

Editorial : SAGA needs changing



SAGA feast, UNC Board of Trustees, Monday, with flaming trays and all. Why can't this example of 'The SAGA Way' ever reach the students, faculty, and staff? (photo by mike smith)

A half-caterpillar, a dead fly in the jelly, a little green worm interlaced between bits of stuffed pepper-ah! The joys of SAGA food.

We're not putting you on. The incidents of negligence, unhealthy and sickening as they are only deepen the pit that SAGA has fallen into. Excusez-moi, s'il vous plait will not suffice. SAGA needs some changin'-need we be particular?

SAGA-where's "Festival nite?" You remember that little special decoration and special food evening that happened ONCE last year? Checkered table clothes, candles, and Italiano spaghetti-remember? We're due one a month, remember? So where is it?

SAGA-why steak on Fridays and Saturdays when many of the dorm students are gone? Well, it looks like less people equals less steak bought and served equals more money for SAGA. The steak night isn't publicized either; if it's to be rotated (as is claimed), then make it known in advance.

SAGA-where's any chocolate milk, or tossed salads if you pass through the line fifteen minutes after it opens? See the girl. She is cutting a piece of radish, a slice of cucumber into each salad. One per. How come SAGA?

SAGA-why do you fix a single main meat, in little quantity, and then run out before half the students can get to the line?

"Uh, I saw some sloppy joes on a boy's plate out front."

"Sorry, that's all gone. How about some taco delight?"

"Do I have a choice?"

"Actually, no..."

SAGA-you can bounce those two and three-day old cake chunks and desserts disasters off the floor. Again, when you offer some appetizing pie or cake, it's like the Bay of Pigs-too little, too late.

SAGA-why must we face fried chicken, then chicken a la sauce, then finally chicken croquettes? All from leftover heaven. We're forced to become vegetarians.

SAGA-why ice milk chunks that defy man-or-beast to eat without going finger-wading in the mess? Why are the eating hours established so inconsistently with student life and class schedules? Why can't commuters enter the valley of the shadow of death without partaking thereof?

SAGA-why is there not meat three-times-a-week for breakfast? We're talking about edible bacon or sausage-you know, the kind that you've grown fond of over the years.

SAGA-do you know what you're doing? ***

This primer on SAGA is offered to pinpoint the grumbings we hear echoed both in the dorms and throughout the campus. The most common complaint many dorm Personnel Assistants receive is about the food, i.e., SAGA.

The food service company is not totally to blame. There has been some poor action by SGA President Hickok, and the Administration, in organizing this year's Food Service Committee. They, as much as anyone, share the blame: it's natural to continue errant ways without anyone

reminding you of your faults, your shortcomings, your mistakes, your responsibilities.

Within a million-plus cafeteria, dorm students deserve the polished product SAGA eloquently espouses but fails to deliver. Within a University Center cafeteria for commuters, there should be rapid-service and an end to mile-long lines.

We're talking about management and planning. SAGA is spinning its wheels carelessly; poorly planned meal quantities, food waste or leftovers being created through mistakes in adequate meal consumption

projections. SAGA will continue to serve you as it has in the past unless they are made to act. ACT as they know how, as they do at other campuses, on other jobs.

The JOURNAL has attempted to investigate the how and why of SAGA's decadent state; we plan to continue the searching and probing, with specific complaints and questions, until dissent is replaced with action.

SAGA Food Service was formerly at Chapel Hill.

They were replaced by Servamation Mathias.

It gives you something to think about, doesn't it?

Editorial policy

Opinions of the Carolina Journal are expressed on its editorial page. All editorials are the opinions of the Editorial Board. Letters and columns represent only the opinions of the individual contributors.

Dear Editor:

I believe that credit should be given where credit is due. Our outstanding "Annual" staff has created a very fine picture album to show what happened in the '69-'70 school year. The photography was outstanding and our photographer obviously put in a lot of time. The cover staff must also be given credit for creating the only other part of the picture album that was any good.

It was good of the staff to allow us to commit everyone's names in the album to memory. The pictorial commentary for the album was non-existent. Sports coverage was something just better than an elementary school annual. Since an elementary school has none, you know what I mean.

If we can get nothing better for our student activities fees than

LETTERS

The Carolina Journal accepts all letters to the editor, provided they are typed and limited to a maximum of 300 words. All letters must be signed and the address and phone number of the writer must be included.

The paper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste.

Address letters to Repercussions, The Carolina Journal, in care of University Center.

Dear Editor:

As an Indian of UNCC that has gone astray, I wish to say I'm sorry. I now know that I'm wrong to aspect that at the age of 20 I can make decisions of my own. I'm grateful that there are people like you to make my decisions. Being impersonal, unable to love, indifferent, unable to understand myself or others and most of all lacking in that beautiful knowledge that I gave to your university I'll probably just gather dust in my room when at last I receive my wordy piece of paper that says I have gone through 4 years of mass proppanda conditioning. I still have a chance with people like you around. Maybe I can still be a part of the machine. Thanks for being the representative of my beliefs.

Skip Bennett
stu. No. 070796
soc. sec. No. 242-82-1344
(You're welcome, the editors!)

Signed,
Rick Lee

SAGA worm squirms

Dear Editor:

1st boy -- What is worse than finding a worm in your apple?

2nd boy -- Finding half a worm!

This childish joke suddenly was brought into the limelight of my thought last Monday.

I hardly ever eat in the Union Cafeteria. Monday I had only enough time to rush to the Union and get a cheeseburger and Coke before my 1:00 class.

I didn't think I could tolerate the taste of an undressed cheeseburger so I ordered the usual lettuce and tomato. I received the creation with a couterous smile, placed it on my tray, fixed my Coke, paid the cashier, sat down at a quiet table and began to look over my class notes as I ate.

It was in my fourth bite that it happened. I noticed a strange, tangy, semi-sour sensation that registered to me as neither hamburger, nor chesse, nor lettuce, nor even tomato. As I rather cautiously moved the meal-on-a-bun down from my mouth I noticed a greenish-black, wiggly, woolly creature which instantly registered in my biological memory bank as a caterpillar!

As I realized that, the insides of this horrible creature trickled over my bun while it squirmed in agony. The bites in my mouth, esophagus and stomach began to mushroom as if an atomic bomb had been detonated within my digestive system.

I got up quietly and headed -- stomach first -- for the nearest bathroom. After pumping my stomach of not only lunch but also breakfast, I returned to the

table, picked up my tray, deposited my trash and took the remains of my lunch to the cashier in the hopes of obtaining a refund.

She must have noticed the look on my face for she asked me, "Is something wrong with your sandwich?" without saying a word I opened the bun to disclose not only the half of the caterpillar which remained, but also a full length, very lively mate alongside. She had the nerve to ask me if I wanted another cheeseburger.

It took all of the intestinal fortitude that I could muster to come up with a clear "No." As I turned to leave, she said, "Well the next time you come through,

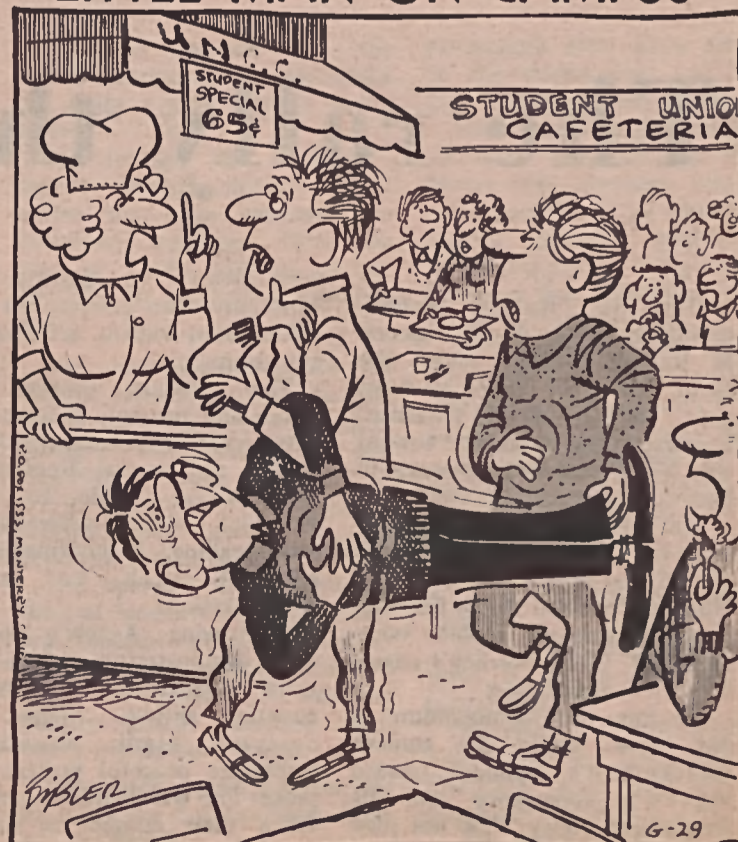
just remind me -- I won't forget this."

After I got home I contacted the Mecklenburg County Health Department. Surely something can and must be done about this inexcusable problem which is a menace to public health and a discredit to UNCC.

I have heard many of the students complain among themselves about the food and the general conditions in the Cafeteria. Now is the time to act. Send your complaints to the SGA or to this paper if you aren't pleased with present conditions. If you will excuse the pun -- I'm fed up with it!

George F. Wilson

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"If you guys are going to complain about the food every day why don't you eat some place else?"

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