

Dear Mr. Editor:

I should like to add further information on two items that appeared in your issue of October 31. The matter of PCB's and their "bark" was well treated by your literary editor, and I have been following the arguments on their supposed hazard. But the cost of removal turned out to be much higher than we had anticipated; \$175,000 was the quoted price. Given recent research into the toxicity of PCB's and our constant surveillance of their security; in the final budgetary tug of war we did not feel that we could at this time justify the cost of purging the transformers.

The second item appeared on page ten under the heading "University sues students". The basic information is undoubtedly correct. But in this case the decision to sue was made by the university's insurance agent, not by the university. Annually we insure the property of the university against a variety of acts so that we can replace whatever is damaged or destroyed by whatever means. But if we receive replacement funds from the insurance, then the agent has the right to sue for the return of those funds from those who have been found guilty, in this case, of vandalism.

I regret very much that students were involved - but I could not expect students to be treated differently from others where the total damages are so high.

Your sincerely

C.W.J. Elliot  
President

## Health Centre Hours

<b>Monday:</b>	<b>Dr. Tweel</b>	<b>10:00 - 1:00</b>
<b>Tuesday:</b>	<b>Dr. MacKenzie</b>	<b>1:30 - 4:00</b>
<b>Wednesday:</b>	<b>Dr. Stewart</b>	<b>10:00 - 1:00</b>
<b>Thursday:</b>	<b>Dr. Reid</b>	<b>9:30 - 12:30</b>

**The nurse is available from 8:30 - 4:30 Monday to Friday. Phone 566 0616 for an appointment and we'll do our best to accommodate your needs.**

**Sharon Mullin-Zimmermann, R.N. U.P.E.I.  
Health Nurse**

*imagination*

## Pastoral

Walking the old farm road near dusk back from the woods and the Bradshaw River Piercing of the hawk stops me dead sets me scanning sky, tree tops I find her perched on the point of the highest pine. Casing sparrows High, fertile cry goes out again bushes tremble with nervous birds the fierce one's call thrums deep in my spine. I am in awe of her who can track mice in high grass at half light. Pick them off like a sniper. Descend a dark angel She flies. I see all beginnings in her silent glide. Cave men warring for fire splitting skulls with clubs. thirsty gutters ripping quiet Swift and string prospering Hunters slaying. Weak things dying Slow creep of glacier ice through the miles and years of her veins capitalism beating in her wing tips All beginnings, all endings walk together in her fires nuclear bright and beauteous.

By; Steven C. McOrmond

