

CANFARM in Atlantic Canada.

The university's extension work should, of course, not be limited to food and fiber. It should try to meet various educational demands as they might appear in different parts of the Island. In an age where people's skills tend to become obsolete in short periods of time, retraining & upgrading are important matters in which a community minded university has a role to play. Increased leisure time may bring about a thirst for knowledge that the university could help to quench. We pride ourselves on the successful Centennial Students Program. Is it not even more important to cater to the educational and training needs of younger people with more useful years ahead of them? The whole Island should be our campus.

But it would be uneconomical for UPEI to embark on extension on its own. Extension would have to become a cooperative effort

involving agencies already in this field or able to take part -- Holland College, the Rural Development Council and the provincial & federal governments are such agencies. Extension would be a coordinated effort with UPEI playing a vital part -- so vital that nobody would seriously suggest this province could do without its university. No doubt such a cooperative

effort would bring about a great increase in productivity from existing resources in research, education and extension. Strong leadership, perhaps combined with some financial incentive, would be necessary. We could learn a lot from U.S. land grant colleges and our western universities. We cannot win by trying to be little McGills or Universities of Toronto.

I am sure there are Island people who would like the university to become more intertwined with the com-

munity. Recently the Maritime Chamber of Commerce made a submission to the P.E.I. government; it contained a request for more Marine research by U.P.E.I. In a meeting of the late Brothers and Sisters of Cornelius Howatt, on the land question, some of those attending asked for more university involvement in the Island community. Probably these people are in the minority. This is not surprising, since most Islanders are not used to western or U.S. land grant college type universities. Students similarly do not seem to understand the inherent possibilities. However, with their minds still flexible, they might want to look into this matter and help to bring about changes so that we become a bit more than one of the many Liberal Arts Colleges in Atlantic Canada.

Walter Forbes
Economics Dept.

Fun & Games at the Queens County

I remember the first day I met Wilf. I was cursing the world because there



was no salt, when Wilf went into his own personal "secret salt stash". He had salt and pepper mixed together in his own shaker, hidden behind a brick. He used to ask me for toothpaste, which he would then put on a piece of paper towel, wet, and rub over his teeth. A toothbrush was naturally the proper present for him.

Only four prisoners were staying in over Christmas, simply because they had nowhere to go. Wilf lived too far out of town. I remember him saying, "Fuck them! If I go out that gate, I'm not coming back." So he seemed content to spend Christmas in jail.

"It'll be the only peace and quiet we'll get for awhile", said Don. All he asked was to play one more game of 45's before we left. A new deck of cards for Don. I was really a genius at cheap gifts.

Right from Boxing Day till after New Year's I was flipping bad. As soon as I heard the news; it was heavy!

On Christmas Day the spirit was high. The justice dept. decided to suspend

the sentences of the four men who were still in. They only had a few days left, so "Merry Christmas!"

Only problem was, that when Wilf and Don got through the gate, they really did have nowhere to go. Well, down to the east end for a bottle and then somewhere to drink and it would be a Merry Christmas after all. (maybe? but then maybe not).

Well, anyway, Wilf was right about not coming back. Perhaps you read in the paper about a fire Christmas night in a condemned, non-heated house down on Water Street.

Wilf died in that fire and Don spent some time in the hospital with bad burns. I didn't get to the funeral or the rest home. I sometimes wonder just who did. I wonder if he got to use the toothbrush?

It's a very weird situation when a man has to consider jail as being his home. Surely there should be somewhere that a man can call his home and yet, not be called the Queen's County Jail.

Love & Kisses
Sidney T. Kidd
& friends.