small and some whoppers.
Upstairs in the kitchen, his wife washing dishes,
Alarmed at his absence, became quite suspicious.
She went down the stairs midst the fragrant aroma,
And promptly she found her old man in a coma.
With coal in his ears and more coal in his hair
And in both of his eyes a malevolent stare.
With great deal of trouble she got him to bed;
Next morning he woke with a magnified head.
With eyes that were bloodshot and nerves all on edge,
His only desire was signing the pledge.
He held up his hand, saying: "Never again!"
I'll get back on the wagon and there I'll remain.
Here's hoping I'll lead an exemplary life.
Here's hoping I'll always be good to the wife.
Here's hoping next year I'll be in a position
To buy all I want from the Liquor Commission."



NAITSA Presents Santa's Anonamous Cabaret

featuring

BUCKEYE

Thursday in the
main cafereteria

8:00 P.M. -- 1:00 A.M.

Tickets \$ 3:00 / person

ENTERTAINMENT

ANGEL HAIR

"Disco Haze"

Not bad. Not bad at all.

I've been told that if you have the recipe and all the necessary ingredients, then most of the time the reflection that you are brewing will be magnificent.

However, more often than not, most of the ingredients are there, but rarely the recipe.

This was not the case last Friday night. It was on this occasion that the Business Society students of this Institute dug deep into their brain cells and managed to find the elusive recipe. The recipe concocted with the ingredients resulted in an excellent cabaret.

The B.S. function last Friday was better than most barnstormers for a variety of reasons.

By using various marketing strategies the B.S. people discovered that by having symmetry between the numbers that the dance floor filled much more easily.

The added touch of class by asking everybody to decorate their bodes, and that brought respectability.

Merriment at the door didn't do any harm either.

Even "Buckeye" didn't sound that bad.

However "Buckeye" showed their true professionalism at one point of the evening by commenting on the comments of one of the NUGGETS' writers.

The way I understood their babblings I take it they weren't thrilled at being called the over the hill gang. How the truth hurts. Other than this minor-league rebuttal, the rest of the evening seemed to go pretty well. Drinks were plentiful and fairly inexpensive. Even the "cities finest" didn't seem to be upsetting too many peoples evenings.

As a result everybody had a good time, if not a long time and that's what it's all about.



CÔÔKIN

by

TERRY PAHOLEK

Did you get a whiff of the great outdoors? This is the time that you can release that big one you've had clamped firmly between your buttocks, and get away with it. It'll probably be next week before they fix that oil well so eat lots of hot beans and drink lots of beer and have gas. No one will notice. Sorry about the brevity of last weeks column. No I didn't run out of things to say, Bruce just forgot to turn the paper over and type the last page.

I heard that the instructors of our fine educational system are being hassled as to the length of time our students spend in class. Someone up top says that they don't teach enough hours so instead of being effective but quick in teaching their lessons as they have been in the past they will now be just as effective excepting that they will be cold and relentless as to enforcing the new rule that says that a 55 minute class will be taught for 55 minutes. I heard that the sovereigns of education even sent spies to lurk in the hallways and sneak up on lighted classrooms around the end of the period to make sure that the instructors were ceremoniously carrying out their prescribed duties of passing along the daily parables exactly up until the correct time which is 10 minutes after the hour.

After and only after that time can the students collect their scripts and proceed to the next class. I always figured that our instructors did a fine job doing it just the way they were doing it. Besides it feels like grade 7 again. Maybe they figure that by giving the students too much time they will get too much homework done or something.



reprinted from the Ubyssy
By Gloria McShane

Christmas Eve is always a special time and no one felt that more than Georgia. Every Christmas Eve for the last five years she had rescued a lost and lonely stranger from the streets and spent the whole day with him, bearing gifts, champagne and all the sugar-coated love he could desire. It was a ritual, a ceremony, the most magical time of the year.

It was also the only time that she could briefly forget her convulsive hatred and fear of men, unchanged since that night ten years ago.

Two of her father's golf buddies had stopped by the high school that night to drive her home for the drama club's dress rehearsal. But first they had taken her to an abandoned farmhouse outside town where they both had raped her. Georgia told her father but his friends called her a liar. Her father believed them and he called her "a hot little tramp with a filthy mind". Georgia had never been able to care for any man since.

She was twenty-five now, and she had a late-model car, a closet full of fashionable clothes and a highrise apartment with a view of English Bay. For three years now she had been the manager of the graveyard shift at the downtown branch of the Good Morning Pancake House chain; She liked the isolation of an all-night job. And she never wanted a man to so much as touch her. Except on Christmas Eve.

At seven o'clock on the morning of Christmas Eve Georgia handed the restaurant over to the day manager. Before she left the place, though, she took a little extra time to carefully adjust the angle of her emerald green fedora, apply extra mascara, and decandent as it was at dawn, a splash of "Midnight Lady" cologne. Not that she needed to worry. Georgia was tall, slim and elegant, her thick dark hair coaxed into a smooth velvety. Even when the men that she so constantly rejected called her a "beautiful icy bitch," the accent was on beautiful. Yet Georgia usually didn't enhance or even value her looks at all. Who needed beauty if it only made you a likely victim?

She could never stop wondering if the men would have acted the same way that night had she only been plain, pudgy and charmless.

Christmas carols oozed out of the canned music system as Georgia walked past the long row

of booths to the door of the restaurant, ready to brave the icy street. Martino, the handsome night cook, sat in a booth near the front. He was sipping tea and fingering his little black mustache. When she smiled at him he winked.

"Merry Christmas, Miss Graham. You'll have the boyfriend in the new year, promise?"

"Promise it's me?"

Georgia laughed absently and let the door swing shut behind her. Martino was young recently arrived from Europe and terribly lonely. But she really needed a stranger. Last year she had found Oliver, a mournful mid-thirties alcoholic near the emergency social services in Gastown. His wife had finally left him and he was looking for help. Georgia had introduced him to her innovative therapy, and really, he had been quite a pleasant conversationalist, with an interest in opera.

She unlocked her car door and slipped in behind the wheel, starting the engine. Then she threw it in first, squaring her shoulders and raising her chin. The old tingling sensation rushed through her once again -- the thrill of cruising.

She headed down into Gastown just as the light from the old street lamps faded, leaving only the dullness of the grey morning light. The windows of the import shops and the bars were dark and there was nothing and none around. The first sign of life that Georgia saw was a little variety store, its door open, on the shabby fringes of the chic neighbourhood. A teenage boy lounged on the steps outside, eyes closed, a bag of potato chips in his hand.

Although the air was sharp and cold he wore only a pale blue sweater, jeans and tennis shoes and he was very thin. Georgia circled around the block and cruised by again, slowing down. He suddenly raised his head and she noticed that his hair was pale blonde and almost too fluffy, framing his delicate features like a halo.

She stopped the car and hurried over to him. He watched her passively and his eyes looked tired and sad in his young face.

"Hi!", she said brightly. "Do you want eggs benedict or croissants for breakfast? Or what about both?"

He just stared at her. Georgia saw traces of tears on his cheeks. She knelt on the steps beside him.

"You're cold and pretty hungry aren't you?"

He shrugged. "Nah, not

Angel Hair

really. I had two bags of chips this morning."

"What's your name?", she asked him gently.

"Gerry. Till I can think up a good stage name." He threw his head back proudly. "I'm a singer. I'm a professional singer. Just between jobs right now."

Georgia resisted the powerful urge to take him in her arms.

"I've never met a professional singer," she told him, without adding "starving on the street." She jumped up again. "Come on, let's go. We'll have eggs benedict and croissants. And anything else your heart desires."

"Raspberry jam?" he asked. Georgia winced. Well, he was just a kid.

"Sure," she replied. "Raspberry jam."

"I haven't had raspberry jam since I left home," he explained. "My mum makes jars and jars of it."

They both got into the car and Georgia drove back to the city centre. They had breakfast in one of the shiny new hotels, seated beside an endless window terrace above the street. Georgia was too excited and nervous to have anything but coffee, but Gerry ate constantly, frequently talking with his mouth full. He had eggs benedict and croissant with raspberry jam, and he went through two little silver pots of the jam. He had smoked salmon and honeydew melon filled with sugar-frosted grapes. He even had a good-sized wedge of black forest cake, although the astonished waiter had to phone all over the hotel to locate some at such an early hour.

He scraped smoked salmon off his plate. "This sure beats hell out of porridge and chips", he commented. "That's all I've had for days. Hey why are you doing this, anyway, did you win the lottery? I mean -- you don't even know me."

Georgia smiled and placed her hand on his. "It's Christmas, isn't it? A time for love." She traced designs on his palm and he laughed in confusion.

"You know, I coulda been a diesel mechanic if I'd stayed home, they accepted me for a training course. But I want more than that, I'm going straight up, the top or nothing! Just like Rod Stewart, that's what I want to be."

Gerry's blue eyes burned like a gospel preacher's and he jabbed the table with his index finger as he spoke. He was seventeen-and-a-half, he informed her and he'd left home, a little town on the CPR line near Thunder Bay, ten months before. After the group that he fronted won first prize in a local battle-of-the-bands contest he had boarded a Greyhound for Vancouver, planning to make a stopover there before taking Los Angeles by storm. He had folded for lack of playing dates, so he was writing songs during the layoff, trying to come up with a hit.

"I've gotta have a hit song by next Christmas," he told Georgia breathlessly. "See, all you have to do is write one, one song, that's all! I can't lose! I've written over a hundred songs already, just keep it going and soon or later one of them breaks through!"

Georgia paid the cheque and they walked out to the elevator. A tall Christmas tree a blaze with light and frosted with silver tinsel, stood in the middle of the hall and Gerry stopped a moment to admire it. Then he grinned at Georgia.

"When I'm a star I'm gonna have one of those trees in every room of my house. And I'll have a private recording studio and a plane for skydiving and a sweet beautiful lady, all mine."

Georgia slipped her arm through his. "Can I audition for the part?" she asked.

He laughed and touched her hair. "Only if you'll love me anywhere, anytime."

"Today I can. I finished work this morning."

He shook his head. "You're crazy. But real nice. Here." He kissed her and his lips were soft and cushiony. "That's to say thanks for breakfast. If you wanta be real nice, they why don't you rent us one of those fancy bedrooms upstairs?"

"My name's Georgia and I've already rented one."

His jaw dropped. "You rented me one of those big places with a colour TV and free postcards?"

"I did."

Gerry wrapped his arms around her. "Well, babe," he said, "let's try you out." The words were rough but his hug was cuddly and warm.

They entered the elevator and Georgia pressed the up button with one slim coral-polished finger. The doors opened at the twentieth floor and Georgia led him down the hall by memory. She had always rented the same room. When she opened the door she pulled a cord almost simultaneously and the drapes parted, revealing a panoramic view of the harbour and the mountain. Gerry just stood in the middle of the room, silent, breathing in the newborn mixture of freshly-cleaned shag carpet, pine-scented room spray and crisp new notepaper. Georgia had brought some supplies to the hotel the day before and now she turned on the portable cassette player. "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" poured forth, rich and resonant music with strings, brass and a full chorale.

"Why don't we lie down?" Gerry suggested and his tone was elaborately nonchalant.

Georgia lay down. He was so young and suddenly so serious. She knew that he was trying to disguise a trembling of the hands when he began to unfasten her shiny green shirt. She almost despised herself for what she was going to do. But the script for the ritual had been set five years ago.

There was no possibility of

revision.

"I've got to have you," she heard herself saying. "I wanted you from the minute I saw you."

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen. Joy to the World. Silent Night. the carols played majestically on, and his feathery golden angel-curl brushed against her face, her shoulders, her hipbones. Georgia guessed that his experience had been slight, but naivete only served to double his will to please, his desire for discovery. Christmas traditions have their limits--Gerry knew this instinctively. He didn't treat her wrists and the soles of her feet as mere landscape on the way to the main highlights. He had a golden mouth and he made her skin shine everywhere.

"Gerry Goldenmouth," she whispered. She had turned the music off the perfect stillness of the room was almost religious.

She felt his tears on her breasts. He was crying, crying out a grief that seemed to come from deep within him, because he clutched her so tightly that his nails dug into the flesh of her back.

"It's never been like this," he sobbed. "I might have died this Christmas if you hadn't found me, I was gonna kill myself."

Georgia watched a few snowflakes whirling against the glass. He does have lovely hair, she reflected, even if he's been around. A virgin might have been interesting, though. She ruffled his curls.

"Baby-child, I love you, did you know that?" She hoped her voice didn't sound too mechanical.

He cupped her chin in his hands, covering her face with kisses. "Sweet lady. Sweet lady. You don't know how much I love you."

Georgia stretched lazily on the bed. The words were like a church litany, she knew the man's response so well. She rang the bell for room service, bribed a waiter to bring up champagne before noon, and a half-past ten in the morning she and Gerry clinked sparkling glasses high over Vancouver.

"Just like home," Gerry remarked. "Only we have egg-nog, Mum's homemade stuff, but we start on it early, too."

"What else do you do back home?" Georgia asked, as she rubbed his back with coconut oil.

"Oh, I don't know--string together cranberries and popcorn for the tree. Make paper chains, it's for kids, but it's fun."

The speed with which Georgia produced paper, cranberries and fully-popped popcorn unnerved even Gerry. She explained smoothly that, in a way she lived at the hotel, since she was a call girl who entertained customers there.

"I've given myself to so many," she murmured, gazing with what she hoped was a searching look into his worshipful eyes. "I was so lonely and bitter, I just didn't care. But now ... I've met you..."

Gerry set down his needle and cranberries to enfold her in his arms. "I know it ain't easy, babe, he conformed her. "I mean, I'm not perfect myself back home I did it once with a girl who wanted to become a nun."

Against Georgia's will his voice soothed her. she had to remind herself that it was the ritual, and the ritual only, and that nothing would ever change.

They played unorthodox games with the cranberry-and-popcorn strings, and Gerry expressed delight at "this real kinky stuff". They slept, they woke, then slept again -- whatever Gerry wanted. After the champagne there was brandy, and after the brandy Georgia found herself curling her body so that she would fit comfortably against Gerry.

"Angel," she purred, resting her head in the hollow of his shoulder. "I know you flew down from heaven today." Then she slept. She deserved sleep that day. Unlike the men in previous years, Gerry kept waking her up. Georgia marvelled at his need of her; then she realized that she has been waking up too, each time, within minutes, ready for him again.

Gerry was hungry late in the afternoon, so Georgia ordered up two Cornish game hens stuffed with wild rice, and two bottles of wine. She could eat very little though, so Gerry enjoyed another feast, while she lay back against the pillows, watching the winter sunset splash vivid colour across the cold and darkening sky. Time was running out. Christmas Eve would soon be over. Shivering, she left the bed to draw the curtains and move around lighting the five candles that she had already placed around the room.

There was a sixth, a pale blue taper in an heirloom silver candlestick, beside the bed. Georgia lit it and turned, ready for the moment that was the highlight of the year, the moment when she revealed the ritual to the poor stranger. Every year she would tell the truth, around the time of the sunset. She would tell him how he meant nothing to her, how pitiful and contemptible he was, how she had only wished to reduce him to the kind of helpless victim, that she had been on the night ten years ago. She would savour her power as she watched his face crumple, his romantic kindom fall. and then she would call the two husky bellhops, who were in her pay, and the stranger would be evicted from the beautiful hotel by the back exit.

It had to happen now. Georgia opened her mouth to speak. But he was first. "Back home we always go to mass on Christmas Eve," he said, smiling. "The candles ... darling...they remind me, you know, kinda touch my soul."

Georgia struck a match and held it up, illuminating his young face, watching how his wonderful golden angle hair captured every last ray of light in the room realiaing that she couldn't do it

Dec 1977

ANGEL HAIR

this time. The burnt-down match scorched her fingers, and she dropped it, crying in pain, reaching out for Gerry, telling him over and over, as he kissed her and stroked her hair, how very dear he was and how much she loved him.

She lay quietly against him for several minutes. But she knew that he had become the strong one. He was comforting her. She trembled. Then, she gathered her forces, wrenched herself free of his arms, and ran to the door, calling for the bellhops to take Gerry away.

Christmas Eve is always a lonely time for some, and no one felt that more than Georgia. Without the ritual the day seemed to stretch before her, clank as a carpet of snow. As soon as night shift was over she sat down in a booth near the door, with coffee, toast and raspberry jam, spreading the newspaper in front of her.

A photograph on the entertainment page caught her eye, and she looked more closely at it. It showed a rock band in performance, led by a pair of dramatically-posed lead singers, one

male, one female, in sequined leotards. The caption read: "Vocalists who sway together apparently stay together. 17-year old Marie Severin has joined Vancouver's sensational new band, Angel, sharing the singing spotlight with her young husband Gerry St. John."

Georgia was still staring at the photograph when Marino came over to sit with her. He had certainly changed in the course of a year, improving his English, developing a taste for discos on his days off, and buying a leather jacket and high suede boots. He too saw the picture.

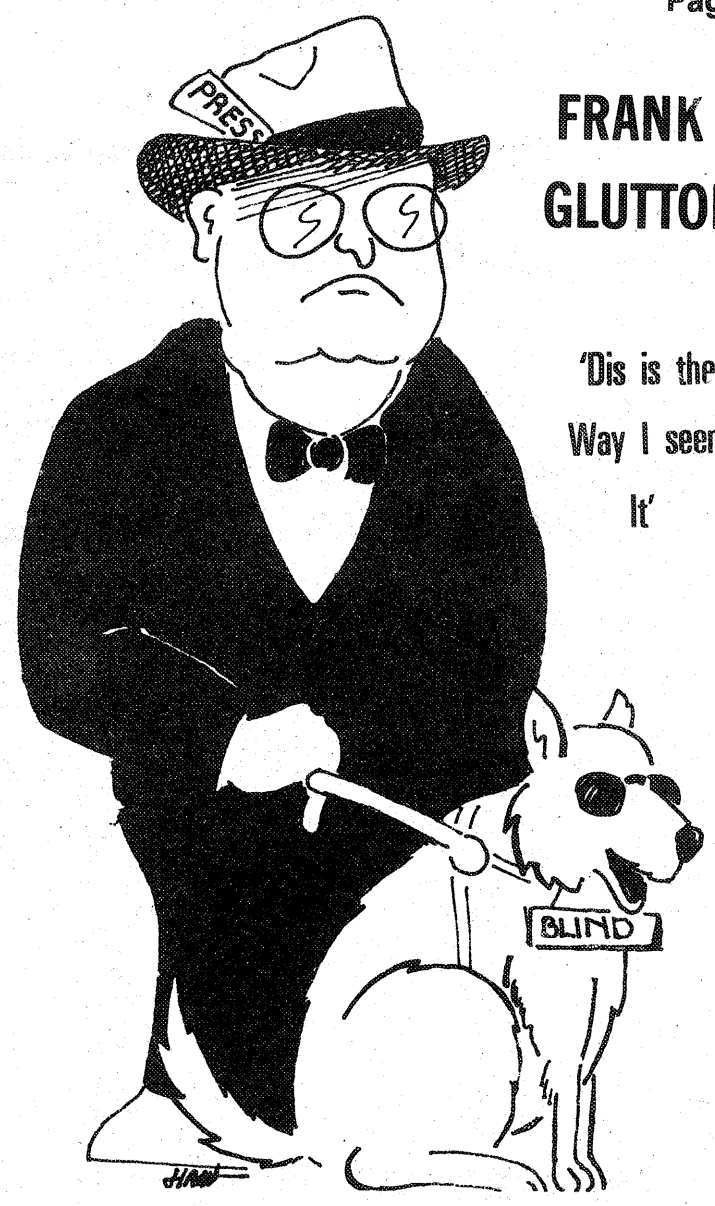
"Hey Angel! That new song's really fantastic! They're playing downtown for the next two weeks, you know."

"Martino, why don't we go to see them? Georgia asked suddenly.

His eyes widened in surprise. "I am delighted to escort you." She laughed and wrapped her arm around his neck. "No, no, I'll pay for the tickets. I want to show my support for Gerry St. John. He was once a dear friend of mine."

FRANK GLUTTON

'Dis is the Way I seen It'



I think I'm starting to like some to the things about the Christmas season already (hic). I mean everybody's having a party (hic) and I think I'm enjoying myself (hic). Even ol' Santa Claus asked ol' Frank to sit on his knee in the mall the other day. Had to refuse the old boy though. Instead I showed my true professionalism and asked ol' Santa to sit on my knee instead. He was quite surprised at my offer but he said, "Ok kid, I got all these little sitting on my knee all day, it my turn. For that, I think I'll offer myself the "stripes" award for having courage, grace, poise, professionalism, brilliance, ...

I understand that "Buckeye" insulted the NUGGET at the Business Society cabaret last Friday evening. They weren't to impressed at being called washed up. I was at the cabaret and I'm not sure if you should call them washed up or not but then again judging from the crowd reaction to there musical talents I'm not sure one could call them superstars either. I mean, there was a point during the evening when they held up the dance floor just to talk about the writeup in the paper and when they mentioned the paper calling them washed up or whatever it was, and they have quite a few people break out laughing when they ask the crowd if there washed up or not you've got to wonder, don't you? However, I'm not going to waste any valuable space talking about them, maybe you should go and see for yourself cause there going to be playing here at NAIT next Thursday evening.

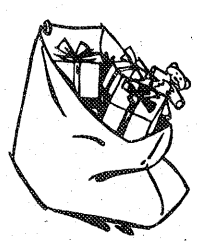
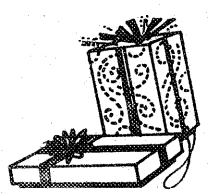
LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT: I understand that one or two of the instructors here at NAIT and some of the students are calling the paper too negative. They say that were printing far too much negative material in the way its written up etc. Ol' Frank was just wondering how it is that you go about writing something positive about a hockey team thats lost six league games in a row, basketball team thats rarely win, or about a band that seems to be at nearly half of the NAIT functions that have been put on by either NAITSA or else one of the techs. I mean facts are facts and if a teams not winning or a band is being overplayed at NAIT functions I don't think its unfair for the newspaper to print something bad about them. I think its unfair though for the school to call them negative for just printing the truth. I think people are much better off to start hearing the facts while there still here at NAIT and still learning than to have to get out in the outside world and then learn that facts are facts out there.

I know were here for a good time and all that but I don't think the truth takes anything off the good times. Rather I tend to think of the truth as reality.

P.S. Have Merry and all that jazz!!



THE
STAFF
AT THE
NUGGET TAKE
THIS OPPORTUNITY
TO WISH YOU ALL
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND THE
BEST
IN
THE
NEW
YEAR



SPORTS

SPORTS EDITORIAL by rob neil

ATHLETICS

ARE THEY NEEDED

Does NAIT need Collegiate sports. Are the Hockey, Volleyball, Basketball and other sports teams around NAIT really a necessity.

NAIT is an academic institute, that has the hardest schedule of the classes of any learning institute in this province. For this reason the sport teams definitely suffer and it will be along time before NAIT ever wins big provincially.

An example is this years hockey team, at the start of the year, the Oopkiks were one of the powerhouses of the league, but once the workload at school caught up with the players, their play suffered and as a result they are now mirrored near the bottom of the league.

You may say what about the Volleyball team (men's)? They won the provincially last year.

By winning and maintaining their school marks they had to be an extraordinary bunch of guys, and they should all be given the credit they deserve.

But I'm afraid they were the exception rather than the rule.

The Collegiate teams are a very expensive item, or maybe it would be proper to call them a luxury. But they are a luxury for only a very few members of the students population at NAIT. (approx. 1.4 per cent of the students are involved in these athletics).

The amount of money that is spent on Athletics is an enormous sum, and this money could go along way to improving library facilities, housing, cafeteria and other projects around NAIT. These area's benefit a much larger portion of the population, and therefore they would be better accepted.

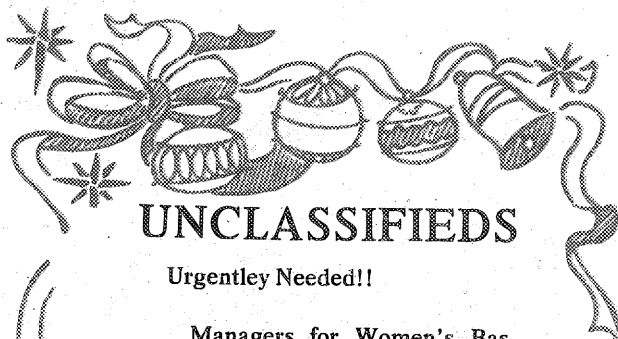
Now I really sound like a good sports Editor cutting down the activities that permit me to write this column and other things in this paper. But I think that both sides of issues should be written about an this is my aim.

Athletics is important, but there is no reason that the Intra-Mural program could not be expanded and improved upon to facilitate the Athletes that would be out of positions on school teams. Rivalry between tech's would be increased so that in time people might not want collegiate sports.

This idea may be very absurd and no doubt I'm going to get some reaction, but "What the Hell."

MERRY CHRISTMAS
and

HAPPY NEW YEAR



Urgently Needed!!

Managers for Women's Basketball Team. If interested see:
Diane Satre E-32

65 Mustang Convertible, 289;
Dual exhaust, \$1,500 dollars,
Radials all four, Phone Brenda
after 5 pm. at 484-4223.

Pat Sputek; will do typing for
students, you can get a hold of
her by ph. 479-3005,

CIVIL RETAINS CHALLENGE

E. Williams



The winning Lineup

Back row left to right

E. Williams, Ken Allen, D. Starchuk, M. Ivey, K. Koster

front row left to right

B. Oconner, D. Laboucane, W. McFarlane.

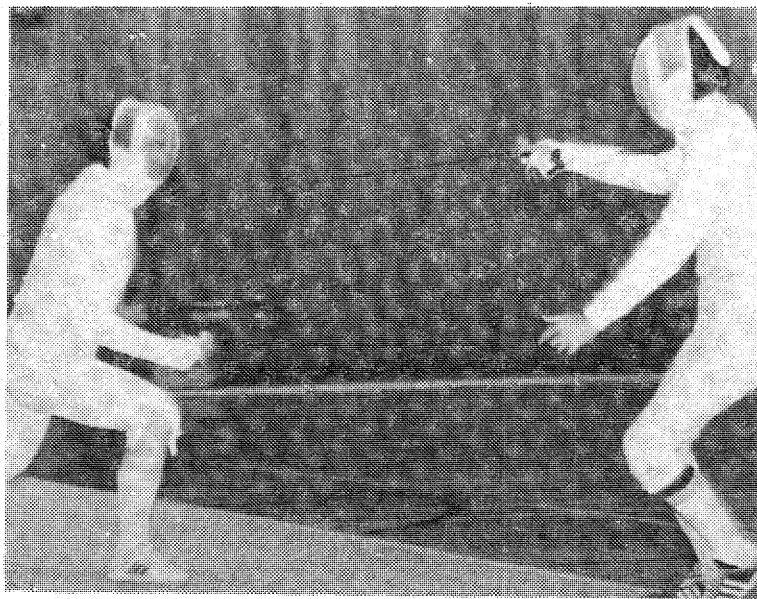
Civil engineering retained the annual challenge cup for supremacy in intramural sports with a narrow 27-23 continental handball victory over Dental.

The victors trailed at the half but led by the strong shooting of Ken Allen and good hustle of the others overpowered an apparently winded Dental squad in the second half.

The dentists were led by the power shots of Len Kruger and the aerobatic goaltending of Myron Kovacevich, which kepted the score respectable.

Civil is now accepting challenges from any Technology in any sport of their choice. So why not support you Tech. and try and "Knock" civil off!

FENCING NEWS



The NAIT Fencing Club held a tournament on the weekend of the 10th and 11th. Coach Les Klan was pleased with the way the tournament turned out and was also pleased by the showing of the NAIT members. One of the members even beat Mr. Klan

which appeared to be a bit of a shock to the Coach's ego.

Everybody enjoyed the tournament and look forward to their next matchup, whenever or wherever it will be. Sorry their are not results but they will be in the first issue after the NEW YEAR.

'Twas The Nite

Page 7

reprinted from Champlain-Lennoxville

1

'Twas the night before Xmas
and all through the house,
there were bottles 'n butts
left around by some louse.

And the best fifth I'd hidden
by the chimney with care
had been snatched by some bum,
who'd found it right there.

My pals, guys 'n gals, had
been poured in their beds,
to wake in the morning
with hung over heads.

My mouth, full of cotton,
dropped down with a snap
because I was dying
for one wee nite cap.



2

He was both plump and chubby
and tried to stand right,
but he didn't fool me
he was high as a kite!

He spoke not a word
but went straight to work
and missed half the stockings,
the plastered old jerk.

Then putting his thumb
to the end of his nose,
he fluttered his finger's
as he quoted prose.

A spring for his sleigh
at so hasty a pace,
tripped him up on a shingle
and he fell on his face.



"On whiskey! On vodka!
we ain't got all night!
you too, gin and brandy
now all do it right!"

Clamber up on the roof
get the hell off this wall,
get going you rummies!!
we've still got a long haul!"

So up on the roof went
the reindeer and sleigh
but a tree branch hit Santa
before he could sway.

And then to my ears like
the roll of barrel,
a hell of a noise that was
no Christmas Carol.



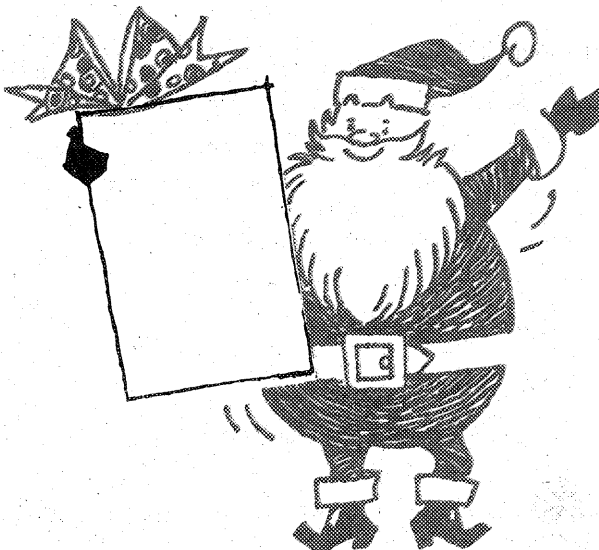
3

When thru the south window
there came such a yell,
I sprang to my feet to see
what the hell...

And what to my bloodshot
eyes should I see
but eight drunken reindeer
caught in a tree.

Way 'mongst the branches,
was a man with a sleigh
I saw it was Santa
quite oiled and gay.

Staggering nearer those eight
reindeer came,
while he hiccuped and belched
and called them by name:



4

But I heard him burp back
as he passed out of sight,
Merry Christmas, you lush,
now really get tight!



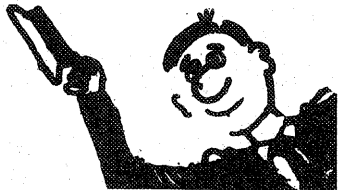
So I pulled in my head
and cocked a sharp ear,
down the chimney he plunged
landing smack on his rear.

He was dressed all in red
and white fur for a trim,
the way Santa swayed
he was tanked to the brim.

The sack on his back held
nothing but booze
and the breath that he blew
almost put me to snooze.



Commissionaires Corner



Institute Lockers Security By MWO Johnston

A few words of caution are felt necessary to attempt to bring to your attention the safety factor of Institute lockers.

They should not be treated as security vaults. Their construction is of thin sheets metal which can easily be bent and twisted to allow access without too much difficulty.

Valuable items such as calculators, watches, rings, wallets, etc. should be either carried on your person or given to a trusted person to hold.

The design of the lockers is to provide a minimum security for articles while the owner is attending an area where the items are not required. (During lunch or sports for example).

Items left in the lockers overnight, or especially over the weekend are left at great risk of being stolen. This practice should be avoided if the person has any value for his private possessions.

There have been occasional reports of lockers being completely cleaned out. The questions has arisen whether the owner of the stolen articles had, indeed, locked the lock when departing from the locker. The lock should be given a tug to ensure the lock is indeed secured.

This advice also applies to sports lockers in the Activities Centre and the Technical building basement area, near the games room.

Commissionaires would like to take this opportunity to wish everyone much happiness in the coming NEW YEAR. Have a ball.



A moving story. A romantic story.
A story of envy, hatred, friendship, triumph, and love.

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The Turning point

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX Presents A HERBERT ROSS FILM
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Executive Producer NORA KAYE Written by ARTHUR LAURENTS Produced by HERBERT ROSS and ARTHUR LAURENTS
Directed by HERBERT ROSS PRINTS BY DE LUXE® NOW IN PAPERBACK FROM SIGNET

ADULT

MUSIC FROM THE MOTION PICTURE
ON 20TH CENTURY RECORDS AND TAPES



Opening soon at a theatre near you.



A PUBLIC SERVICE BY:

NAIT NUGGET
(NAIT)

I'm Out On One Hell Of A Time

When I can't stand, tie this to my button-hole. Secure my pocket book, wind up my watch, sponge off my clothes, call me a cab . . . and

SHIP ME HOME!!!

My Name is

Residence

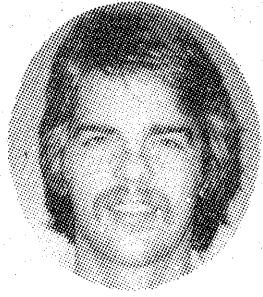


KEEP THIS OUT OF THE NEWSPAPERS AND TELL MY WIFE THAT IT WAS THE OLD STOMACH TROUBLE!



BYLINE

By Rob Fralick



Item: Somebody, somewhere, mentioned that a few words dropped on the merits of the local vendors of culinary delight might prove beneficial to the new colonists. So folks, grab your guts and walk this way. The easiest way to grade a restaurant is by measuring the difference between waistline and wallet. A healthy bulge in one followed by a small depression in the other is the desired state of equilibrium. The Crepery and the Keg and Cleaver are likely the two foremost proponents of this theory. The former, located downtown in the Boardwalk, offers crepes stuffed with everything from crab and lobster through artichokes and zucchini. A delectable surprise to those non-beforists, this pancakish affair is as tasty as it is filling. The atmosphere is early French wickerbasket with a touch of copper for class. A meal for two including drinks, appetizers, wine and dessert is easily attainable for the light sum of thirty bills. Reservations are suggested as well as casual light clothing. There are no formal dress restrictions but the temperature becomes a little heated as the crepe dough is raised on an enormous gas turntable in full radiance of everyone. On the opposite side of town, the Keg and Cleaver provide much the crispier setting. Dark, wood grained and laced with a twenties aura, its decor befits the steak and seafood fare. As the Keg accepts no reservations, most evenings there being with a short respite in the lounge. Where else can you get a double shot of your favourite brew for a \$1.60? If you're careful enough to stay sober before the meal a solid experience awaits. The greenery bar is one of the few in town to offer Caesar salad en masse. The appetizers include escargots with mushrooms. They are excellent. All the usual varieties of steak, lobster etc. are available with the most interesting being a combination of the fillet of beef and shredded crab.

The dress again is casual with the tab easily in the thirty dollar range.



Item: If you haven't noticed the plethora of new movies opening over the holidays, you must be doing more homework than you realize. Each major studio has at least one blockbuster production it is pushing for the new year. Look for action and suspense in the Bronson and Eastwood flicks. Telefon has Bronson teamed with Lee Remick, a superior actress in her own right. The Gauntlet, showcases Eastwood in the dual role of actor/director. He is definitely becoming one of Hollywood's premiere directors of the fast action epic. Two excellent actresses get together in the Twentieth Century Fox production of the Turning Point. Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine may very well feel the title tells a personal story. Almost too long from the limelight, these two could remake or break their careers with this one effort. The final two considerations both feature one fine upcoming actor. Richard Dreyfuss stars in Neil Simons, The Goodbye Girl and Steven Spielberg's, Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Simon's film is guaranteed good fun while Close Encounters is equally guaranteed to be one of the best or one of the worst of the year. Spielberg (Jaws) is following on the Star Wars theme with a sci-fi thriller packed with special effects. In fact, 80 per cent of the budget went that direction. Good-luck picking your flicks. I may not see daylight for a week or so.

Comment: Since I won't be seeing anyone Thursday night at the (yawn) Christmas cabaret with Buckeye, I'll wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year right now. Drink to excess, eat till you burst and boogie till you drop. The second half of your student loan is due Jan. 15.



RADIO STATION CHALLENGES CRTC STUDENT REGULATIONS

OTTAWA (CUP) -- Carleton University's highly successful student radio station, CKCU, has asked that it be exempted from federal regulations limiting advertising on student radio.

Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) regulations forbid student radio stations from ads using "language which attempts to promote particular services or products" so as to "safeguard the special nature of the programming of the student sector."

But CKCU station manager Randy Williams said the station could not have raised enough advertising to finance a viable FM station if it had followed the CRTC regulations to the letter.

CKCU's brief to the CRTC warns "that anything but a liberal interpretation of the regulation would effectively destroy Radio Carleton..."

Williams said there is a contradiction between the CRTC's stated aim of providing progressive, consumer-oriented advertising and putting restrictions on student radio.

The Carleton radio station was investigated in January 1976 for violations of this regulation, but was cleared by five CRTC officials at that time.

A SEARCH FOR TRUTH

Perhaps many of you that are reading this week's Nugget input have seen on different billboards located in the Main Campus a card reading thus, "Search For Truth Bible Studies on Mondays in Room E210 at 4:35 pm." and are wondering what it's all about.

Search for Truth, is that programme which look back into the past dealings between God and Man through the Holy Scriptures.

We have and are still digging into the past, from a Spiritual, historical and Geographical point of view; by so doing, we believe we can come up with some viable conclusion as to why we were born.

It is the heart felt belief and even a personal conviction of mine that the Bible was written for man by man through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost (2 Peter 1:21 and 2 Tim 3:16 also Revelation 1:11)

A right approach to the Bible is of the utmost importance. There is a movement today to popularize the Bible simply as a literature.

BOOK'S CHOICE: NEW YORK STEAK & PIZZA FANS OF THE WEEK



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GENE WILDER is
THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER
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and
Written & Directed by GENE WILDER
Music by JOHN MORRIS Color by DeLUXE

ADULT

A Twentieth Century Fox Picture

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Opening soon at a theatre near you.

Diary of a Countryman



I've been having the weirdest things creeping into my brain, long after the traffic has quit roaring by our house, long after my eyes have ceased to recognize the plaster design on the ceiling above my bed.

Hummer, Skippy and me were on this royal blue carpeted plateau of sorts, surrounded and cut off by a void High up, towering around us were buildings which resembled the downtown Edmonton high rises. And suddenly the fear feeling of sleep came on me, and while I struggled against it to wake up, my legs bent under me. Skippy decided he needed his beard shaved, so the plateau turned into barber shop, but I still couldn't get up. The feeling passed and then I was eating a handful of exotict, salted nuts with one hand, and somebody gave me a cigar - a big brute of a stogie. I turned away, and a train whistle blew. I had the feeling I had to catch it.

It was nice when the fear feeling past. The emptiness was flocked with a sense, a wisp, of elation. It was the feeling I used to get when the men of my fathers family gathered at night in the back kitchen of my grandmothers farm house. I would put my eye to a chunk in the wall and watch a billion fire flies green, yellow, flicker, flicker and here and there a shooting star would blast across the dark sky. And I waited patiently knowing that the men-talk would work around to the last war. Strange how very intense situations can be recalled with such clarity. They talked about friends as though they'd seen them before dinner. Friends who died in the rubble over thirty years ago; friends who they hadn't seen since the homecoming harbour of Halifax, and friends they probably wouldn't ever see again. The beer case would grow empty and the men would grow silent - each reliving their most private moments.

And when we're all scattered across the land, each a planted seed, then a full grown grain shoot with seeds of our own to scatter, and when this building has out lived its usefulness, what will be the most private moment that is relived in each of us? Will we be able to recall names, and faces, and events with the clarity of war veterans?

And when all the coloured lights have been strung along the CN tracks and each telegraph pole decorated like a Christmas tree, and the gifts of our nation wrapped and laid out, and all the bitters have been pushed to make the feeling come on us, will we remember what it was like to set our dreams free?

There comes a moment as this time of year when all the guilt subsides, when the fear dissipates, and the tragedy of personal misfortunes becomes meaningless. Perhaps there is a universal recognition - even the momentary that we will never die. Threat is removed, and replaced will acceptance. It would be so nice if that instant could be stretched across a whole lifetime.

Then maybe Hummer wouldn't be cashing in and checking out of this hotel, and Don wouldn't be all stretched and pinned and wired into his bed. He and big George wouldn't be on me for cutting classes. It goes on and on and on.

When the instant of intense tranquility is on you, see if you can make it last.

Goodbye Hummer; and may the instant be with you and all of us, till we come face to face again.

SUICIDE

PORTRAIT OF DEATH

DEATH--Its so final! No room for recall. No chance to return once its occurred. The last out. The final encore.

There are so many ways that a person can die, but none so tragic as death by suicide.

I've been told that in order for a person to commit suicide, that he/she must be "crazy". That there head must be tilted. In some cases I suppose thats' true, but in a lot of cases I tend to disagree.

Since the possibility of finding people who've committed suicide and can still talk about it is nil and theres seems to be an apparent shortage of time for me to find people who've attempted suicide, the following information has come from the book Theory of Suicide and it was written by Maurice L. Farber.

Suicide is one of the more important killers of man. It has always been a perplexing and un-nerving feature of human history. At the very first completion of the problem of suicide we encounter curious puzzles and paradoxes. In suicide man uses his power and intelligence to destroy that power and intelligence.

Suicide is an action that takes place in sadness and desperation. It inflicts grief and remorse upon survivors. Its one of the most frequent killers of young adults.

Suicide involves a concious deliberate attempt to takes ones life. In mathematical terms suicide is set up on a formal: $S f (V,D)$ which states that S, the probability of an individual committing suicide, is a function of V, his vulnerability, and D, the degree of certain depreviations. The expression may be read on a sociological level as stating that the frequency of suicide in a population is a function of the frequency of individuals possessing a certain vulnerability in that population and the extent of certain depreviation in that population.

Suicide in the main are committed by psychologically damaged personalities confronted by a depreviational situation.

Of all the possible concepts that have been or might be related to suicide, the most closely powerfully related concept is HOPE. The probability of suicide is an inverse function of the leverl of hope. The old adage "Where there is life there is hope" attests to mans lent valient struggles to maintain hope.

Most suicides are psychologically damage. Again and again there is a series of inadequacies or failures (i.e. occupation, alcoholism, divorce, etc.) The great majority of suicides are not psychotic, that is, they are not out of touch with reality, they can care for themselves, they are not confined or committed to a mental hospital. They may be temporarily depressed, distraught, and desparate at the time of the act, but so at times are normal people who do not commit the act. To recapitate: not everyone is an equal candidate for suicide. There are those who become more readily hopeless in the face of the difficulties of life. Those who suffer basically from an impaired sense of competence, which has a chain of consequences that predispose, in an over-determination of motives, to suicide.

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
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| BUCKLE BOOTS | ☆ ICE FISHING TENTS |
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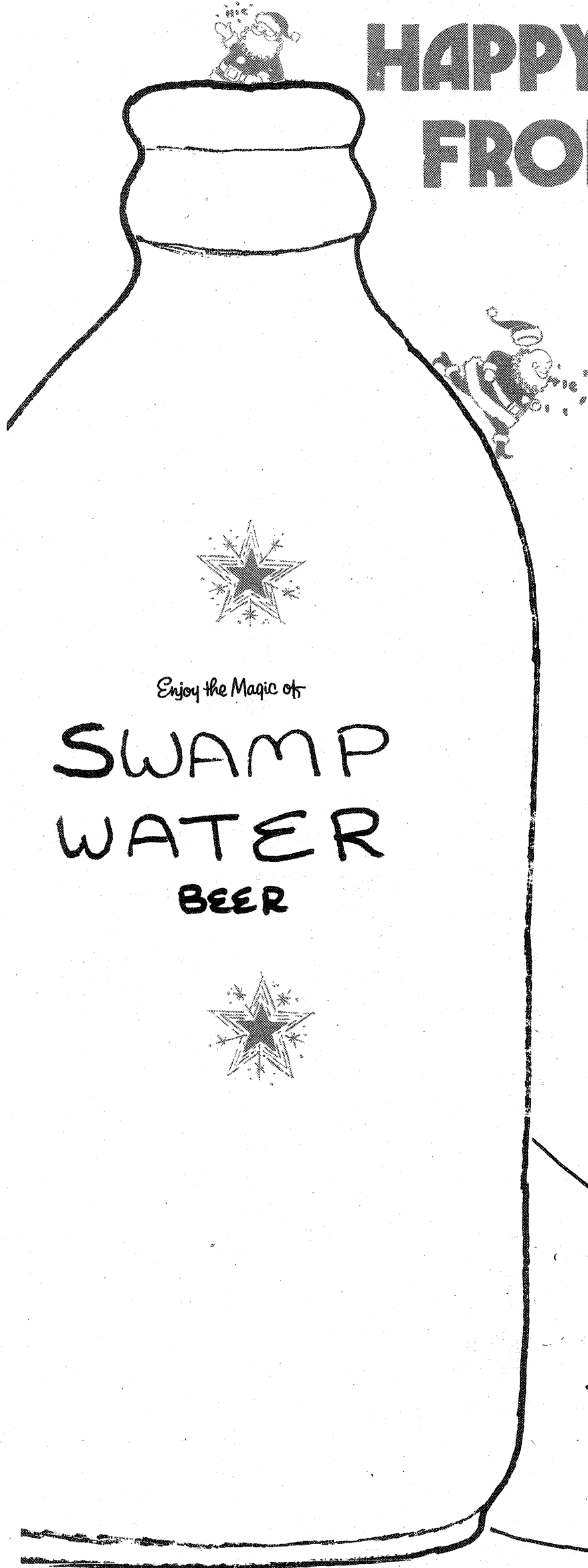
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MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM THE NUGGET STAFF



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**I CAN'T BELIEVE
I DRANK THE
WHOLE THING**

