

## Fun & Games at the Queens County

I remember coming up the stairs after dinner and seeing Peggy talking through the slit in the door, asking for his pill to calm his nerves. He was supposed to get it in the morning but didn't and the guard (IRA) wasn't going to give it to him now. So the slit closed and Peggy started banging on the door, demanding justice. The slit opened and a voice roared, "One more bang and there'll be trouble."

"What a silly thing to say", I thought as I watched Peg bang some more on the door. Then the door opened and in came three guards to drag Peg to the isolated cell out front. Crazy man! All over 10 mg. of valium.

The action was just beginning as two of Peg's friends picked up a long wooden bench and started banging it against the door. If they thought Peg was banging then this had to be classed as - BANGING!! Was it ever loud!

After a few minutes of this everyone just sat back to see what would happen next. Then we heard it. Sirens!! Two cars coming down the road. Was it an ambulance or fire truck or what? The sirens came closer and closer until they stopped out front of the jail. Was the jail on fire? No, the ever faithful RCMP were on the scene to prevent any trouble from happening. The door opened and in came 4 big (I mean BIG) cops with three foot long riot sticks, looking mean and ready to bop the first wise guy. Behind them came two guards, Mister Boxer and Mister Big. Mr. Big had his glasses off. Maybe he thought someone was going to hit him and he didn't



want them broke. I wonder how he could see without them?

"Okay boys! Everyone to their cells." No one moved.

Big mouth (that's me) had to jump up and yell, "What the hell are you guys trying to prove? You must be crazy!"

"Get to your cells!!" Boxer grabbed little Jimmy and threw him in one cell, but not before at least one, well placed kick was landed. After that everyone slowly started to their cells (with a few minor hassles).

Funny, how things get out of hand. All Peggy wanted was 10 mg. of valium; a glorified aspirin! Instead, four of us spent three days locked in our cells. What a drag! I don't know why I was there yet.

Anyway the moral of this little tail is: While in jail without no bail, don't ask for the pill or you'll go through the mill."

Love & Kisses  
Sidney & Kidd

## Editorial pg. cont.

Dear Sir;

I wish to comment on the inefficiency of the campus staff and security forces and the problems that they have caused me and others.

Having recently purchased a car I didn't think it was necessary to register it because the school year would soon end. Last week when I parked it in the student's parking lot I received a parking ticket for being in the wrong area. Then when I parked it in the visitor's parking lot I received another ticket for not parking in the student's parking lot. After a long talk with a security man I persuaded him to cancel the ticket for the student's parking lot.

However, when I went to the Business Office to pay the other one I was met by a group of secretaries who had nothing better to do than stand around and talk.

When one of them finally condescended to talk to me, she made the receipt out wrong three times. (It was then I began to suspect the secretaries were semi-literate and that the police had flunked everything but ticket writing.) After a good fifteen minute wait I finally got my receipt and went on my way.

I had 45 minutes to go before my next class so I decided to go to the library and read some magazines. When I went to the periodicals office I was met by two women having a fine old time talking away. They chose to ignore me for about five minutes and when I inquired about the magazine I wanted I was told that someone had taken it and had not returned it. Thus we arrive at the security personnel again.

Because of these problems I have encountered I feel

that students should have more say in hiring those who are meant to serve them.

signed, a pissed off student.

Dear Editor;

I agree with Dennis Boudreau (March 26 Cadre, Pg. 1) that the SU should support talented Island musicians. However I would like to point out a sexist remark in his letter. In describing an incident at the Barn he says, "The upper floor was in such a state that the girls in the group had to borrow a mop from downstairs in order for the group to set up their equipment on a clean floor." If I were a male, I would be slighted at the least suggestion that I was incapable of performing such a simple task. As a woman, I resent the implication that such a simple task is my responsibility and beneath the dignity of men.

Donna Greenwood