

If Sputnik II Landed at Highacres
Cont.

He'll feel highly honored to be able to be the first earth man to examine me. All I have to do is go up to him and wag my tail....

He doesn't seem to notice me. He's pre-occupied with something. The strange words he's muttering seem to be, "Now where did I put that ~~*****~~ schedule of mine. Scram dog, what do I look like, a doghouse?"

Startled at this treatment, I decided to look elsewhere. Someone else would get a chance to make history, and then this nasty man will realize what he had missed.

Yet such luck was not to be mine, for I was thrown out of the main building by a man who was armed with a duffel bag. In another building, I was chased by an officer who was examining toy airplanes. I never managed even to gain entrance to the two other buildings from which great noise emerged. It seems that one of the buildings is a "rec hall", and the other a library. However, my trained ears found the activity to be more intense in the library building.

Rejected! That's what I am. But wait a minute; I'm going down into the valley. "Why?" you ask. I'm going hunting, you idiot.

Legal Blood Bath in the United States

John Bodnar

Many of you probably read the notice that appeared on the bulletin board several weeks ago. In essence it said that the bloodmobile would be in town and that volunteers from our Center to give blood were wanted. Also, many of you were informed of this in the ROTC class. Several of you volunteered. Some others either because they did not know exactly what it was all about, or because you didn't have time for such trivial things you did not go. For those of you who did not volunteer, I am going to relate my personal experiences so that you will be

more informed and possibly more receptive the next time that this notice appears on the bulletin board.

As I approached the building, which was a church, I could not shake the feeling that the building somehow resembled a bomb stone. My stomach was also in a peculiar position, lodged between the heart and lungs and protruding between the 3rd and 4th ribs on the left side. The location of the church, across the street from a cemetery, did little to settle my rising stomach. However, I had already gone too far to turn back.

When I entered the building, I was met by a sweet elderly lady who immediately went into a monologue about how many times she had given blood and also, how happy she was to see that I had volunteered. To me it seemed that she was happier over the fact that I was giving blood, and not she, than about anything else. Very quickly, a troop of well-trained volunteers and nurses aides took my name and address; fed me one small glass of juice; took my temperature and pulse; weighed me, and led me to the next table. Here is where it really began.

At the table I sat directly in front of a nurse, whom I immediately noticed was trying to distract my attention. She was young, had a pretty face, a charming smile. She succeeded. Then, it happened. From beneath a piece of gauze, no bigger than an inch square, she withdrew a knife blade, the size of which made the famed "bowie knife" look like a hatpin for grasshoppers. With one sweep of this mighty weapon, she pricked my finger. My sense of feeling said that it had not hurt, but my common sense said that it must have; so I screamed. At this point another nurse came over to help calm me. She had a startling effect on me, but it certainly wasn't calming. Neither of the two nurses could stop the bleeding; therefore, they made me hold a piece of gauze over the cut so that I couldn't watch myself bleeding.