

Cafeteria Food:

It's just like grandma's cooking
(and she's been dead for 20 years)

REWRITTEN FROM "THE GEORGIAN"

Once again this year, hungry UPEI'ers, armed only with their growling stomachs and amazing bravery, race in through the Cafeteria's doors, only to be once again, disappointed.

Let's start with the accessories, like cutlery. Cutlery is one of those things that you see at all times, except for when you need it. It is for this reason that UPEI'ers are world-renowned for their skill at eating soup with forks. The trays, however are always plentiful, and always washed, still holding droplets of water as proof. In fact, it's sort of a challenge to see if plates and cups can really float.

Well, so much for that. Now I'd like to get down to the nitty-gritty, and what could be more nitty-gritty than the food itself? It is a sad story I have to tell. Last year, an innocent young freshman took a cafeteria hamburger in his hands and said, "I'm starving. I haven't eaten all day, and now I'm going to put my heart into eating this hamburger"

Unfortunately, he was taken literally, and was approached by a grinning cook and two dishwashers

who dragged him away, screaming into the kitchen. This is not to imply that the hamburgers contain the hearts of Freshman, but how do we explain the strange, pulsating bun on the plate? Now, I like my meat rare, but I'm rapidly running out of bandaids for patching up these hamburgers. Still, they maintain their popularity, camouflaged by ketchup, mustard, and relish, as well as other assorted painkillers. Can we forget the taste that rushes over our tongues as we take our first and last juicy mouthful? Do we remember the health law which states that all meat must be cured, and wonder why our hamburgers defy all cures?

My fear is that one day a riot will break out in the Cafeteria over this hamburger issue. Those not weakened by food-poisoning will rise up and confront the men in charge, who will ask, "do you have a beef?"

And we will shout, "Beef, we should be so lucky!" Then we'll hurl dozens of hamburgers at the administration, and watch the destruction that comes to anything that comes in the path of those black, shriveled little frisbees.

And don't think that the hamburgers are the only things on the blacklist. Everything except water is questionable, and that's because, what can you do to water?

For those of us who like big, hearty lunches, here's a sample of what to expect in a full-course meal. You start off with some hot greenish-brown soup that quickly clots in your bowl. Then you'll have a serving of mashed potatoes. I found however that the last person who washed the potatoes had carelessly forgot to scrape the mud off his boots. As a main dish, you might want a sirlion steak. But, as they say, it's good to want. So you settle for some cheap grilled steak from the most obese cow ever to roam the range. I don't want to say that the steaks are small, but once I lost the damn thing under my vegetables (I had two peas on my plate at the time).

For the dieters, there are the salads, with no extra charge for anything that crawls out of the lettuce. Once I was surprised to find that my salad

was not really a salad but was, in reality, a paper cutout. It was delectable but lacked salt. Other diet delight include ice cream which comes in every flavor but the one that you like, and who can forget the fresh fruit? Once, I exclaimed, "What delicious looking grapes.", only to be told that they were actually apples.

I have not mentioned certain items like desert because they're not bad; it's the items baked into them that are perturbing. These include nails, pieces of Kurly Kates, pennies, cigarette butts, and rumour has it that someone once found a Evening Students' timetable in his apple pie.

Also, I refuse to mention the request for the trays to be returned is strictly for recycling our food.

Even knowing this, we valiantly continue to search the cafeteria for new things we haven't tasted, and for old things that we've blocked out of our minds. So my urgent message to my fellow UPEI'ers is: *Eat what is on your plate today, or you may be eating what was on someone else's tomorrow.*

Pollution is what you are breathing today in this fair city of Charlottetown.

No longer is it some distant problem concerning only large industrialized areas; it is now clogging your lungs.

As one of their Centennial projects, the PEI Centennial Youth Committee has set up *Pollution Probe*. This is a committee that will look into pollution on the Island, how it affects us now, and how it will affect us in the future. *Pollution Probe* will be concerned with the gathering of technical data, and photographing pollution on the Island. The material collected will then be produced in book form.

If you can spare some time to do something for the Island contact me at the Photo Club Tuesday morning, Wednesday or Friday afternoon; or leave a message at the Student Union Office in the Basement of Memorial.

Winston Maund

Pollution probe established on Island

