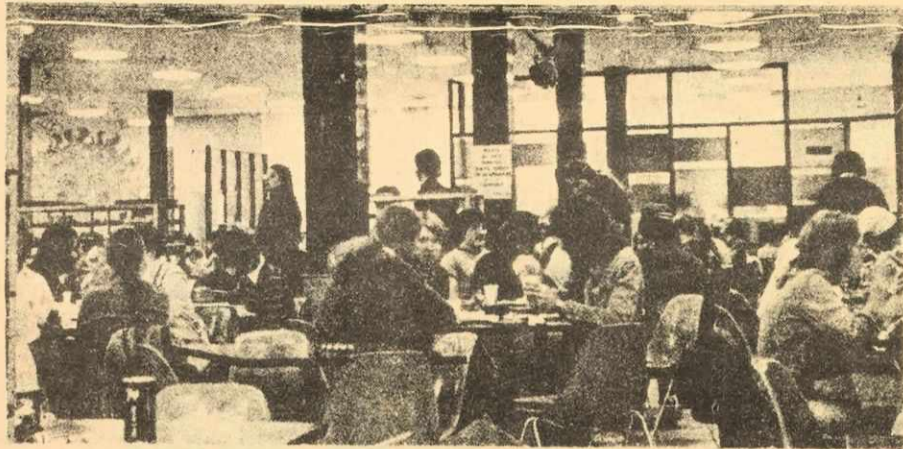


# The lunch bucket



by Alan McHughen

Dear Sister Box,

Why don't you wash your grapes or provide a basin in which you can wash them yourself?

Agent 7284310

There is a basin between the coffee urn and the milk machine on the Grill area. It is even well stocked with ice.

Dear Box,

That meat served on the steam line on Thursday, November 6 which was referred to as "Cape Breton Steak" is called B-O-L-O-G-N-A. Please, no more name calling.

Sincerely, A Dedicated Capers. Dear Delirious,

I am totally grossed out to find that this presumptuous catering service has seen fit to refer to fried bologna as "Cape Breton Steak". What a complete and utter insult to the integrity of Canada's eleventh province. I am sure that in the future you will refrain from such folly, and make reference to it's true origin, Newfoundland. With our reputation at "steak",

Swamppiggy.

That Thursday was the first day this year I missed, so I didn't hear of the situation until the next day. I know better than to rile up the Capers, but Pat Hennessey, who is new in the area, figured that Cape Breton was the National Scapegoat (or pig). I have had a number of letters from the Capers complaining about the problem, and these were just the first two I picked out. I've since informed Pat that if he keeps this practise up, he would have to be prepared to have some Capers throw rocks through his windows - one to throw the rocks and the rest to hold the windows open.

Dear Lunch Box,

Why do you close down this grease pit so early? On Nov. 11, it closed before 6:00 p.m. As everyone knows, the upper class doesn't dine until after 6:00. We try to add some class and respectability to this

dubious establishment and end up face to face with a vending machine. By eliminating the after six crowd you've reduced the class of this place to an infinitely small number.

Post 6:00 p.m. Diner

November 11 was a holiday, remember? Besides, we don't try to cater to the upper class. We try to cater to the student class, considerably lower. And forget about trying to add class to the cafeteria, most of us are there avoiding one.

Dear Box,

I do not eat your food because it is unpredictable.

The Blob

For whatever the reason, I'm glad you don't eat my food. If you're talking about the cafeteria food, you're probably justified, but there is little can be done about predictability. That is about the last thing that is perfected in a cafeteria operation. However, I know some people who would argue with you and say that the food is consistently predicatable - bad.

Dear Box,

Let Pat Hennessey cook.

Andy Coates

Are you kidding????? Business is bad enough.

Dear Box,

Water, corn syrup solids, vegetable fat, vegetable protein, polyglycerol, esters of fatty acids, polysorbates, dipotassium phosphate, disodium phosphate, carageenan colour.

Yours Truly,

Coffee Rich

P.S. Available in the SUB cafeteria. P.S.S. We just learned all about it in Bio 1000.

That's very good. The way the Biology faculty talks about the students in Bio 1000, I'm surprised you can even sign your own name, Mr. Rich.

Dear Box,

I would like to make a complaint concerning substandard styrofoam

cups. They leak. It appears to me that over half of the cups are too thin. Could the cafeteria make an effort to change their brand?

Anon.

Dear Picnic Basket

Could we invest in some bandaids for the styrofoam cups? I've found some very surprising leaks in my morning coffee. Here's peeing at ya'.

Rich

Bandaids are available (free to Dal students) at the Enquiry Desk. I've noticed that most of the problems arise, however, when the neurotic coffee freaks start playing with the cups and pick at the bottoms of them. Of course, this ends up in a hole in the bottom of the cup, and the coffee leaks all over your lap. It would be easier if you tried not to pick holes so much.

Confidential to whomever submitted the recipe for Nut Bread: I took this recipe to the Saga Foods office, only to find that they had the recipe on file already. Theirs was even more complete, including a caution: If the bread begins to rise, leave town.

Confidential to S. Metcalfe: I was quite amused by your letter to the editor in last week's Gazette. And I must thank you for spelling my name correctly. There are, however, a few things I would like to set straight, for the record. In answer to your first question, yes, I am as ignorant as I appear. I will prove it by ignoring your next comment. Also, "blame it on the Labour Unions" was not a gem and it did not "dribble out of Alan's mouth". It dribbled out of my typewriter. *Cont'd on page 9*

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