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by Vicky Hibbard

Pembinites unlimited! This is my personal battle cry in the fight for my rights, for value for my money.

Regardless of which residence you live in, cost is the same. I chose Pembina for its size, its location, its privacy, its character due to its age. I understand the limitations of the building, so I abide by regulations concerning fire hazards. I don't understand why other women work or sleep so much, but I respect their need for quiet, so I abide by the written exclamations posted everywhere on the subject of silence. I consider myself a reasonable sort of person. That may be why I expect it of other people. And when it comes to regulations concerning food, they are neither reasonable or comprehensible.

Stomachs don't go for price restrictions

The major source of frustration is a fixed allowance for each meal — a sixty-cent-breakfast, a dollar-lunch and a dollar-forty-supper. What gives anyone the right to govern my digestive system? I happen to believe that a larger breakfast and less supper is healthy. I hate to admit this, because I suspect it's inexcusable, but (here I hang my head) my hunger level varies. No refunds if I don't use all of what I am allowed, but if I overstock, I have to pay the difference! And this is on food I've already paid for, dammit, in my \$100-a-month rent!

So who sleeps on Sundays?

On Sundays and holidays the amounts change to forty-cent breakfast and a dollar-twenty brunch. Presumably, you're supposed to sleep on Sunday and if your body functions the same as it does on weekdays, you are punished!

I need a note? For what?

Brunch isn't served until 10:30, a fact which has all sorts of implications which would be most amusing if I could avoid indignation! One Sunday, two of us were being collected at 10:30 for an out-of-town trip. We explained why we wanted brunch at 9:30, and were directed to the supervisor who (I still don't believe this!) sent us back to Pembina for a note from a senior! I fairly flew out of residence waving my note shouting "We can eat! We can eat!" feeling as much jubilation as in junior high, when my forged note permitting me to lunch downtown was accepted.



PEMBINA O.K. ...

BUT IT HAS ITS FAULTS



I always did like dry tea bags!

This sort of slavish adherence to rules by the staff in SUB is surely ludicrous and definitely unfair to Pembinites, since we haven't the choice of eating elsewhere. Once past the checker, no turning back, even if you've forgotten something minor, but important, like water for your tea. In this case, you would most likely have to pay the price of another cup. Sorry, that's the rule. After a month of such experiences, at this point, I would eat the tea bag dry so it couldn't be re-used. That's how stubborn I've become.

I've got an idea!

Let's take over Lister Hall!

The price structure is another instrument of discrimination, when coupled with a fixed allowance. One pork chop or four ribs can cost half your supper! And if you choose the cheaper casserole-type-thing containing meat, you run a proportionately greater adjust: a) you become a vegetarian, b) barbecued wieners become a staple food, being one of the few cheap, consistently digestible choices.

The injustice of it all derives from looking across at Lister Hall where, for the same price, they have unlimited feeding. Pembinites unlimited!