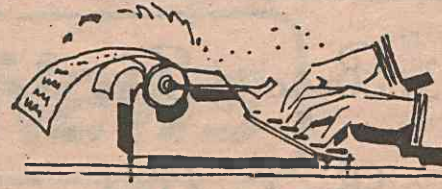


He Can Be Yours If The Price Is Right



The Column's
Column

By SCOTT SCHLOTZHAUER

The first item up for bid is a young man named Kevin Bighinatti. Kevin is dressed in tight biking pants and a loose fitting blue shirt. Come on ladies, let's open the bidding at a dollar. Let's see those muscles Kevin. Yes I have a bid of a dollar, anyone else? Going once, going twice, sold to Myra Jenkins for a dollar.

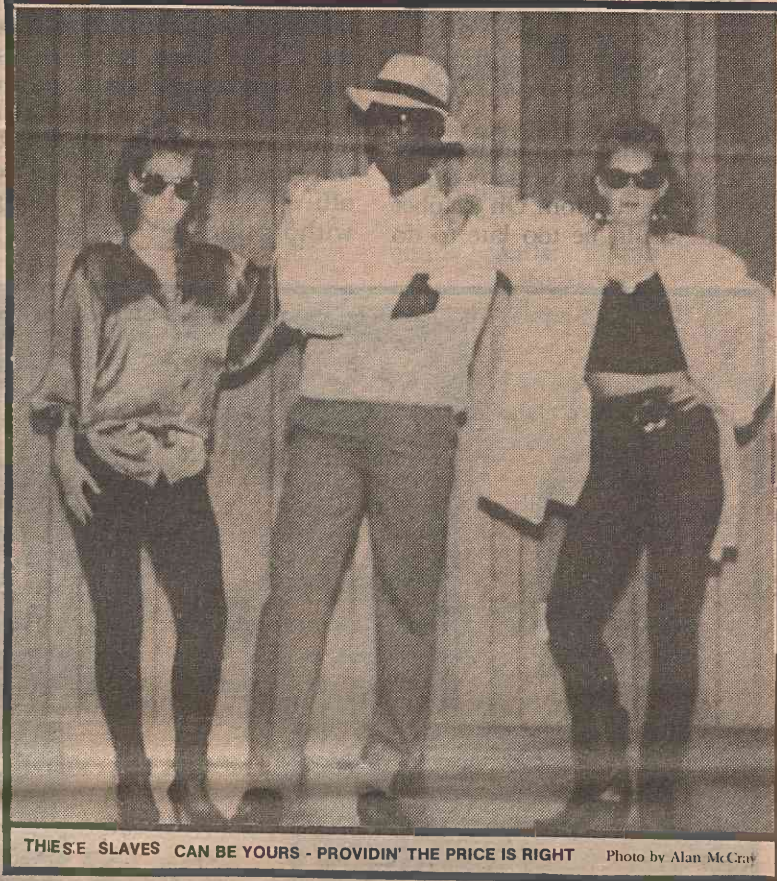
That was the lowest bid for a slave at the annual Slave Auction October 22. The crowd of about a hundred and twenty students bought and fought for the pseudo-slaves that were being sold in the Multi-purpose room. This year the slave auction was sponsored by the Kenan RLC and they earned \$105 for programs. Kathy Hight said that she had 22 people signed up for the auction but only ten people showed up. Two people that were sold were walk-ins at the last minute. But those twelve people did a good job of entertaining the audience.

Second up for bid is a special deal, two for the price of one: Amy Covert and M.assy Gardner. These two young ladies are dressed in black pants and shades. Let's open bidding at two dollars. When the bidding was done the two went for seven dollars.

Dressed as "Ladies of the Evening" as she says and escorted by their pimp are Sandy MacFarlane and Georgette Ray. They were dressed in tight black pants and tight little tops. They both wore shades and the crowd went wild. The baseball

players started the bidding and it went back and forth between them until the smoke cleared and Donni Brown walked away with the threesome at eighteen dollars.

Nina Snider and Kim Taylor were staunchly different from
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THESE SLAVES CAN BE YOURS - PROVIDIN' THE PRICE IS RIGHT Photo by Alan McCray

October Draws Blood From Louisburg College

By SCOTT SCHLOTZHAUER

October third was the date of the blood drive. The American Red Cross sent its van full of crew and equipment to the Multi-Purpose Room of the college for the afternoon in hopes of increasing their supplies. The team was expecting to draw at least 100 pints of blood from the students and faculty of Louisburg College but left a little short with only sixty-seven pints in all.

The Red Cross sent a team of about ten nurses to take the blood pressure and blood type of the students before they gave blood. "There were quite a few student workers," said Kevin Bighinatti, one of the workers. "There were high-school students working during the earlier parts of the day and then students from the college took over after their classes. Mr. Stafford and the Christian Life Council gave a lot of help throughout the entire day."

Students did the jobs of taking temperatures and filling out the preliminary forms. They also handed out supplies

to the nurses and donor bags to the students. Other students helped the nurses that drew blood by helping the donors with words of encouragement and helping them to gain stability once they had donated.

"I think that only one person fainted and only two or three couldn't give blood because of their body weight. There were a lot of first time donors so I guess that's pretty good."



SEVERAL STUDENTS GAVE BLOOD ON OCT. 3

Photo by Jim Garulski

By LOUIS EWEBURG

Last month I started my series and the response that we got was pretty good so I figured that I'd continue along those same lines. Get back on that time train, choo choo if you wish, and ride back to the birthday parties that you used to have, the gifts that you received, and games that you played.

If your birthday was in the summer you always seemed to get them and you were upset because everyone else had G.I. Joe with the Kung Fu grip. Kites were cheap but they were still fun. If you lived in the country they got stuck in a tree. It didn't matter if you were in a field, a tree was always close enough for it to catch.

Models were another of those fun gifts that you hated to get for your birthday but had fun with anyway. If your father liked trucks, you always got truck models. If your brother liked planes, you would get plane models. The only difference there was that if your brother saw that you hadn't put it together in about a week he would make sure that it was built.

Building things were always fun when you were a kid. The big companies played it up for us by giving us toys like legos, tonka toys, and of course the termite's dream: lincoln logs. When we were little we were able to imagine houses and monsters that seem silly to us now but at the time were the best thing that could ever be dreamed. They all looked terrible but Dad was always there to say things like "That's great" and "That's so much better than your brother used to do." I always fell for it.

Then there were all of the little kid games that you used to play. You remember four-square and kick ball. That was the sort of team sport that you used to play when you were younger. Four-square was a lot of fun in my school. We had mile long lines waiting to play the game during recess. King was always the best position and remember, no bobbling.

Sports when you were younger were easy. You would try to imitate the race car drivers on your big wheel. Oh sure, your big wheel was your life. I always had fun riding around the neighborhood, well in front of my house anyway, and racing with my friends. The big wheels were made out of hollow plastic and were always ready to give out after

the first month or so of heavy riding. I loved the commercials where the guy would pull on the speed brake and go into a super spin. It was great on TV but it never worked for me. It's too bad they were made of plastic because they invariably got caught under the family car.

Do you remember all of the tricks you used to play on your bike? Great things like a Ghost Rider when you would get going really fast and then jump off of the back and then laugh when the bike would crash into the tree. What about ramps and curbs? They were always fun to jump. There was always one kid down the block who could fall down and hurt himself no matter how small the ramp was. He was always fun to keep around because you knew that no matter how bad you goofed up you could never get as bad as him.

What about all of the war games that you used to play when you were little. No matter how good the toy gun was, it got old after a month and you went back to using a stick. It killed just as well as any gun that you were using. But there was always one kid down the block, probable the same kid that used to get hurt and he would declare, "Uh Uh, you missed!" and then the real war would start when you would start to call him all of the names that your mother told you not to say like "you big poo poo" and "you're a dummy." Weren't those the days.

Guns were always fun but the game that went one better was a water balloon fight. I can almost hear you smiling because you know that its true. You would go to the store and buy a package of round balloons, the long ones never worked, and then run to the sink and proceed to fill them up. If you think hard enough I'm sure that you will remember that ten out of thirty of the little balloon mouths would break off and the water would shoot all over the bathroom or the kitchen. Then you would try it again and by the time you were through there were ten rubber rings still attached to the faucet.

Water balloons were fun and sometimes I wish that all I had to worry about was getting hit by one. Oh well, I hope that you enjoyed all of the little things that went on when you were little because they won't be back until you have kids of your own. I'll talk at you again next month.