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"Hi Ho, Mommie-O," said the teen-aged daughter, trying to appear very cool. "Can't I hit the flicks tonight?"
"What are you talking about?" asked the puzzled mother. "What do you mean 'hit the flicks'? What kind of talk is that?"
"That's just teen talk for go to the movies," the girl explained distainfully.
"Well, all right, dear," said the mother dubiously. "You may hit the flicks after you spread the bed, scour the shower, and swish the dishes."

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The Varlocks Vocabulary: A lighthearted look at Witchcraft, Part II from Rik

Elder--A Witch of sufficient degree to be able to con the novice into believing that he knows everything.

Elements--One of the five states of matter, earth (solid), water (liquid), air (gas), fire (energy), spirit (akasha). Most Witches never learn the difference between Element in chemistry and element in magick thus saying something for both the school system and the Coven training system.

Elves--A creature that is of various shape and size depending on who you talk to. Some people say they are related to or ancestors of witches. There are Elf traditions of witches who claim, like most others, great antiquity but can't be traced back past the current Book of Shadows.

Esbat--The working holiday of Witches that must be held on the Full Moon or else so it usually falls on a weekend that has nothing good on TV. More Witches attend Esbats since the invention of the VCR.

Exorcise--To cause the house to stink so much from incense, water and salt that the demon or ghosts leaves, hopefully before the Coven.

Familiar--A Coven totem animal, a witch's pet, a thought form, something for the media to photograph when giving an interview.

Fate--The Craft concept of Karma. It states that whatever will be, will be... unless you change it.

Fivefold Kiss--The act of kissing various body parts in order to bless the recipient. This gets a bit messy when wearing robes and both parties think of something else when Skyclad.

To Ground--To discharge energy into the earth as when you trip over the hem of your robe during a dance. The rest of the Coven assumes that the collapse was deliberate and falls as well.

Heathen--A term of insult used by non-witches and therefore a term of pride used by Witches.

Hereditary Witches--Those witches who can trace the Craft through Parent-to-child or from conveniently-dead-

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Vocabulary (cont.) from Rik

grandparent to self, thus proving that they are better than all other witches.

High Priest--The male leader of a Coven except in Gardnerian or most Alexandrian Covens where he is any convenient person with the right anatomy. Non-existent in Feminist covens who don't like to admit that men can be useful or enjoyable.

High Priestess--The female leader of the Coven, she often has power for no other reason than her gender which has nothing to do with skill or ability. But in this matrifocal religion of ours, who has the guts to say that?

Horned Crown--The Headdress of the High Priest, often consisting of a set of horns or rack of antlers. During initiations, the new Witch often has her first glimpse of the crown, thus resulting in two actions... first an uncontrollable fit of giggles, and second the new initiate being gored in the ass.

Humility--An awareness that the rest of Wiccadom should be aware that they are so much lower than yourself.

Incantation--A set of words or phrases that is designed to accomplish a set purpose even when they are forgotten.

Incubus--A male sexual demon that is the counterpart of the Succubus which is a female demon that every male witch wishes to learn to invoke.

Initiation--A form of rebirth used by Covens to give the new witch a sense of what is. In many Covens, they ease the stress to the initiate to avoid troubles and recanting, thus the initiatory rebirth takes on the appearance of a c-section done by a bored doctor.

Karma--The eastern concept of fate. It was developed in order to keep the 'low-life' in their place. "Keep to the back of the bus or the next life will be worse." Many witches prefer this to the more traditional Fate.

Libate--The act of pouring a drink on the ground to honor the Gods. This is done more often outdoors out of respect for the carpeting.

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Vocabulary (cont.) from Rik

Ligature--The process of ritual binding with a cord to restrict blood flow and achieve sartori. This is normally done by Gardnerian witches who everyone knows are into B & D.

Magick--The process of pretending that what happened was done by your efforts even though you know that most of the time you fail.

Maiden--The sexy young girl in the Coven that holds her position because her bra size exceeds her IQ.

Nature--All that is within the world, yet referring usually to trees, grass, psychedelic herbs and ignoring other things such as cactus, ticks, disease. Modern witches include within nature such objects as TV, microwaves, soft beds, wine, telephones, etc.

Object Link--That thing that has had extensive contact with a person and so is vital to magickal process. Eclectic witches claim to be able to work without them and other witches state that their object links that others possess are invalid.

Pagan--From the Latin Paganus, meaning a country dweller or rural person. Now used as a term to identify those who follow a pre-xian religion. Paper wars have been fought over whether or not to capitalize the 'P'.

Pentacle--The five-pointed star that witches wear as a sign of identification. Witches never get used to xians who call the Pentagram a Jewish Star.

Polarity--Two opposites who make a greater whole in magick. Gay witches pretend that two of the same sex works better though those of us of the heterosexual persuasion know that, like all things, we are right and the rest of the world is wrong.

Psychic--Anyone who thinks that they can predict the future with a greater than average success. They always have an excuse why they don't break the bank in Las Vegas.

Witch Queen--Any female witch who wants to be on an ego trip. One wonders why their covens leave them for greener pastures?

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Vocabulary (cont.) by Rik

Reincarnation--The process where a witch was a King or Queen or other famous person in a former life. If so, why are they losers now?

Religion--The system of myths, legends and irrational beliefs that I follow as opposed to the system of myths, legends and irrational beliefs that you follow which is called superstition.

Scourge--A tool that represents purity, domination, humility and a fun time for certain witches of a warped persuasion.

Skyclad--The process of being naked in ritual or magickal work. It isn't nearly as exciting as witches would like to believe.

Speculum--A tool that is used to predict the future, like how pregnant is the woman in the stirrups.

Spell--Any set procedure of words and actions that seems ridiculous to the observer but makes perfect sense to the participant.

Sword--The Coven's answer to the Athame. Whereas the Athame is capable of damaging the individual Witch, the Sword, because of its greater mass and size, can punch holes in the ceiling, dig paint and plaster off walls, knock candles onto shag carpeting and perform other feats of magick without which a ritual will seem empty.

Tenets--A set of beliefs, doctrines and principles of Wicca that are easily ignored because there are no threats included.

Theban--The 'official' alphabet of witches. Most of the time the witch will write his/her Book of Shadows or spells in Theban and be very proud of him/herself until the time to read the book, at which time the witch will have forgotten everything.

Tools--The sacred implements through which worship is performed. Many Traditions place great store in these objects, others feel that they are unnecessary. Most Witches are afraid that they possess more power than the Witch himself.

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Vocabulary (cont.) from Rik

Trance--A state of being where the body processes slow and the mind is set free, often confused with sleep which occurs during meditation exercises.

Wand--A tool that is symbolic of air and the Horned God and is therefore phallic shaped. This tool often results in penis envy among female witches and massive insecurity among male witches who wish that they were as well endowed as their wands.

Witch--An Anglo-Saxon term meaning twister. To the Saxon, who coined the term, it was a very bad thing to call someone. Modern Witches still attempt to rewrite history by changing the meaning of the word to 'blessed one' or 'wise one' or 'consecrated one'. Others attempt to say that twister was a good term. Few witches are secure enough in themselves to accept the truth, that is, that we did not have a name for ourselves and were forced to take whatever term they tossed at us.

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Wouldn't this old world be better
If the folks we meet would say
"I know something good about you!"
And treat us just that way?

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy
If each handclasp, fond and true,
Carried with it this assurance
"I know something good about you!"

Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If the good that's in us all
Were the only thing about us
That folks bothered to recall?

Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If we praised the good we see?
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me!

Wouldn't it be nice to practice
That fine way of thinking, too?
You know something good about me;
I know something good about you.

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The Old Religion by Any Other Name by Tarostar

Ancient records indicate the Pagan customs were always associated with pageantry, music, singing, dancing and community banqueting. So much so, that early Christian church officials tried to eliminate thosse things from the general practice of the people. Those types of activities were considered so typically "Pagan" that Christian divines opted for the extreme austerity of the church ritual. It is known that the religious festivals were also civic celebrations in the ancient classical world. The whole community participated to act out a religious drama and affirm a civic duty to the stable order of society and the "cosmos".

The most striking example would be the New Orleans Mardi Gras, the Carnival at Rio, or Cologne and Munich. Not only does it celebrate a religious theme, but is also a civic holiday bringing revenue and marketing to the city.

In the period when the Christian church was actively opposing the Pagan religions, in the Fourth Century C.E., the bishops were appalled that their own good Christians would rush out to participate in the pageantry, musical extravaganzas, dances and banquets put on by the civic officials at the traditional Pagan Holy Days. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, took issue with that participation by Christians at Pagan festivals, so much so that he forced the weak Emperor Theodosius to enforce an edict making all non-Christian forms of public worship an imperial crime, 395 C.E.

From that time, we know, the folk would not give up their old forms of religious expression, so the Christian church was forced to adopt many of the traditional Pagan customs. Christianity always had a difficult time in eradicating the Old Religion. The people just won't have it.

For instance, the padres tried to get the Incas to refrain from an annual parade of the mummies of their Sun Kings by allowing a parade of statues of the saints. The Incas hid the mummies under the robes of the saint statues and paraded them anyway. Paganism just does not die.

We also know the Aztec, Mayan and Inca Indians hid images of the Old Gods and Goddesses inside the altar stones of the Christian cathedrals because those huge mausoleums of the Dying God were built by Indian slave labor under the rule of

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The Old Religion (cont.) by Tarostar

the Christian priests. They could pray in the house of the new god, knowing the Old Ones were still there.

We also know the Mexican Santa Maria de Guadalupe is a christianization of the Aztec Corn Mother Goddess. The padres had to allow those things or the Indians would not attend church.

In Europe, we see the Mother Goddess and the Green Man God carved into the decorations of early Christian churches also. In the West Indies, we know, the African Gods were identified as Christian saints. Without major concessions to the Old Religion, Christianity would not have been able to survive.

The Old Religion came directly under fire when the Medieval church was challenged by Protestantism. That is the period the idea of "Witchcraft" was made into a sinister force. The most virulent witchcraft persecutions came about during the Reformation and the counter-Reformation, when both Catholicism and Protestantism accused Satan and so-called Witches for breaking up Christian unity.

Catholics and Protestants struck out at each other and at anyone else who happened to be convenient--Pagans/Witches/ Wise Ones. However, we know, and have known for centuries, that the Official Faith--Christianity--has only been a very thin veneer over the hearts and minds of ordinary people.

Today, we are seeing a reaffirmation of the old ways. This reaffirmation is not subtle, as in ages past, but direct, open, and public.

The Edict of Theodosius, from the falling Roman Empire, no longer pertains to anyone but those still clinging to the last vestige of Rome--Churchianity.

In Iceland, we see open and public worship of the Pagan Gods from the old sagas. In Peru, yearly, thousands of Incas gather to recreate and participate in the ancient Solar Festivals. All over the world, the Old Religion is coming out of hiding, coming out of the shadows cast by the Cross, the day of the pale Galilean is on the wane.

The problem many adherents of the Old Religion have, however, is with the identity "Witch." Witches were useful to society in ancient times but have been made evil and sinister by the

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The Old Religion (cont.) by Tarostar

Christian church's propaganda machines so that people cringe when the identity is made. Even Witches themselves perpetuate the old myth by dressing up like an Inquisitor's nightmare with black robes, stringy or electric hair and sinister eye make-up a la Ms. Cabot of Salem. Spooking the Christians is fun, but does not do our PR any good.

Many adherents of the Old Religion are working in a more acceptable manner by recreating the ancient Pagan rites through folklore festivals. Bureaucrats cannot and do not take issue with pageants, music, dances and community banquets.

If you say you are going to put on a Pagan rite for something or a shamanic ritual for something, they have heart failure. However, if you say what you do is anthropological, sociological, cultural, historic, and folkloric, you get no objections at all. Even good Christians come and participate and fellowship with the Witches because everyone is allowed to participate and share the bounty of God/Goddess. No one raises any "religious" objections at all. It is not what Witches do, it is how they present it.

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The youngster brought home a report card heavy with poor grades. "What have you to say about this?" asked the mother.

"One thing for sure," he replied. "You know I ain't cheating!"

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The father of the household called the telephone company and ordered a 50-foot extension cord put on the phone. He explained, "I want my daughter to stay outside more now that the weather is nice."

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The young lawyer told his associate, "I feel like telling that judge where to get off again."

"What do you mean, again?"

"Well," the lawyer replied, "I felt like it last week, too."

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Bake Now to Keep Warm from USDA

If you enjoy baking breads and cakes you might consider doing up a batch this winter. Baking will get your home nice and warm too. Freeze and hold home baked products for up to six months. Freeze food at zero degrees or lower as soon as it is cooled after baking. Wrap the product in moisture and vapor resistant materials or place it in a freezer container or carton. Exclude as much air as possible from the package. To be sure of high quality in baked foods held in a freezer, here are the maximum storage times recommended by the USDA:

White bread and plain rolls	6 months
Cinnamon rolls and fruit and nut breads	3 months
Angel food and chiffon cakes	2 months
Chocolate layer cake	4 months
Pound or yellow cake	6 months

All those are stored after baking. But you can store pies, unbaked, at zero degrees. Apple, berry, cherry and peach pies will keep successfully for up to eight months.

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Conclave of the Gods by Stan

Revilo curled lazily in his lounge chair and idly watched the swirl of the multicolored light beams coruscating from a faceted crystal, a pendant hanging from the window ledge. Evening, just at dusk, is my favorite time of day, he thought, deep in reverie.

Vesta, his spouse and HPs, was saying, "I have a good idea."

Now Revilo learned from past experience when Vesta had one of her good ideas, it was time to be busy on some urgent project in a distant part of the house.

"Yes," he answered, "I was just getting ready to fix that leaky faucet upstairs."

"Oh, no you don't," she retorted, "That faucet has been that way for a year now. A little more time won't hurt. Let's have a sabbat on a ley line or where two or more ley lines cross."

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Conclave (cont.) by Stan

"Oh fine," her spouse responded, "and just how do you think you are going to find such a spot? Look it up in the encyclopedia maybe?"

"No, but I will look it up on the forest service map."

"So you think it will be shown there? Maybe the rangers will have put up a sign, 'ley line crossing five miles'."

"The ancient ones knew where they were and we can find out from them."

"Oh, no you don't. We are not messing with any necromancy. I haven't forgotten the time you tried to call up Thomas Edison and get the plans for the machine he built to talk with the departed. Nothing stirring in that cauldron."

"It was as much your idea as it was mine. Besides, they are shown on the map if you know where to look. The Indians knew where they were."

"Vesta, the Indians of today that know won't tell you, and the few that would tell you don't know."

But Vesta had the map lying on the table. "Here are some Indian ruins shown, here are some more and over here are still more. These were ancient cities. Watch!" Taking a ruler, she drew interconnecting lines between them. Then taking a geologic map, she circled the points on it that corresponded to the crossed lines. Several of these lie along fault lines. One showed to be a reverse fault with a rather steep escarpment. "Aha, there is where we want to go," she exclaimed.

Revilo was always secretly pleased at his wife's considerable intelligence, although he wasn't about to say so. "Well, I never won an argument yet with a woman. But I'm sure it's a waste of time." Revilo's private opinion was anyone who claimed to have the last word with his HPs was not to be trusted. He'd probably lie about other stuff, too.

Vesta circled the spot on the map and the next day found them in the vicinity. It lie about three miles inside of a wilderness area. There was nothing to do but shoulder the packs and walk in. Actually, the weather was ideal and Revilo enjoyed the walk far more than he would have admitted.

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Conclave (cont.) by Stan

Soon they came to a miniature beach along side of a creek and a steep wall of rock on the other side. Pulling her camera from her pack, Vesta took several shots of what appeared to be petroglyphs--bracketing so she would be sure of having one good one.

"Look," she cried, "We can read them."

"Oh yeah? What do they say?"

"Well, first we have the sun and the moon. Our Lord and Lady, right?"

Revilo admitted the possibility of her idea. "Then we have a series of upside down V's with those in back getting smaller. This stands for country and those in back for far away country."

"Mmmm, maybe so, go on."

"Then we have an upside down U. What else but a door? And then we have... wait a minute. Those aren't petroglyphs, those are runes, not too far different from those we know about. Of course, they won't translate into English."

By now, Revilo dropped all pretense of indifference and began copying down the characters. "Look at this," he exclaimed, "Half fish and half man, a merman, maybe? And look, they are incised, not like the others."

Vesta replied, "Could it be Dagon?"

"Don't be silly, Dagon was a Philistine god although it does look like him. Besides, the Philistines used cuneiform, not runes."

"The business people did but not the priests."

"Well, Dagon was a corn god of the Phoenicians, and father of Baal."

"Yes, and Baal was associated with Anat, who became Astarte. I think we're getting carried away here. Let's eat and then circle."

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Conclave (cont.) by Stan

After supper, Vesta checked the directions with a compass. After allowing for the deviation, she laid out the altar and the candles. There was almost no wind and the air temperature was perfect to circle skyclad.

Things were a little different with this circle. For one thing, she used an athame made of bronze instead of the usual steel. As she began to cast the circle, she went widdershins, not the usual deosil.

Revilo looked at her questioningly. When she finished, she replied, "You don't find everything about the Craft in books." Three times she went around the sand. It was as if she had limned the circle with a phosphorescent paint. It began to glow. She invoked the Watchers, not in the Cabalistic manner of the pentacles but in a more simple affirmation of their being. Although the candles burned without a flicker, a cool stirring filled the circle.

After each had been purified and blessed, they noticed little lights resembling fireflies began to dance around them. But where fireflies were amber, these were a blue white. The glyphs on the rock began to shimmer as the stone cliff became a pellucid screen.

They looked into a huge room. The farther wall, although plicated, as you might see in an ancient cave, showed a map of the world. One could easily pick out Stonehenge, the Pyramids, Delphi, and many other power points of the world. Suddenly, the room began to fill with priests. They formed a semicircle around a dais in the back of the room.

"Wow," exclaimed Revilo, "What we are seeing is a hologram of something taking place in another part of the world."

"Yes, and maybe in another time frame. But watch."

Seated on throne on the dias was the most beautiful woman either of them had ever seen. Every man's dream incarnate could not do her justice. To look at her was to feel as though one knew the secret of the universe and somehow she was it. To her right sat El, the father of all the gods, behind him a bas relief of a magnificent bull.

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Conclave (cont.) by Stan

"Astarte, my beloved, have you not made a mistake when you created mankind? You must admit he has polluted the earth to the point of his own extinction, providing he doesn't blow both himself and the planet to pieces. His life on earth has been a long series of wars, each more deadly than the one before, and he has forgotten the old gods."

"There is truth in what you say. But not all have forgotten us. There are those who worship in the old way. Besides, I gave man Life and Will--the rest was up to him. Some have used it wisely, most have not. A lot of the fault lies in that pipsqueak god of the volcanoes. Always demanding immolations of some sort or another. No wonder man has felt frustrated and become neurotic--to make matters worse, he has not been clearly shown his destiny is in his own hands--not in the sky."

"Then let us make an end to him. Soon there will be no animals, no flowers, no trees, no blue sky. Surely your creation is not worth a fraction of these."

"I have to agree with you, albeit, grudgingly. I do have a plan though. Give me another one hundred years."

"A century, he has had fifty centuries now."

"I know, but in a short time he will be able to go to another planet. Then those that are left can be allowed to die out of natural causes, radiation having made them sterile."

"Well, all I can say is if there are any people on the planet they land on and thinking about the treatment of the American Indian, my advice is fight to the last man. There are others involved in this. Let us hear the opinion those who await."

Exclaimed Pan, "Man's ordure covers the earth, his senseless torture of my animals, in repeating useless experiments in the name of science sickens us all. I say, away with him. I would ask, most gracious Astarte one question: What good is he?"

A chorus of cries arose. "Let him suffer the same extinction he has brought about on so many other creatures even to genocide."

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Conclave (cont.) by Stan

Vesta stood aghast, this was no mummery. This was for real and the fate of all mankind could rest on her. With an effort of will, she landed in their presence.

"What ho, what have we here? I do believe it is a mortal," Pan cried.

"Yes, and she wears the acorn necklace of Freya."

"Ares, you were to set the wards. Wyy didn't you?"

"I set them all except one in an obscure canyon in North America. I was late. She couldn't have found that portal."

"Well, she did." Turning again to Vesta, she asked, "Why are you here and why are you sans induviae?"

"Perhaps she has escaped from some seraglio," Pan suggested lasciviously.

Then Vesta spoke. "What you have said is true. Man as a species has been an affront to all that is decent, but not all men. Not all men have been misled by the lies from the Levant. Many still worship and feed energy to the Old Gods. Many have given their lives in the fight against disease. Many have embraced poverty willingly that others might live. So, not all men are bad. Man has made progress up the ladder of decency--albeit he has slipped back one rung for every two he has climbed. Perhaps of the decillions of people who have lived, only a few have done this but those few have the life blood of the Gods flowing in their veins. Would you destroy your own? The age of the fish, of the water passes, a new age commences, a striving toward the mounts of the Gods. Since the Gods themselves did not know the outcome of the experiment called Man, they are not omniscient. How then can they expect man to be?"

At this there was an uproar from the assembly. "An affront! An affront!"

But Astarte silenced them. "Not since the days of Olympus has a mortal conversed with the Gods. It has been too long. Return to your portal. We shall take heed of your words. As we have honored you, so have you honored us by your being here. Go now."

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Conclave (cont.) by Stan

A few weeks later, Revilo was safely ensconced in his favorite recliner when Vesta exclaimed, "I have a wonderful idea."

But Revilo was already half way up the stairs, pipe wrench in hand.

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From Jim

We received the September issue of GNL after my last call to you... thanks very much for sending it.

As you may know, I go back many years with Pat and have been a subscriber to the GNL for over a dozen years, so what I need to say comes from that perspective.

I am deeply concerned that you folks have not taken the time to communicate, comprehensively, to the GNL subscribers, what is going on, while, in turn, the GNL seems to be going down the toilet! I, for one, am truly frustrated by efforts (notes, letters, phone calls) I've had to make over the past six months to try to fix the problem only to have it remain "un-fixed" with no real understanding as to WHY???

There was a time when you could just about tell what day of the month it was by the arrival of the GNL.... I just received the September 87 issue and it's already January 88?

One of the very disturbing behavior patterns I have observed in the Craft, especially in the past five years, is a growing, what I choose to label, "Arrogance of non-communication".

It ranges from alleged Craft individuals/organizations taking money from Craft individuals for Craft goods and services and simply never supplying them while "dropping out"; a classical rip-off; to simply fading into the ethers without so much as a good-bye". It appears that a sort of Yuppie-driven idea that "I have no responsibility to anyone other than myself" and/or "I am a universe unto myself, answerable to no one and therefore screw everyone else" is a growing cancer within society in general and the Craft in particular. Those type attitudes, however, are basic violations of Craft law, which seems to be conveniently forgotten.

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From Jim (cont.)

Since you are not communicating to the subscribers about what is going on I can't conclude if you have fallen into those negative evolved behavior patterns.

What I am saying to you is the following:

I am very concerned about the "health" of the GNL.

What's been "not happening" with the GNL is inconsistent with those values which Pat stood for.

Your subscribers are entitled to know what's going on. Are you publishing? Are you not publishing? What is the problem and what can they expect from you?

If, for any reason, you can't or don't want to publish the GNL then simply explain that situation, including the "whys" to the subscribers and get yourselves out of the publishing business... (I'm fully aware of how difficult it is to produce a monthly publication).

Do not continue this "mystery" around the GNL. That approach is leading to the accumulation of a lot of negative Karma.

Do not misinterpret the above; I'm not "dumping" on you. I'm trying to give you some sage Craft advice and hoping for some positive outcome. If anything, I'm annoyed and saddened to see what a loved and old friend of mine built as a work of love, now being treated like an insignficant piece of shit.

Enclosed is a SASE. I will appreciate your communicating to me with regard to the October, November, December and January issues of the GNL and what the future of the GNL is.

From Dean:

Thank you for your concern. Not to worry.

If we were to decide to abscond with the entire receipts from the GNL, we might be able to make it to Sacramento if we traveled economy class and packed our own lunches rather than stopping at McDonalds.

The most I will offer anyone who shares your fears is the same as I offer all who feel they have a claim against me or mine--send me a bill; I will pay it or afford them an

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From Dean (cont.)

opportunity to extract their ration of flesh. In other words, all who are overtly disturbed can send me a note and I will gladly refund their subscription fee. The financially minded may be interested to learn that the newsletter annually costs us personally much more than we receive in contributions. That does not include the considerable time we invest in writing, typing, printing, collating, editing, and mailing the same, let alone the effort gladly expended in forwarding mail and remailing information requests.

I'm not singing the blues--the suffering hero is not an archetype venerated in these quarters. I take some comfort in knowing that we are not alone. I have noticed of late that several pagan publications are well behind schedule recently for one reason or another. What's the old saying? Shit happens; and I do not believe it matters whether it was a party or a tragedy.

You may be pleased to find that we have been spending some of our vast amounts of leisure time lately arranging priorities. As far as the GNL is concerned, our major priority for the foreseeable future in that light is the Pagan Studies Contest. We would eventually like to see us in a position to offer students of whatever age a legitimate one year college scholarship for a winning entry. So, in the spirit of mighty oaks from tiny acorns and such, next year we will offer a $200.00 prize for the chosen exemplary effort. It's called putting money in the same vicinity as the mouth. You kiss it good-bye and hope it someday comes home to roost.

We've been in the mail for thirteen years now and have plans to see that we are for at least as long again--not to expound our own views and opinions but to stimulate thought and pique curiousity. Want to help? WRITE! Write about what you have learned and experienced during the time you have shared with us.

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Albert Einstein's secretary was so burdened with inquiries as to the meaning of "relativity" that the professor decided to help her out. He told her to answer these inquiries as follows: "When you sit with a nice girl for two hours you think it's only a minute, but when you sit on a hot stove for a minute you think it's two hours. That's relativity."

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March 1988 Star Gazer

Earthquakes possible on the 5th, 9th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, and 23rd; most likely between the 14th and 18th.

March comes in like a lion which should be expected, I suppose, with the Moon in Leo. Outdoor treks may bring you in contact with friends but the weather will make it difficult to communicate effectively.

On the 2nd, your mind will be clear and excellent progress toward financial goals can be made through conventional means and attention to thriftiness.

The Full Moon of the 3rd is good for creative projects--especially in art and music.

Use self-knowledge and self-discipline when expressing ideas on the 4th. Rationalization is dangerous.

Great creative possibilities exist on the 5th but you must work with a definite goal in mind.

A period of financial well-being and overindulgence begins on the 6th and continues until early April. This is an excellent period to revive your spring wardrobe with this day boding well for making and repairing clothing.

The 7th brings a great deal of wealth, luck, and influence your way but you may want to be prudent in spending your energies and new found wealth as judgment may be weak. Disappointments in relationships may lead some to seek variety in their love lives.

The materialistic notes begun on the 6th are emphasized by Jupiter's entry in Taurus on the 8th and last through mid-July. This will be a period marked by good judgment, good food, material comfort, and pleasure. It will be a spring to remember.

Opportunities arise in scientific circles on the 9th but practical application may still be in the future.

Material success will be present on the 11th and may be shared with sensitive, perceptive, or reserved friends. Male egos may take a beating as outstanding women are the hallmark of the day.

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Star Gazer (cont.)

Men who marry on the 12th may receive great financial return through their spouses.

Humanitarian reforms may be the highlight in a speech or article on the 13th.

Guard your money on the 14th. New phases make you unsociable; tomorrow will be a better day for dealing with others for, on the 15th, you are all charm and your quick wit easily wins over the most unusual of people.

Make notes so you won't forget items and events of importance between the 16th and the end of the month. Creative writing ventures are favored for the next three weeks as is business correspondence.

The New Moon on the 17th may be best spent in solitude as encounters with others are prone to be quarrelsome, leave you feeling under the weather, and out of money.

A total eclipse of the Sun occurs on the 18th. There will be much confusion and moodiness which may lead to trouble in matters of the heart.

Avoid starting new projects on the 19th. Social events are favored as are artistic, medical, and musical endeavors.

Spring Equinox is on the 20th and you have the ability to leave your enemies behind you. Material well-being is prominent and you may draw stability, power, and position to you without great effort. Spring fever abounds and the energy of the season surrounds you with hope and pleasure.

Lovers may impose on you on the 21st; avoid commitments if at all possible. The adventurous spirit of spring stirs you to sow some wild oats.

Conversation is the centernote on the 22nd; guard secrets and practice artful dodging in a dignified and witty manner. Men will be particularly troublesome but recognition and opportunity are possible if you remain steady and calm.

Your mind outpaces your ability to act and your peers' ability to keep up with you on the 24th. It is an excellent day for effortless progress but expect little recognition or

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Star Gazer (cont.)

assistance from those around you. Consider advice carefully no matter how well your plans seem to be going.

The 25th is another day for effortless progress in business, particularly if you are involved in education or work that involves your hands. Be careful of the feelings of your family though.

Rumblings on the domestic scene continue through the 26th and begin to wear on your nerves.

Impulse spending crowns the 27th although earning power and business ability affords the opportunity for extravagance.

New phases begin at work on the 28th.

Watch spending very carefully on the 29th. Concentrate on the details of your business and proceed in a conventional manner.

You may find yourself solicited by an unusual charity on the 30th. Decide if your donation is really practical and, if not, a tactful and courteous response will be easy to find. Your willpower is weak, financial help is present, but guard your financial picture.

March goes out like a lamb with parties or relaxing lunch engagements, a happy domestic scene, and perhaps a juicy tidbit of gossip.

For you gardeners, plant...

Beans, cabbage, corn, cukes, and peppers on the 17th, 25th, and 26th.

Eggplant on the 17th.

Flowers on the 30th and 31st.

Melons on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.

Watch the weather carefully as we still may have some sudden cold snaps!

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Report from Our Lady of the Perpetual Coffee Pot

It warmed up enough to give me a peck of spring fever the other day and, armed with a thermal undershirt and the work gloves mandated by my manicurist, I was out in the yard preparing the beds for spring planting. We're lucky here in that, with careful planning, we can harvest year round. Life got hectic in late summer last year so I did little winter planting. Still, there are some onions up enough for salads and lacing cornbread and buttermmilk, the sorrel is thriving, we are blessed with oranges, grapefruit, and lemons prettier than the Yule ornaments now put away until next year, and most of the perennial herbs can be harvested year round. The leaves from the trees are now mulch in the raised beds, the grapes pruned back, and new ground turned. Daily drooling by the mailbox paid off with an armful of seed catalogs and the first seed order is already in the mail. There are spots that still need to be raked and beds that need to be raised with more fill dirt. The narcissus are blooming as is a blue-flowered ice plant that sends us continual flowers year round. Many of the bulbs are well on their way up and more blooms will come by Candlemas. There's buds on all the fruit and shade trees--little promises of life after death, promises that will turn into flowered and bright green beauty in a few short weeks.

I tell myself I need to set aside a day to make candles. I have newspaper aplenty to protect the kitchen floor, supplies including slabs of wax, color blocks, scent blocks, wicking, a taper mold, stearin which helps make the candles burn evenly, a special double boiler so I can melt wax with less danger of fire, a thermometer to watch the temperature, little containers for odd lots of melted wax, ice cubes for making interesting designs, even a little beeswax which, unless one raises bees, is very dear and, considering, very precious even so.

I want to start with white candles while the pan and the mold are still clean. Then I'll make the yellow ones and probably green after that. Then blue and red and, once these are done, I can experiment with exotic shapes, colors, and scents and even make some dipped candles. Once the candles are done, the wax removed from the stove and the counters, the pans cleaned, the molds cleaned, and the supplies are put away, the candles must cure for a few days before they will be ready to store, protected from light and heat. If I get

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Report (cont.)

busy here soon, we may be able to use some from the new stock by Candlemas.

My favorite place to purchase supplies is from Williamsburg Candle Factory in Williamsburg, VA 23185. They have the best selection of supplies, good prices, and they ship all over the United States and do an excellent job of packing what they ship. They even carry taper candle molds which are extremely hard to come by. I will check my supplies before I put them away so I can get an order off in time to make candles again next year. And, before I even get started, I'll review the complete instructions in Reader's Digest's Back to Basics (with a bibliography of other books about candlemaking) and, I think, make a big pot of coffee. It will be a full day of work but one rewarded with many light and happy memories in the year to come.

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Adventures South of the Border, Part VI by Rik

Sleep that night is poor. There is another wedding and the band outside my room uses six foot amplifiers. Then when the noise dies down and I sleep, Grey comes in, turns on the lights and giggles like a kid who has been kissed for the first time. He and a number of other guys have been to the local disco/whorehouse. One of the ladies of the evening spent an hour on Grey's lap trying to talk him into paying her 120 Limp for three hours. His face and collar are covered with red and I ask him if I should get lost for a while? Grey says no, as he doesn't do that sort of thing and washes his face, changes his shirt and leaves again. "Children!" I think with disgust.

The next morning we visit the beach two hours away so I am determined to nap on the trip to make up for the last week's poor sleep. I need eight hours a night or I get sick. One of the gifts of Valley Fever. But sleep is a foolish thought, the scenery captured me to the point where one person who did nap on the bus elicited a comment from me, "You have no soul."

The waters of the Carribean are unbelievably clear. I had checked out some snorkling gear from the base and found that I could float on the surface and clearly see the floor ten feet below. I'm always surprised to find that the ocean

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Adventures (cont.) by Rik

water is salty. Intellectually, I realize that; but, for a desert dweller like myself, it is still a bit of a shock.

Later I develop the habit of floating head down with my nose inches from the floor and my feet out of the water. Major Canarro, who was floating nearby, blinding all with his white skin, suddenly grabs me in what he thought was a life-saving measure. I ignore his orders to stay closer to shore and to swim normally. Finally when he demands to know what I am doing (I do have a reputation for being strange), I explain that "I'm watching the waves push the sand along the sea bottom. Hills and valleys are scooped out and it looks like a slow motion sandstorm."

He, of course, thinks that I am crazy, and perhaps I am, but after a few minutes, I convince him to try it and he is also captivated by the sights. Only his lack of lung power causes him to quit.

I float on the waves, invoking the essence of water, flowing about and within, rising and falling, one with the sea. I have no fear of the undertow or backwash for the nature of the sea is to reach the shore.

On shore once again a diver approaches with jewelry made from black coral. He collects the coral from depths of 150', polishes them and sells the results to the tourists. Eventually I purchase a section carved into a heart for Patti. It is a beautiful piece and finally something that says where I am.

Four young children ranging from two to four years appear for a concert. One of them has a plastic pail for bongos, another has a set of coffee cans and a couple of sticks for drums and the other two simply dance. Surprisingly enough, they are very good. They carry a complex tune and song and the dancers keep in time with the music. When they are done, we all pay them so much that they give us a free encore. I must remember to return in twenty years to see if they still play.

A heavy sunburn and back on the road again. The way home (you know that you've been here too long when Palmorola AFB is home) is, as usual, filled with wonder. People working along the road, plantations, small farms, cowboys on

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Adventures (cont.) by Rik

horseback, donkey carts, woodcutters with naked machetes, a beautiful waterfall, trees, slums, wrecked cars, a flat tire.

We pull aside to fix our flat. Most of us wander down to the river to empty our bladders, but I go under a bridge so as to avoid polluting the water. I see something upstream and my binoculars reveal it to be a naked woman bathing in public. This isn't an unusual sight down here, but we are bored and soon I have a crowd of people passing my binoculars back and forth. I've seen more naked people in my time and most of them better looking so I leave and cross the street to see what is on the other side. There, I see a group of kids playing soccer. It's interesting to note that the field is better built than the homes around here.

Gene calls Flores over and has him translate to the kids. The deal is that we set up a game between the kids and the Americans. The kids agree... for five Limp. We are bored and that is about 25 cents each so we agree. I notice as we play that there is a turkey vulture circling overhead. It soon lands in a tree next to the field. Soon I count eight vultures in all, all waiting in that same tree overlooking the game. Perhaps they know something. I also wonder if they are the same flock taht was in Tucson a month before? We are, after all, on their migration route.

The game is a blur. We are all old men, out of shape who are accustomed to football or basketball and baseball. Often we foul because we don't know the rules. I trip over some rocks. Flores hits a tree. Grey yells, "I've got it!" and runs out of the field, over the rocks and almost into the river. Four injuries later, we are skunked. I don't mind playing with the kids, and I don't mind losing and I don't mind paying to lose but those vultures watching us is a bummer.

I see that the entire town has turned out to watch the stupid gringos play with the children and I realize that this game has probably done more for Hondo-American relations than all of the money that we have sunk into this country. Here and now the people saw what Americans are really like.

We arrive at the base minutes before the chow hall closes and the next day we are called out and informed that anyone who ate at the chow hall that weekend should report to sick call

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Adventures (cont.) by Rik

It appears that half the base has come down with food poisoning.

That night, a party occurs and by midnight all, save we who drink but rarely, have passed out. I'm awakened at 2:00 a.m. by the sound of... (the following incident has been classified).

We are now rushing forward with the installation of emergency alarms and sirens. The horns on these are larger than my bed and one set has been installed outside my hootch. I ask for Gene to slow down the electrical connections until we are about to leave. Since I now keep my helmet under my bed and know where they hid my flak vest, I'm not worried about any surprises. Besides, I've been sleeping softly lately.

I'm finishing the roof on the building but I forget my hammer. With the saws and drills, it is too noisy for the people on the ground to hear me from two stories up, so I look for help. One of the women is working below so I toss a nail at her to get her attention. When she looks up I sign my desires. I touch my right eye, touch my left knee and then I make a motion like I'm driving a nail. She nods, touches her left eye, grabs and jiggles her left breast, raises her right leg and points to her vagina. She starts to turn away but I get her attention again. Obviously she misunderstood and I repeat my signs. She nods yes and again goes through her own fondling and touching of her privates. I'm not certain what is happening so I climb down as she hands me a hammer. I ask, "Do you know what I said?"

She responds, "Sure, you said I (eye) need (knee) a hammer."

"Then," I ask, "what did you say?"

She replies, "I (eye) left it (left tit) in my box."

The next day I finally have ten dollars left and I decide to go into town. While awaiting the bus, three of us compare thumbs. John has one that is unrecognizable from years of destruction. Mares has one that is split down the middle and can never grow out normal. One other man has three gone forever. They all agree that mine also will be deformed for life as are many construction nails. I determine not to allow that to happen. I'm not too attractive as it is, the

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Adventures (cont.) by Rik

idea of more scars is enough to make me put a bit more energy into self-healing.

Comayagua is a typical central american town. Even though it lives off the Americans from the base, it has surprisingly few things of interest. Most of the people to whom I speak say it has only two things worthwhile, beer and women, neither of whom are worth much. I see the security guards with their Belgian FN-FAL's, the local police with AK-47's and dozens of military police from the army, marines, and Air Force. One one occasion, I watch a dour-faced Air Police pull out a pocket camera and take a photo of the local tourist sight.

One alley is so full of rotting garbage that it is now impassable, even if one were to push through the three-foot high pile, the flies and dogs would deter such an exploration. The streets are narrow and there are no traffic rules that I can perceive, thus we are constantly aware of the local cars. Women and children accost us from all sides and we enter stores to avoid them. With Mares to translate (almost half of our unit is chicano) we buy rum and nothing else. Finally, depressed, we return to the bus stop and await the ride back to base.

When I return, I decide to take a picture of the base gate, but my flash goes off by accident, causing the guards to reach for their guns. One Air Police climbs aboard and informs me that if I must take a picture, do not take one of a pilot (terrorists kill them if they can be identified) or use a flash around Hondo troops (they are nervous enough already and shoot first without thinking).

I find that the grafitti on the outhouse walls is bothering me. Oh, not so much the profanity but rather the constant insults to the women for refusing their favors. Knowing these adolescents as I do, I can't blame them for saying no. Also the crudely drawn genitals of both genders indicated a deplorable lack of familiarity with same. Each unit brags about how they are the best and remarks on radio stations back in the States. But what angers me the most is that these kids can't spell. I entertain myself while emptying my bowels by correcting the spelling and grammar on the walls.

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Adventures (cont.)

Saturday night, tomorrow we go home. I'm a bit sad because there was a parrot at Dirty Harry's that used to fly over to me and sit on my head while I watched TV. I used to crack sunflower seeds for it and we became friends, as much as a bird brain can recognize the emotion. But last night, the bird flew over to a marine who promptly grabbed it and killed it.

There is a party over at FESA and I decide to drop by for a short time. Usually I avoid military parties as they are an excuse for alcoholic abandon. One of my ideas that I expressed whenever I applied for a commission was to remove the alcohol problem and replace it with more non-drinking family events. But the idea never caught on.

Fesa is a compound within a compound where the locals have decorated to make it more comfortable. They 'collected' some sandbags, plastic pipe, and plastic sheeting and made themselves a jacuzzi. Horseshoe and volleyball courts are scattered about the compound, a roofed sun deck that they are in the process of walling in, air conditioners, comfort city. I ask, "Where is your satellite TV dish?" They reply that it is on order and should come in on our plane tomorrow. These people are down here for a month each year and so improve their standard of living each time. Next year they plan a 30' swimming pool.

Arnold shows his home movies, including the USO show (lots of T & A), my injury, then finishes it off with a porno flick. I leave before the adult entertainment as I don't want to get my hopes up for the night I return.

Sunday is spent washing dirt off the tools and boots, packing equipment, customs inspection. We are told that the necklaces that some of us bought are not allowed into the U.S. so if the inspectors find them, they will be confiscated. Thus, we are instructed to mail them home. Also, Honduras dirt contained parasites that are not allowed to exist within the United States due to health reasons so no dirt can pass customs. During the inspection, a wild puppy that lives on base crawls through the open baggage to our comments of "drug dog", until it runs off with the major's rolled-up socks. I know that he is smuggling some plant material so I yell to the inspector that he should check the socks. Others join in and we are all crying out to know just what is in the socks and other such humorous comments in a

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Adventures (cont.) by Rik

vain attempt to have some fun. The puppy is cornered, the socks returned without investigation and the monotony continues.

After inspection, we are confined to a hut near the airfield and told of an incident where an American was shot to death the night before. The circumstances are suspicious but not unusual and my contacts reveal a few bits of data that won't be released to the public. We are told not to mention the incident until the official press release is given out and family notified. Once again, an incident is classified.

Boredom hangs heavy in the hut as we await the plane's arrival. There is a ZAXXON vido game there but it takes only American quarters and we have only Hondo money or American bills. Brilliant planning, people!

The aircraft finally lands but disaster falls. The air crew wants to party tonight and leave in the morning. This will force us to sleep in our uniforms in a tent and delay our departure, plus, we have turned our meal cards in so food will be a problem. One more day here is intolerable so we talk the base C.O. into telling the air crew that there are no facilities for them. If they remain, they will have to sleep in their plane. They grumble but take us home. They are angry enough to make our flight as unpleasant as they legally can, but we are going home and don't care.

We land in Tucson at 9:00 p.m. It's dark, the heat is like an oven but it is a welcome dry heat and speaks of home.

The air crew refuses to lift off again so we offer the Phoenix people our C-130 to go home on. They accept as the alternative is a bus ride or wait until morning. When they learn that the media is waiting, the Phoenix colonel sends the Tucson people out first.

We are attacked by camera crews and reporters and in the confusion I sneak outside and pretend that I was waiting for the plane. The reporters ask me to move aside so they can talk to the returning troops and I'm glad to ablige. I would be torn between my duty to follow orders and say the official speech or tell the truth about how I feel. Avoidance is the safest course.

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Adventures (cont.)

From my place near the back of the bus, I see the Phoenix people sneaking out the back door of the plane and run to our aircraft. Trust down here versus lack of trust up there. I'm glad I'm based in Tucson and not in Phoenix. If the Phoenix colonel treats his people like children, it's no wonder they have such a poor reputation about the country and act like brats.

We climb aboard our bus to be taken back to CE and the reporters ask one last question, "What did you miss most about America?"

I yell out, "Flush toilets!" a comment that is cheered on by the others. We pull Joann from a reporter (I'm not certain who accosted whom), gag her to stop her from talking and hijack the bus to get going.

Inside CE I hug my kids and family, give them a snack and set them down while I attend the debriefing. We are paid, and I am surprised to find an extra $200; then we are offered medication to deworm us. I've had worms before so I jump to the head of the line. I've had enough infections and diseases from this and other deployments and I rarely take chances anymore.

It takes a week before I am able to sleep past 5:00 a.m. A clean bed, toilet, decent food, and a home with less than a dozen roommates is paradise. If I had some chocolate and a mutually compatable partner it would be perfect, but then, home is good and we never appreciate what we have until we go without.

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A conservative is a man who is too cowardly to fight and too fat to run. --Elbert Hubbard, Epigrams

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Don't say things. What you are stand over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary. --Emerson, Social Aims

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True progress quietly and persistently moves along without notice.

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From Math

This is sort of my follow through on a recent article, where I had mentioned that the approach of Circle of the Enchanted Wood was for all members to learn more of the poetry and philosophy of our religion than is normally required--and in so doing to apply this knowledge to the creation of ritual etc. rather than dwell heavily on dogmatic "book" approach. I think I had mentioned for example, that we look for the person to be self-initiated rather than in group--and that while we are all Priestess/Priest--the office of High Priestess/Priest is shared by all; the group choosing the High Priestess/Priest at the close of a Sabbat who will be in "charge" through the following Esbat(s) and through the following Sabbat--when the process will begin anew. This, of course, not only precludes any "power trips"--it is also a wonderful means of training and of getting everyone involved. It works!

Now I would like to share with all the fruits of our efforts and quote below two beautiful pieces of poetry. The first, given by Constance to her daughter Kate:

The oak to the greenwood,
to the glen the rowan tree,
the alder to the salt pastures,
wet by the sea....

But the pine tree stands stately,
where cold the north winds blow,
and my heart loves the pine tree,
and the barren hills of snow.

The second has been composed by Water Moccasin:

The earth, she has her seasons
as she moves around the sun
and we honor her changes
as always we have done.

Now, the time of darkness,
with sun's warming in the past,
we turn to flames within ourselves,
to kinds of Love that last.

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From Math (cont.)

We send warm greetings globewide,
we wear bright red and green,
and sing sweet hymns of childhood
from wherever we have been.

What's more, though earth is barren now,
her harvest fruits are in,
so we share the kept abundance
with strangers and with kin.

The gifts we give are one by one
which is the way we came.
We wrap and ribbon each of them
with greetings name to name.

We reverence our differences,
and shine, our dearest dreams
of tenderness and peace on earth;
for even though it seems,

sometimes, the separations
and deep pains of long ago
which come into our mem'ries now
we just don't want to know,

still we weave them all into our hearts.
New light Life has in store.
We can tune ourselves to birthing
'cause we've been this way before.

So we're thankful to be here for this,
again to take a chance
on mercy and the Goddess' love
and dance the spiral dance.

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Yesterday's sun went down last night,
And the sun of tomorrow is yet to rise;
Only the sky of today is bright
Over the path where our journey lies.
We who would come to the goal at last
Must wait not to dream beside the way;
There is hope in the future and help from the past,
But for work there is only today.

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Foods for Hard to Get Nutrients from USDA

Surveys show that some diets in the United States do not provide the recommended amounts of certain nutrients according to the USDA. Some of the nutrients often found to be problems are the minerals calcium, iron, magnesium and zinc and the vitamins A, C, B-6 and folacin.

Milk and cheese are the major sources of calcium in U.S. diets. Other sources are sardines, canned salmon eaten with bones, dark green leafy vegetables, dried beans and peas, and corn tortillas.

The most highly absorbable iron is found in red meats, liver, poultry and fish. Other sources are green leafy vegetables, dried beans and peas, whole grain products and enriched breads and fortified cereals.

Many foods contain worthwhile amounts of magnesium. Especially good sources are leafy green vegetables, nuts and seeds, whole grains, and dried beans and peas.

The richest sources of zinc are red meat, liver, and other organ meats and shellfish, especially oysters. Other sources are poultry, cheese, whole grain cereals, dried beans and peas, and nuts and seeds.

Vitamin A is found in animal foods such as liver, egg yolk, cheese, whole milk and butter and fortified margarines and low fat milk. Some fruits and vegetables contain beta carotene which is converted to vitamin A in the body. These include carrots, broccoli, spinach, sweet potatoes, pumpkin, winter squash and cantaloupe.

Vitamin C is found in citrus fruits, berries, melons, dark green vegetables, tomatoes, green peppers, cabbage and potatoes.

Vitamin B-6 is found in meat, poultry, fish, dried beans and peas, whole grain breads and cereals, nuts and bananas.

Folacin is found in dark green leafy vegetables; whole grain breads and cereals; dried beans and peas; and fruits, especially orange juice.

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The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen nor touched but are felt in the heart.

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Dancer, Prancer Nearly Kaput? from USDA

It's still over 300 days before reindeer return to our housetops, but the USDA is already worrying about their health. The reindeer in Alaska are having all kinds of problems with disease and parasites. Once where 600,000 reindeer roamed, now only about 30,000 more or less flea-bitten ones roam. Well, fly-bitten is more accurate. The fly is the warble, a parasitic fly that seriously inhibits weight gain in animals and weakens their resistance to disease. Warbles also destroy all commercial potential for the hides by perforating them with holes. Innoculation for protection from the pest is underway. Scientists are working on the bruccellosis problem too. Vaccine used for cattle in the United States is not effective with reindeer. Here are some interesting things about reindeer you may want to drop at your next meeting or party:

The hair on a reindeer's back is water repellent. That's why Santa Claus isn't bothered by rain.

The antlers of a reindeer generate income from sales in the Orient, where they are used for medicinal purposes. Top grades sold for $50 last year. Antlers grow on both the male and female, and are cut each year while in the soft "velvet" stage.

Reindeer dig through as much as three feet of snow to find lichens, their main food during the cold months. This digging ability helps them find chimneys in snow storms at Yule time.

The first sixteen reindeer in Alaska were imported from Siberia in 1891. They all died. The following year came a second herd, along with Lapp reindeer herders to manage the herd and keep them alive.

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Not long ago a student was very short of cash. Since it was only the third of the month, he didn't dare ask his family for money. The only solution was to sell something. So the next issue of the school paper carried the following ad: "For sale" One good-looking sport jacket. $85. Size 41 long. A superior coat, and I need money. Apply 0000 Walker Hall." Two days later a special delivery letter arrived from New York containing the advertisement, a check for $85, and the terse comment: "I'll buy the coat. Love, Mother."

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Publications

Sword of Dyrnwyn, newsletter of the Church of Y Tylwyth Teg, 8 issues/year, $12 U.S., $15 outside U.S., single copy $2. 1029 Peachtree ST NE Suite 218, Atlanta, GA 30309. Ifno on sabbats, astrology, Tarot, Celtic lore, and more.

Magickal Beginnings Calendar 1988, created by Tarostar. Check your local bookstore/occult shop for availability. Produced by Bell, Book & Candle of Las Vegas. Calendar with Magical Daily Aspectarian, extra articles. Suggested retail $7.95.

Calendar of events, $4/year, Larry Cornett, 9527 Blake LN #102, Fairfax, VA 22031.

That's all for this month...

Blessed Be,

dean, jeannie, and the Georgians

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