

The lunch bucket

by Alan McHughen

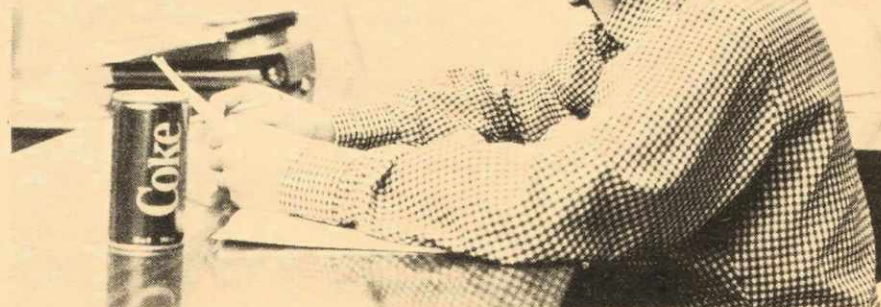
Dear Box:

That vagaries in selective attitudes find place among the hubbub of the Steam Line or, indeed, the rude ring of the register, is difficult to fathom. Nonetheless, it is important to point out that the sagacious optic enjoyed by some of us is not easily shared and, hence, is often callously placed in clouded context. It should, therefore, be noted that toleration is practised. We sit and happily munch our "hip of beef" without casting dispersions at those of dubious premonstration

or "auld" acquaintance. Individuals who's entire vocabulary embodies a full range of monosyllabic words make conversation light and, in these times, such trends should be encouraged. The reference then, to elitist qualities in this, our own special hash house, demonstrates a dearth in civility- no more. Let us leave this subject by suggesting that those "tease hair" should tease only that. Any Bouffant rouge classic is not an omlette. Mr. Morrison would gladly tell you that.

A.A. (#?)

Yes.



Dear Box,

It has come to my attention that some people have been criticizing the food in the cafeteria. This is unfortunate; I eat here every day and find the food to be of the highest quality, I just don't understand how people could complain about your impeccable selection of tantalizing noon repasts. Also, I

am particularly impressed with the cleanliness of your cutlery and the prompt, efficient service provided by your excellently qualified staff. It continues to amaze me how you are able to keep the floors and tables in such immaculate condition. I sincerely hope you will maintain this standard for many days to come. Love,

Mom.

I've told you never to write me here. Now you know why I don't eat at home anymore.

Dear Box,

It would be great to have a spoon to consume soup.

The soup-licker

Yes, we could make a fortune by selling it to a circus. I imagine people would spend good money to watch a spoon eat soup. Perhaps it would help the Entertainment Department break even this year. Do you know where we could get one?

Dear Box,

It has become quite evident that you are in urgent need of help in defending the exquidie cuisine at Saga Foods. Unfortunately, I can't help as I live close to Dal and am never forced to eat here. To help, however, in your defence of the great Saga conglomerate, remember the words of Abbie Hoffman: "If you can't eat it, and you can't fuck it, - piss on it."

P.J.

Words of wisdom that I am not about to argue with. I am well aware of the sayings of Dear Abbie, as I have read all of his works. I even used to have a first edition of "Steal This Book" (Guess how I got it; guess how come I don't have it anymore).

Dear Bucket,

On Feb. 13, 1976, the senior Engineering class of Dal performed the following compressive tests on a 15 cent Saga doughnut, as a supplement to Engineering 330b, Strength of Materials.

Purpose:

To confirm the theory that Saga doughnuts are "Hard as Rocks." (Both the Geology and Engineering Departments replied "no comment" when asked their opinion of the theory.)

Procedure:

Each specimen was subjected to compressive testing in a Frover tester at N.S. Tech

Results:

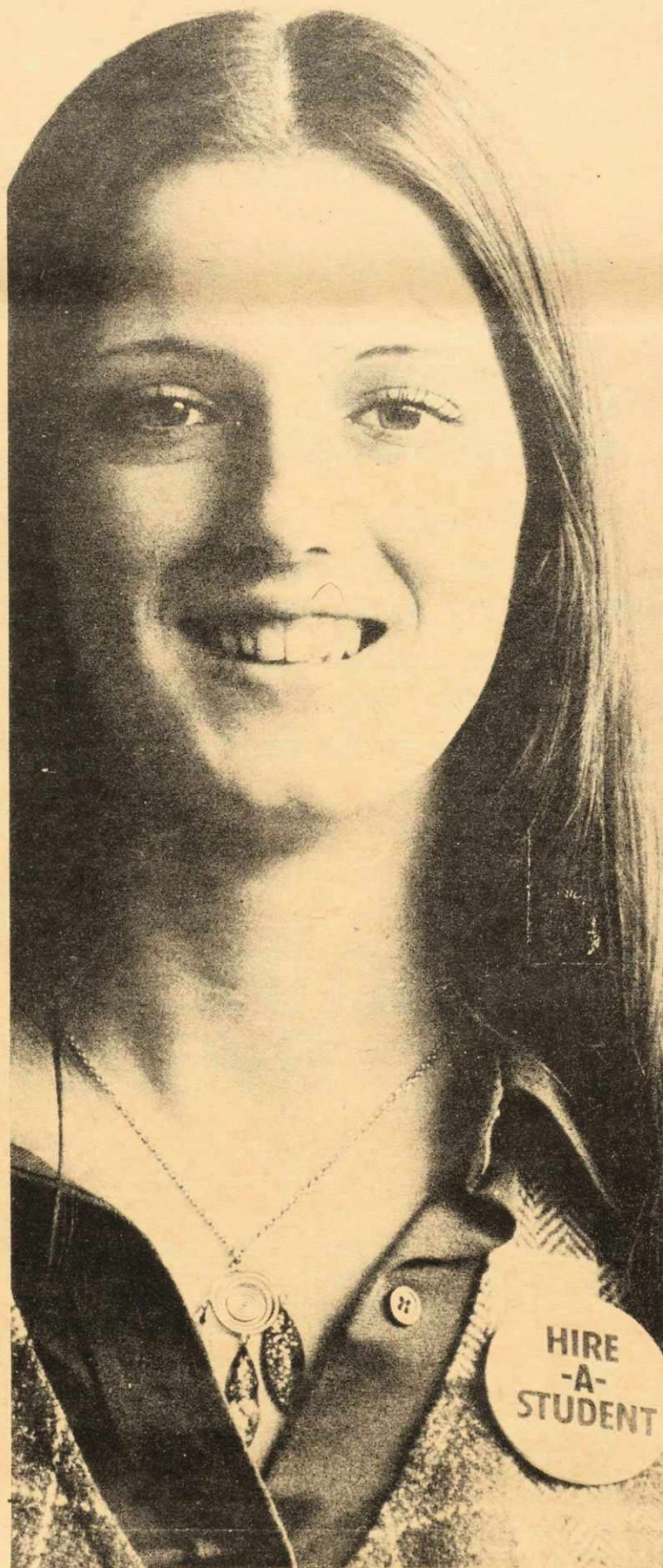
The average compressive strength of the doughnuts (with the specimen lying flat) was found to be 1200 PSI (which is much higher than the ultimate strength of a human tooth); approximately the strength of a standard 8" concrete block.

Conclusion:

It could not be proved that Saga doughnuts are "Hard as Rocks." It could be proved, however, that

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• FREE BOOZE •
NOT QUITE,
BUT PASSENGERS ON THE A.O.S.C. CHRISTMAS
CHARTER (18 Dec. - 4 Jan.) TO TORONTO
SHOULD
VISIT THE A.O.S.C. OFFICE ON APRIL 6,7,8
TO COLLECT A PARTIAL REFUND
ROOM 122 S.U.B.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE A CAREER OUT OF A SUMMER JOB.

Once upon a time there was a student who selected herself out of a summer job. Oh no, we're not just picking on girls. We've seen guys do it, too. She wanted to be an architect, this kid. So she held out for a job that had something to do with architecture. None came along that year, and by the time she decided to settle for something else, it was too late. All the jobs were gone. So was her first year's tuition.

Moral: Don't hold out for the impossible dream.

Who knows. Your Canada Manpower Centre for Students might introduce you to a whole new field. Maybe you'll like your summer job so much you'll want to make a career out of it someday.

HAVE A YOUNG SUMMER.

Manpower and Immigration
 Robert Andras
 Minister

Main-d'oeuvre et Immigration
 Robert Andras
 Ministre

Canada Manpower Centres for Students