

Love in a positive vein



This year, following in the steps of Sir George Williams University, the TC-UNB Clinic is offering a full size Waterbed as a drawing card to its sessions. The value of this bed is in excess of \$40.00.

When you register on Oct. 26, 27 or 28, you will be assigned a number. Later a draw will be held and a number selected. This person will be called and presented with the prize.

did you know

- (a) that last year UNB topped the record of 800 pints set in 1965.
- (b) that the new record stands at 853.
- (c) this year we are raffling off a waterbed valued at over \$40.00.
- (d) you could win just by registering at the clinic and giving one single pint.
- (e) refreshments and food abound for all.
- (f) you could meet a possible 35 nurses.
- (g) life is the only thing that could possibly matter to everyone.
- (h) everyone matters.
- (i) that Aitken House outperformed every other residence last year and captured the blood donor trophy.

UNB had the highest percentage turnout of any university in the Maritimes at last year's spring clinic.

BLOOD CLINIC HOURS:

at TEACHERS' COLLEGE

October 26, 10am - 12 noon
1:30 - 5 pm

at SUB BALLROOM, UNB

October 27 1:30 - 4:30pm
6 - 8pm

October 28 9am - 12 noon
1:30 - 5pm

**HELP
US
HELP**

Bloody Bruns

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND, INTIRE OF IT SELFE; EVERY MAN IS A PEECE OF THE CONTINENT, A PART OF THE MAINE; IF A CLOD BEE WASHED AWAY BY THE SEA, EUROPE IS THE LESSE, AS WELL AS IF A PROMONTORIE WERE; ANY MAN'S DEATH DIMINISHES ME, BECAUSE IN AM INVOLVED IN MANKINDE.

John Donne

**win a waterbed
cost:
one pint of blood**

You've seen this advertisement in the past. As usual you've ignored it and turned to the sports section. But this time you stopped, began reading, until you realized that perhaps it might not be a bad idea to visit the clinic. Just to see what it's all about.

You rush up to Teacher's College the first day, or climb the stairs to the SUB ballroom on one of the following two sessions. Then you become amazed. Why is everyone laughing? Isn't this supposed to be a torture? A human sacrifice? How come people are so calm? Don't they know they are going to be stabbed?

After joining the lineup, you're pushed along to the registrar's table. There sits a vision of loveliness in virgin white. Everyone has been trying to put moves on her all day, so you might as well. She wants to hold your hand. As good a way as any to get started, I guess.

Only, that's not what she has in mind. Good God, what's that sharp pointy thing. You run away in horror awaiting the plunge. What happened? It's over? What does it mean? I didn't feel anything.

You are disappointed. How can you be a hero when it's so easy that the best is yet to come?

You move to the registering nurse who asks you for your name and place of residence. Then it's time to move onto the beds.

This is it. A luscious young nurse comes over to you. She smiles, you smile, almost. Then comes the moment of truth. You can't look. Minute after minute passes. When are they going to do it? Let's get it over with.

Suddenly the nurse comes back and smiles again. Again you barely grin. "Well, well," she says, "You're very fast aren't you." You have to agree with her. Other girls have told you the same thing, but what's that got to do with the price of bananas?

What's up? She wants me to move onto those rest beds. What for? You lie there for a while and then sneak off toward the door.

Fifteen minutes. That's all it takes. Fifteen lousy minutes. No fuss, very little bother. Yet two weeks and four days from that very moment, your blood saved the life of a little girl while she was being rushed to the hospital.

Break about it.

D. LARRY LETCH