

fresh tracks

by Barbara McIntosh



"WHICH IS A WITCH?"

This Hallowe'en, when innocent children play witch for a night, not so innocent adults may be playing witch for keeps. People have been talking about witches for centuries. Many have held absolute belief in their supernatural powers, while others have laughed them off as superstitious hysteria.

Nevertheless, the panic of witch-burning days in the late sixteenth and seventeenth century is a fact of history. Witch cults are said to have been a type of negative religion that worshipped the devil. Upon entering the cult, witches were given a witch-mark and a lower witch helper. This helper took the form of a normal pet like a black cat, an owl, or a raven so that no one would suspect.

The witch cults held special meetings called sabbats and witches travelled to these on horseback or by using an ointment supplied by the devil that enabled them to fly. The idea of witches on broomsticks seems to be a product of modern folklore, although it is suggested that they used broomsticks as hobby horses in some of their dances.

Those who accept witchcraft claim that if you believe in God, then you must believe in miracles. If the forces of good can change the course of nature, why not the forces of evil. Yet, whether you grant them superhuman powers or not, it is impossible to deny that there were people who practiced and believed in witchcraft.

The village wise-woman or witch, owed her position in society to her ability to take certain poisonous drugs. No doubt she had discovered some illusionary drugs by accident and truly believed that her 'trip' was inspired by the devil. It sounds logical in the light of the current LSD and pot fad.

The craft was usually confined to women and handed down from generation to generation. The most enthusiastic were ugly because the position of power was a welcome substitute for a man. Many a secret potion died with the death of a witch who had jealously guarded her secret formula.

When the Christian church came out against witchcraft, the trade was forced underground. Yet, it is believed that the ritual dances and spell-bound formulae have been retained to this day. Witch cults still practicing a type of pagan devil worship have been uncovered throughout Europe. Many people still believe strongly that a superhuman power for evil is at work in the world, and only reveals itself to a few.

The average man on the street prefers to let on that he doesn't believe in all that foolishness. Yet he will risk his neck by detouring into the traffic lane to avoid walking under a ladder and dash home for a stiff cup of coffee if a black cat crosses his path.

While the traditional witch wore black flowing gowns and could be spotted in a crowd by the wart on her nose, many believe that there are witches walking in our midst disguised as one of us. They possess special powers that enable them to read minds, foretell the future and cast spells.

Which is a witch? Only those who truly believe can tell, especially on Hallowe'en.



Tales of a Venturer up the Bruce Trail

By Steven Van Fleet

Friday morning when I woke up it was a very dull day and I said to myself "I'll clear up by tonight, surely," but unfortunately it didn't, at 5:00 p.m. everybody was ready to shove off, but there was only one problem... the leader wasn't there, naturally!

Kevin Conroy, the leader of the newly acclaimed Venturer group in Acton, handed us the excuse that he had to work to five minutes to five, but, knowing Bosun, (we call him that) we knew that he had only worked to five minutes to four and he had taken an hour to load his coffee thermos with "Firewater" which he called milk.

We are very grateful to Ron Lewis who was kind enough to take us there and also pick us up when we had completed our journey.

At a quarter to six we had reached our destination, the entrance gate at Terra Cotta, a point which is right beside the Bruce Trail. By the way, the



Bruce Trail was the path we most diligently followed; the entire lapse of our journey. Bosun made a cheeky remark saying "If Baden-Powell say us now he'd cry." Well, back to the hike.

We walked about 100 yards along the road then up a little but steep hill. At the top, Bob O'Rourke, one of the hikers, already was whining about wanting to stop. But I don't blame him because he substituted the use of a

knapsack with that of his father's World War I ammo bag which when full weighs a good sixty pounds. Poor Soul!

At this time of the year, the leaves on the trees are pretty well played out, so the birds did not present a very colourful picture. By this time it was dark and we still hadn't found a place to bed down for the night. We were walking over the Niagara Escarpment, one of the rockiest areas on the Bruce Trail, with one highlight in the whole group. (HOLY CLIFF-HANGERY) Somebody in the dark muttered something about Scouts, we supposed to be prepared but another voice remarked "We're Venturers, not Scouts."

Around 7:15 p.m., it was dark and it started to drizzle making travel miserable. No one said anything until John Van Der Kooy yelled "Where's Bob?" and lo and behold he was missing. We waited about ten minutes and "Hiawatha O'Rourke", showed up carrying his ammo bag Indian style, over the head.

Finally we found a place to cook our overdue supper and also a place to bed down. After the supper was completed, the tents... well, would you believe a very small piece of C.I.L. plastic on sticks! I was the first to sleep because I saw no need standing out in the cold getting wet.

All night it rained and in the morning to top it all off it SNOWED, making it impossible to start a fire, so Bosun decided to move out until we found a dry spot to cook breakfast. The main dish was chocolate-covered porridge smothered in Lemonade powder, a delicacy arranged by Chef 'boy ardee' himself, me!

Ron Waite remarked constantly that this Bruce Trail was not the same as the Bruce Trail in Glasgow mainly because he couldn't find any leprechauns. (Don't worry about him. He hasn't ever been out of Halton County.)

At 10:00 a.m. after breakfast was cleaned up, Sam Schumway remarked that his 10 hour deodorant had just worn off but for some unknown reason he didn't have to tell us!

We walked quickly through the Credit Forks (in my opinion the most beautiful part of the hike) until we came to a place called Cataract. After lunch we wandered over to the river.

Here we were confronted with a spectacular sight. The river was cascading over a cliff dropping some 100 feet to the bottom and past through an ancient flume at an old mill which we investigated, all except Bob who took this opportunity to rest his bones.

Leaving Cataract we passed through a field of young bullocks which to some of us were very friendly. Again we had to wait until the bullocks decided to leave the base of the tree enabling Bob and Ron to get down...

Finally we reached Highway 24 just east of the No.4 junction. We walked a bit along the highway to the nearest house where Bosun phoned his wife to tell her to phone Ron Lewis to come and pick us up. Later Bosun found out on the phone that his wife was very disturbed because she couldn't get the car started but little did she know that before Bosun left he made a point of taking the distributor cap with him...

Well, on the whole, the hike was a great success, we had lots of fun, got a little bit frostbitten, but found out a lot about this area and most of all we now have something to tell our girlfriend on the phone when she calls. By the way Bosun, that includes you, too.

She likes all kinds of music with the exception of some modern dissonant sounds. "I always think it must be because of my experience in former years," she explains. In her youth, she played the piano and sang in choirs, and was able to enjoy live opera and symphony concerts while she was studying in France.

Mrs. Reed takes great pride in her family history. Her grandfather settled in Norval in 1808 and operated the old flour, saw and woollen mill. She now lives in the old family home, part of which was built in 1820.

"I was told afterwards that I could have had a scholarship but I'd never heard of them at the time I got through by working in the summers and saving."

Pedagogues are people



MRS. MARION REED

Mrs. Marion Reed has been teaching French for 16 years, two before she married, and 14 since her family has grown up. She took her Honors degree at the University of Toronto in 1929, then studied for a year at Sorbonne in Paris before going to O.C.F.

"I think young people are wonderful and the majority of them will make fine upstanding citizens," states Mrs. Marion Reed. After 16 years of teaching, she is still optimistic about people. "If I weren't I don't think I'd stay on the job. Often you get minority groups that are hard to handle and not willing to take on any responsibility, and a teacher could very easily become cynical."

"The ones I've seen come through that are now in their 30's are a pretty solid group of citizens."

Mrs. Reed says she always looked forward to being a teacher. Her problem was in deciding what to major in because she entered university with standing in both languages and mathematics.

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Under the influence of the drug one young man wrote, "We have found the peace, which is life's ever which flows into the sea of eternity." So it's a quick route to Eternity. I prefer the concrete reality of the present world, no matter how unstable. Life has a lot to offer, will you accept the gamblit or run for the nearest exit?

It's your choice

Mrs. Reed has seen many changes in education in her years as a teacher and believes most of them are for the better up until now. She feels that the introduction of oral French and the improvement in freedom of choice for students will be of help to them.

However, she has reservations about the current student power revolution and maintains that it must be approached with the greatest care.

"Few students really understand what they want even at 18. A teenager needs guide lines as well as guidance. They must have standards by which they can live and conduct themselves, and these standards have to be high. Student power without responsibility is useless and it must be kept within their capabilities."

"School takes up all my time," admits Mrs. Reed and she doesn't go in for hobbies or outside interests other than her membership in the University Women's Club.

She watches television if there is a "fun thing" on just to relax, and always tries to keep at least one good book going all the time. In the years when she wasn't teaching, she was active in Girl Guides. She served as a Provincial Commissioner and worked in the organization on both the provincial and national level.

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It's your choice

LSD mind expansion worth the risk?

By Stephanie Merrin

The truth is unpleasant, but so is LSD. Odorous and tasteless, it is not physically addictive and no human has been known to die from an overdose. Pushers and followers of the LSD cult now begin to expound the aspects of a trip with no hangover the next morning. Then they stop. So far so good, but I have only begun to examine the drug. The worst is yet to come.

Lysergic acid diethylamide is a compound from lysergic acid, a chemical found in the fungus which forms on grain heads. Dr. Albert Hofmann, a Swiss chemist, was the first to experiment with the powerful hallucinative. His first "trip" was accidental, the second deliberately planned to explore the new realm of LSD.

Since then, many experiments have been made. With each successive finding, scientists have become increasingly concerned. To them, the most frightening aspect is that they are unable to trace what happens to the drug when taken. The minute amount needed for a trip (1,300,000 of an ounce disappears harmlessly before its effects have worn off.

No one, least of all LSD authorities (and by that I do NOT mean users of the drug) is fully aware of the eerie powers of the "mind expander." Supervised dosages have benefitted many mental patients, true; but even then many tragic accidents have occurred.

LSD affects no two people in the same manner, although it produces a number of basic responses. In general:

-LSD removes inhibitions, yet sexual impulses are reduced.
-It gives a sense of omnipotence. One student was convinced that he could will a speeding car to stop. He

proceeded to step out in front of one to demonstrate the non-existent power.

The most well-known effect is probably hallucinosis. Hallucinations caused by LSD have literally driven some users to insanity. Out of every 100 patients admitted to New York's Bellevue Hospital for treatment of panic during a bad trip, 92 survive the ordeal with the help of the tranquillizing Chlorpromazine. The remaining 8 go "over the brink." They become paranoid schizophrenic or paranoid patients.

Many LSD takers find themselves propelled from a balcony or a window by an irresistible urge to fly.

Others find unsurpassable beauty in a most grotesque object or a chord of music. While this experience may be truly mind expanding, it is only one of many more dangerous phases manifested in a single trip.

A user's body may seem to divide into two parts, one watching with detachment the

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Pennies that count

Strange things can happen on Hallowe'en. By dropping a few pennies into an orange and black paper box, brought directly to your door by a special box-bearer in a funny suit, you could help to protect children in India from malaria, stop the spread of blindness in North Africa, or set up a school in South America. In fact, you could be lending your support to any one of 447 projects in 120 countries.

For a number of years, The United Nations Children's Fund has used Hallowe'en trick-or-treaters to remind us that millions of the world's children are ill-fed, poorly clothed and unschooled. They ask you to do your share to help.

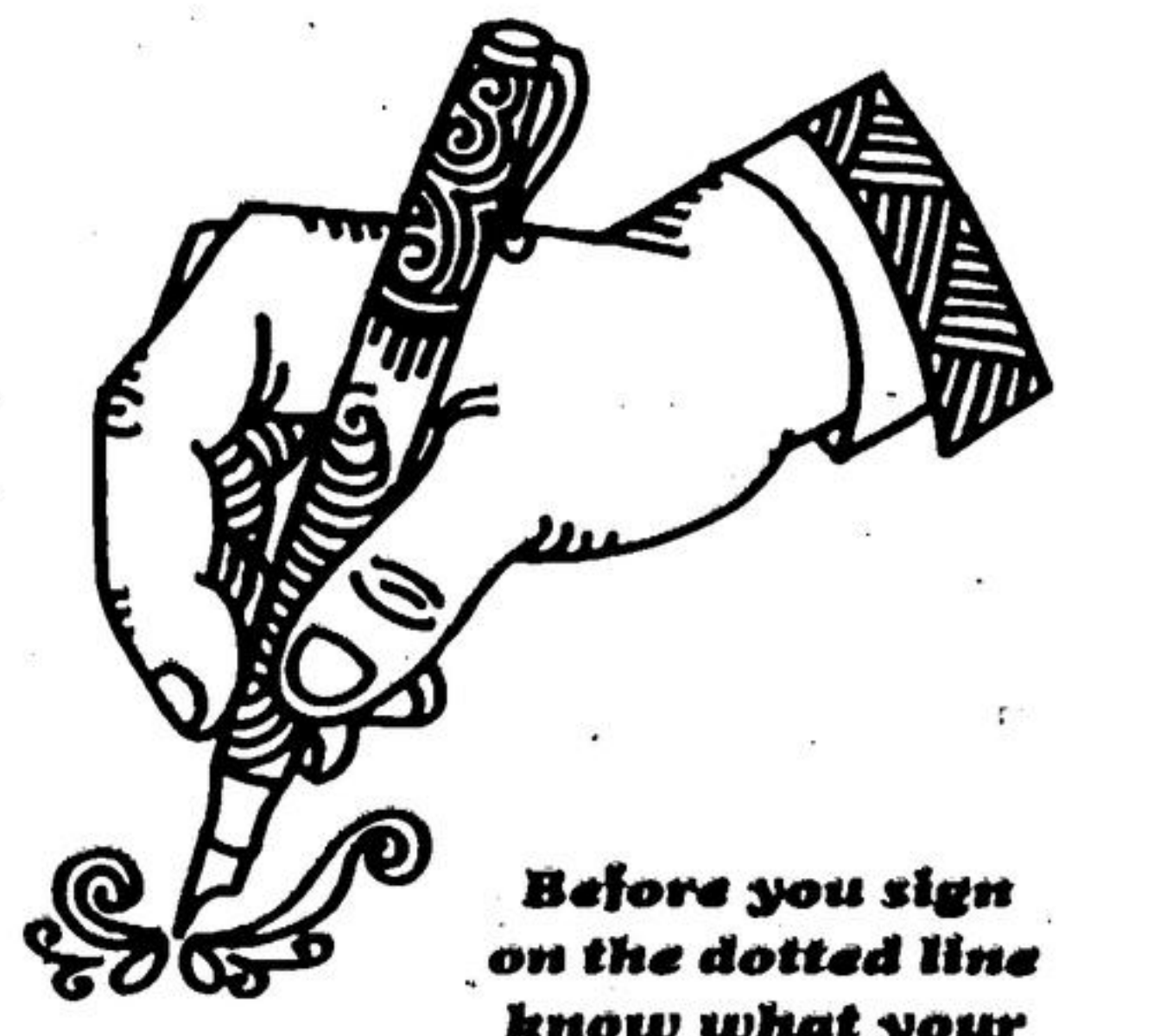
UNICEF will appreciate your spare pennies, and the special box-bearer will appreciate a spare stick of gum or a piece of fudge for his effort.

In addition to carrying UNICEF boxes on Hallowe'en night, several public school classes have been organizing special projects to boost the fund. In Robert Little school this week there is a "fun museum", an "amusement park", a "count the jelly bean contests" and a number of bake sales. The following letter comes from Miss Braid's class in Robert Little school.

Oct. 29, 1968.
Dear Sir,

Room 205 Grade four had a bake sale October 28, Monday. We made \$70.00 and we are going to give it to U.N.I.C.E.F. We had a cake draw, a comic sale and we sold books we did not need and we sold cookies, candy and pieces of cake and that's how room 205 made \$70.00.

Yours truly,
Susan Gunther.



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