

the empty glass racks in an orderly row beneath the dishroom table. Doug sported the semblance of a handlebar mustache below his nose, and, like Paul, was a high school student. These two, Plus Old Tom and Ron, were the dish-room crew for the dinner meal. Sometimes a couple of university students worked in place of the high schoolers, but they were not in tonight.

It didn't take long for them to clean up the mess since they had gotten started, and they were soon able to take up their customary positions waiting for the trays to come in. Ron and Paul were working the window while Doug handled the loading of the dishwasher. A few trays trickled in from the early birds, and they were easily disposed of. The rush would commence at about 5:25, and until then they watched the breasts go by the window (they couldn't see any more because of the dishracks on the top shelf). They were taking it easy, for they all knew how amazingly busy they would be in the next fifteen minutes. Already a steady stream of trays was coming in.

Richie poked his nose into the dishroom and looked for the washed silver that Tom had put into the machine. He attempted a joke, but his reception was far from cordial, and he beat it out swaying with the sight of two silver trays. Old Tom was stacking the trays and plates as they came out of the dishwasher, and putting them on trolleys so he could take them to restock the serving lines.

Paul and Ron were now working at full swing, grabbing trays two or three at a time, and emptying them methodically. Their forearms were becoming mastered with the gook from the plates, and the special messes created by the girls, such as spaghetti-bowls upset on the trays. As their dishracks filled, Doug took them and fed them into the machine. Old Tom was getting behind in emptying the racks after they came through the dishwasher, and Doug was starting to fume. He would become much worse when he finally ran out of empty racks, and Tom had none available for him.

Paul and Ron were working like dervishes to keep a spot clear in the window, but it seemed that as soon as a hole was cleared, someone would shove a tray into it. Sometimes, an empty glass rack would be thrust by Pam or Russ, or by the busboy. These especially enraged Ron because he had to break his pattern to get rid of them. Sometimes he could only put them underfoot, where they remained to constantly trip him as he worked. As well, Richie kept taking their dessert-dish racks to use for sending his silver through the machine, and several times, Ron had turned around with a couple of dessert dishes only to find the rack gone.

Ron was learning to be contemptuous of the young girls. For all their airs of pureness and lily-whiteness, some of them were utter pigs. They wasted enough food to keep Biafra in clover for a decade, and seemed oblivious of doing anything unethical.

Ron's temper shortened as the pace grew faster. Finally, his dishrack was filled, and Doug didn't have another to replace it. Old Tom had taken a load of dishes out to Line One, and had left behind a long row of racks filled with clean plates and dishes. Ron looked at the dishes in his hand, barely resisting the urge to smash them against the wall with all his pent-up fury.

'Get me a goddamned dishrack!' he cursed.

Doug went to the other end of the machine to empty a dishrack, while Paul and Ron coped with the flood of trays that were coming into the window. The glass racks, cup racks, and silver racks filled up and had to be replaced. There was no more room for another rack in the dishwasher, so Ron piled them in a corner. Doug had returned with the empty rack, and flung it on the top shelf, spattering garbage and wet gook into Ron's face. Ron cursed prolifically, spitting out little pieces of meat and other garbage as he continued to haul trays in.

Finally, the rush subsided, and Ron went to have a look at the garburetor. It hadn't been flushing properly, and he figured that the rice had plugged it. Lifting the cover off, he stuck his hand into the putrid water where the drain was. He pulled great gobs of rice and other gook off the garburetor screen, telling himself that the stuff on his arm wasn't as bad as it looked or smelled. If he hadn't have believed himself, he might have vomited. Satisfied that he had cleared the screen, he replaced the cover, and stood back. A great gush of water spurted through the garburetor, splashing over the trough and wetting both him and Paul. But, it was fixed.

The busboy was unloading trays from the trolleys in the dining hall, and putting them into the window, so Ron helped Paul clear them. Together, they were able to get rid of the trays the busboy had put in the window, as well as being able to keep at least one shelf empty. Suddenly, a girl put her tray on the top shelf, where it was hard to reach because of the dishracks.

'Down here please, miss,' Ron pleaded in his most servile tone.

She paused, looked back at him, and then, with a contemptuous flip of her hand, she continued on her way.

'Goddamn bitch,' Ross muttered complacently under his breath. 'Hell, but some of these ---s piss me off! (Ron used a rather earthy four letter word in his friendly criticism of the Brown girls) I just don't know what to say.'

The brunt of the work over, Ron left the dishroom to sweep the floors, preparatory to mopping them. With four years of university behind him, he was almost as well-qualified to cope with the complexities of the task as was Donny, who had told him how to

wring a mop. Paul joined him in a few minutes, and together they tried to clean the mess left by the cooks and other kitchen personnel. For some reason, Sharell and some of the other girls seemed to be getting in his way as he swept. He was above suspecting them of a plot to get him all riled up.

'Yer bunf murmur murmur look at this brumter dak,' Mac complained as Ron swept through the ankle deep good behind him. 'Gumpt dirt in these fucking pots!'

Ron dropped his broom in astonishment -- he had understood almost a whole sentence from Mac. Incredible!

After the floors had been swept, Rona and Paul began mopping them. It was a rather heart-breaking job, for as soon as one part of the floor was cleaned, a platoon of dirty-footed girls, cooks and assorted other trivia would descend upon it, putting the finishing touches to it.

'F'oor aw wét,' Mac's girlfriend said to Ron as he mopped near her. She came to wait to Mac every night, sitting in the staffroom where she could watch him as he pattered with his pots and pans. Someone had once told Ron that she had had eighteen children.

She looked it, poor woman.

Ron watched the cook's helper merrily dropping grease and grime on the mopped floor, and the girls trotting left and right through the mopped floor as if it were Sunday in the park. Even the boss and Pam were part of the act. Anyway, he finished, and reswept the floor.

That done, he checked the dishroom before leaving. Doug had cleaned up himself, and was just leaving as Ron came to check. Together they went to sign up, joining Paul who was there first.

Ron tore off his garbage-spattered shirt and apron and flung them distastefully into the dirty laundry. He tried to clean some of the slop from his face, hair, and arms, but only a shower would make him feel really clear of the gook. He dressed quickly, and with a few friendly words and a 'See you tomorrow,' he ran up the stairs and out into the cool night air.

The freshness was like a breath of pure oxygen, and made him feel alive again. It was like stepping into a different world when he left Cameron, a world of coolness, freshness, cleanliness. Filled with an irrational exuberance, he ran down the hill to the gym, where some unhappy opponent would pay for that bitch who put her tray on the top shelf!

ip se dixit

well here it is another year gone...
gler chris keeps pulling out his
rd and curses at the page count as
goes tripping away to Baie Cum-
u for the festive season wonder
? rumor has it he's got jugs
ing for him there as sue woods
hubby no doubt will be heading
quebec way, perhaps good friend
compatriot boob will be helping
on her merry way, certainly hope

usie's still looking for more kool-
and says the big day will come
a but who knows as ol' pal Dave
has-a-kite' underwear, another
becois, makes plans for circling
e ville marie while putting out the
edition but then papa ken hopes
get elected (again, and again) and
doubt will find some young lass
occupy his time over the next while
armadillo daves will keep all those
s, letters and features coming in
hope) but then with A.D. one
never be sure...

muck, who came here an innocent
three years ago looking for a mouse
will no doubt occupy her time with
flights of fancy, as she keeps changing
her red and black room around, with
broadway joe throwing ed out into
left field.

oh boyes and big bag will no
doubt be snapping more pics of nude
deer (a compromise, at best) and
who knows maybe the hunters on
campus will be after his shutter, tibo,
that sweet bit of fluff plans on spend-
ing time in the big city, maybe st.
hyacinthe too), but then it doesn't
really matter as things always work out
for the best see cause that's how we
got this paper out all the time

big al will still be trying to make
a dent in the photo world, always
trying to get your viewpoint, sometimes
with boob mcLeod, chris might quit
the place but t'would be such a waste
with all those nice sweaters she's got
and jim (oops) james will be helping us
along with more startling shots

the tower of power will be bj's
stomping ground for xmas, but then
he hasn't seen his valuables in a long
time so who can tell, as the golden nut
calmly slips under the table and into
oblivion and tramway trucker keeps
whipping the paper in and out of the
big city with loads of expertise and
the odd bit of having to put up with
forgetful editors but then we all have
our problems and speaking of problems
blondie baston hasn't been around
lately... sure do miss him

myrna will be after a well-deserved
rust, perhaps with tramway (rumor,
rumor) after she spent all that time
with uncle des as mary-lee, the short
stop on our team, goes skipping back
to the north shore, bubble gum and
the bathurst tribune with heavy evy
going out to 'proof' a glass or too and
big george finally got himself elected
to the ship of fools (have we lost him
folks? tune in next week...)

sc/d.c. is still trying to find out
where it's at, but then who cares when

you can get mad at the mangler for
moving your deadline as roly keeps
more features on the sex life of a toad
coming in for jeff but then denise still
hasn't got our feature on french done
yet but maybe she and councillor gave
are too busy with living

stan is still writing twisty reviews
this year as ken trundles out for more
and more views as anne wjder and
mike seem to be hitting fair weather
(who says pc's can't do better? ? ?)
while kathy keeps looking for a west
man and machine that works (ditto for
cheryl, who has a name something
like trana's expressway that isn't) while
terrick is still a chip off the letraset
block and he can't understand why
this is under wraps but then the
universe is unfolding as it should

john will soon be buying records
for the expensive stereo he bought
months ago, but perhaps he hasn't
noticed the lack of music cause he's
been educating his wife while Janet is
another one of those people we sure

would like to see again as nancy
newsroom can't take too much more
work, especially after the in depth
report on the pill but we keep trying
to get a machine for terry that works -
the other dies with amazing regularity
with maddog gauthier out to find out
what's wrong with aisin cartoons

richard dialikes panzer cause she
tore up his story into bits but now he's
going to slice the bruns but who
doesn't? as adams keeps those rugby
things floating in to floating dave as
sheryl is still trying to find the wright
way to lay out as june mcmaullin starts
doing more work including letters on
apathy and all forms of sex appeal,
and to Heinz on the camera, thanx,
ditto to emil at l'evangeline, meanwhile
petey keeps selling stolen pedestals.....

SEE YOU NEXT YEAR