



The lunch bucket

by Alan McHughen

Well, it's getting to be that time of the year again. Everyone is sick of classes, and the end is not yet in sight. It is quite apparent from recent mail that the mid-February blues have set in. For example:

"What's the difference between SAGA Food and a bucket of SHIT?"
"The Bucket"

D.H.

D.H. obviously realizes the general mood of us cafeteria patrons, and was trying to cheer us up with some humour. Well, keep trying, D.H. The mid-February Blues can affect people in many different ways. The following letter indicates how one person uses the period to permit his fantasies to be expressed in the form of written suggestions:

- 1) Employ topless waitresses-with big T.
- 2) Reserve a special section for fruits.
- 3) No vegetables (ie. junkies).
- 4) Choice of eating either food or waitress.
- 5) Employ gorillas as cooks.
- 6) Remove all tables and chairs and get the University to buy a huge water bed ... wall to wall.
- 7) In this way the semi-nude waitresses will have a harder time in attempting to run away when me and the boys get here.
- 8) Don't waste any more of your time.

Toni B.

Okay, Toni, I agree with one of your suggestions (guess which?). And then there are the simple questions that people can't (for some reason or other) ask me in person:

Howdy Box,
Did you ever live in West Vancouver, BC??

Anon.

No, I didn't. Another major type of contribution around this time of year is from the person (?) who uses the printed word in essential anonymous communiques: "Brenda is really Bum". But by far the most common is the type of letter I've come to be so used to over the year:

Dear Hugh,

Why don't you do all of us a big favour by not replying to the intellectual crap that composes your so-called "Lunch Box" column. If it wasn't for the free meals you so much enjoy devouring at our local Saga greasy spoon, we could all be emancipated from your semi-Neanderthal remarks that typically follow Dal wit.

Trout

I normally don't reply to fish, but you have insulted me beyond the point of silence. The column is not the so-called "Lunch Box". It is the so-called "Lunch Bucket". But then, we can't really expect fish to read. Or write for that matter. I generally keep letters verbatim, but if I didn't make some corrections to your's, nobody would be able to read it, let alone understand it. (I still can't understand it). An apostrophe used in a contraction takes the place of the character(s) omitted, and not to show where the words would normally be separated. You must have learned English at St. Mary's to make mistakes like that. Anyway, end of lesson for today. Next week I'll teach you something about sentence structure and continuity, so we'll be able to decipher what you wanted to say in the first place.

Dear Box,

Explain how an infra-red heater can be beneficial when food is never under it for more than 2 seconds.

D.W.

That's generally true. However, the heater provides an valuable service on certain occasions. For example, how often have you ordered a hamburger and french fries? I mean, the grill man (m/f) throws your hamburger onto the grill, then goes to complete another order, or take another order. When the burger is cooked (or something), he puts it in a bun and slides it under the heater, then goes to get your french fries. But no french fries are cooked. So you have to wait another four and a half minutes for the next batch of french fries. Can you imagine what condition your hamburger would be in if there were no heater? I mean how cold it would be. So there are times when it comes in handy, and I don't think it provides a disservice to students.

Sir,

After being subjected to yet another particularly dreadful cup of coffee this morning, I feel I must



complain. Please explain to me how a cup of coffee can taste so insipid so early in the morning. Had I drank the cup later in the day, I might understand, as the economics of the cafeteria would necessarily limit the number of times the urns can be refilled and be re-brewed. Yet at 8:30 in the morning, the least I could expect is a fresh cup of coffee for my money, or do you not agree? I am forced to suspect that the urns are filled "short on coffee, long on water". Surely this cannot be the case with such an upstanding company of Saga's integrity? Sincerely,

P. Frazer Smith

Pat Hennessey assures me that this is not the case. According to him, the average life expectancy of a coffee urn is about eight years. The urns in the cafeteria are now nine years old. Such being the case, the urns are incapable of making a good cup of coffee "because they suck!". And they are too expensive to replace. My hunch is that you're drinking last night's coffee.

Dear Keeper of the Box,

Referring to the red-sea crap presently being served as red Tang shit (or whatever they attempt to rename it as), it is compulsory that I make a comment. Now, I have heard from sources that Honeydew might be served in the cafeteria. Good. It's better than that red crap anyways.

Honeydew Melon

Obviously a well thought out comment. As for your remarks on the possibility of getting Honeydew, let me say this about that.

Dear Box,

Next time have hot suppers.

Anon.

You're worse than my mother. I try to have hot suppers, but sometimes I'm in a big hurry, and have to settle for a cold sandwich or something. I'd prefer to have a hot supper, but can't always. Where did you get this maternal instinct? Anyway, go mother somebody else. I already got enough. Try mothering Wayne to go back on the grill.

Before ending, I'd like to include this note, voted (1 vote to none) as the letter of the week. It was unanimous.

Dear Box,

Reduce prices.

(unsigned)

A Reverie?

I crossed the small bridge and I went down the cliff... and it was indeed as if I was going back in my life, rediscovering myself and a lost sensitivity that life had harshly suppressed in me...

Everything was halcyonic, and the water of the bay with no living creature in evidence...and suddenly, out of nowhere came a black cat with white patches on his nose and started caressing on my foot. Another lonely creature...We both felt consolation in our solitude.

He was following me step by step while I was exploring the area. It was his kingdom...The moment I turned back to leave, he was still following me, until I crossed the imaginary frontier of his estate or his self-imposed exile. He stayed there and gazed at me but did not move any further. You would say a sense of duty, or a divine determination to wait for the days to come, of joy, sun and activity, had mailed him there. It was not fatalism, no... it was a message of hope...

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