

# The lunch bucket



by Alan McHughen

Well, isn't it amazing how Christmas creeps up on us so quickly. It's hard to believe it, but there are only fifty weeks left. In light of this, I will try to answer some Christmas mail from 1975, to set the mood. The rest of last year's stuff will have to wait.

Dear Box,

Is this the way Christmas is celebrated now, with sadistic pictures on toffee wrappers? I never thought Hallowe'en could be extended until December 25th.

Virginia (I believe in Santa) Claus

For those of you unable to attend the "Christmas Day" in the SUB activities, let me explain Virginia's letter. While students were peacefully eating their Christmas dinner in the cafeteria, this little man in a red suit came in, ostensibly to eat.

He had a large cottony beard, and a larger beergut. He claimed to be Santa himself, and disrupted the entire meal by throwing these candies around on each table. The candy was wrapped in paper with various comical pictures on it, such as one of a boy swinging a kitten around by its tail, and another of the same kid holding a puppy between his feet, and smashing Fido's brains in with a baseball bat. We have no idea where this "Santa" came from, or where he went, but I've found out that the candy came from Brazil, not the North Pole. With Brazil's high Catholic population, who actively celebrate both Christmas and All Saint's Eve, it's easy to determine that the mystery Santa was actually a mixed-up Brazilian!

Dear Box,

I've been eating here for the past two years and have yet to meet, or for that matter, find, the wine steward. We'd like to see more variety on the wine list. It troubles me to sit at such a romantic candle lit table, eating such exquisite cuisine and drinking nothing better than Chateau Gai Private Stock. Do you think you could order at least

some Andres Red Dinner wine? It would be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,

Donna and Jimi von Upper Crust.

Dear Sir,

The little woman and I wish to thank you for the wine in the cafe on December 5, 1975. Yours in winery,

Jimi and Donna von Upper Crust

How long have you two been together? Firstly, we don't have a wine steward. But we do have a stewed wine. Do you want to meet him? Secondly, if you're thanking me for the wine, you obviously didn't pay for it! Send me a cheque for \$6/bottle and I'll see that it gets to the proper pocket.

Dear Box,

Please convey my condolences to those concerned regarding the untimely demise in the quality of the Toasted Western Sandwich. Please spare this once majestic magnate of the menu any further suffering, and either contact the National Research Council for an improvement study, or else apply for a mercy killing. It is only another example of the Eastern corporate elite trying to erase that last bastion of Prairie culture, the Western Sandwich. Question: What does the Lone Ranger eat for Christmas? Answer: Mrs. Jay Silverheels home cooked turkey. Go eat-

Jack the Bear

Question: What does the Lone Ranger's Christmas dinner have to do with a Toasted Western? Answer: ?. But, as a compromise, for next year's Christmas dinner we'll arrange to have fried Prairie chicken, alright?

Dear Box,

This business about Christmas Day at the SUB was a flop. In great anticipation I waited in line for 15 minutes, only to be told a) there was no more gravy, b) they had to go out back to kill another turkey, and another 15 minutes would be necessary for the corpse to get cold enough to meet the temperature of all the other food. I was all for the idea of creating a realistic interpretation of Christmas, however, if I had known that the Reindeer shit (disguised as Xmas pudding) was included, I may have avoided the unfortunate incident. But I guess I get the right interpretation now. The food was to represent icy cold snow, the kitchen help were as scarce as the elves on Xmas eve, and the funny rum-spiked balls were surprise gifts...from Rudolph. Thank God Xmas only comes once a year. P.S. bet this will be the first one out of the box and into the SUB incinerator, huh.

I.M. Rippedov

No, actually it was the fourth one into the incinerator. I am very

disappointed in this letter. I was waiting for your interpretation of the "Log Cabin Potatoes". It is also a shame you missed the best part of the entire meal. The gravy was tremendous. But really...what can you expect for \$1.49. Next year it will cost even more.

Dear Lunch Box,

Did you know that Runners make the best Lovers?

Tiny

No, I didn't. I thought that's what they were running from.

Dear Box,

The Dalorama tastes better than these French Fries.

L. Daye

M. Cormier

Oh, you're supposed to EAT it! Somebody told me the Dalorama was some sort of word game, where you look in the letter matrix to see how many misspelt words could be found. Thank you for clearing up the confusion!

I suppose by now everyone knows about the recent price increases in the cafeteria. Almost everything went up by at least a nickel. Actually, everything was supposed to go up by at least a nickel, but courageous arguing by your Student Union Executive saved a few items from a fate slightly worse than removing them from the menu. Anyway, there is more good news. Yes, prices will probably go up again before this term is over. Isn't that exciting? Now I can sit back and wait for the complaints to come rolling in. I'm sure I won't have to worry about not having enough material this term. Happy Eating!

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with the appropriate details, and that was the last thing I've heard until today. After reading your article on inept police bureaucracy (I could call it other things) I gave Corp. Whittimere a call, and then went in. And was I surprised! There in the corner was my light weight \$425.00 bicycle. I had only to sign for it and it was mine again. The rims were bent and a few spokes were missing, but it is unlikely that I would have ever seen my super-bike again, if I had not read your article.

Thank you and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,  
Peter Dobson

Winter hassles

I would like to thank Dr. Henry Hicks, our President, for the worst sidewalk snow and ice removal that I have ever had the displeasure of falling and hurting myself on.

Yours in Wintergreen  
Richard Murray.

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