

# On Campus



## Hosstyle

Pat Hoss

I sauntered into the St. Andrews cafeteria at about 5:15, according to my watch. It was, to say the least, a line. At the time, it stretched from the glass doors to the mailboxes. I considered my choices: go out for a nice, hot, good meal at a local restaurant, or ...SAGA. Then the deciding factor hit me—no money. Thus, the line was joined by another student, having hopes that what I smelled was not SAGA, but the sewage plant backed up.

Suddenly, the line jerked to a start and a wave started up from the bottom of the stairs and continued on to me and beyond. After about a quick hour, I was at the door, and with a point and a mumble I was at my first crucial decision—which line to take. Which line would move me to the luscious food my mouth was salivating for? Wait a minute...that's a leak in the ceiling...sorry. Anyway, I chose the right side, which took me past the stale cereals in nice new stay-fresh dispensers. It also took me past the now closed "only open at lunch" sandwich area—the place with the famous heavily sought after taste that sticks to the roof of your mouth. I then gathered my twisty silverware and my tray, and looked over the yum-yummy desserts on display. "Which shall it be?" I thought. "The wonderful cheesecake, the twenty-year old cherry pie in the one-bite serving dish, or should I go for the "hey squeeze it to see if it's fresh" cake...The possibilities seemed endless, but I made

my decision and went with the cake (hard as a rock, of course). I moved to the real stuff.

The aroma from the main course was, shall I say, something to make a grown man cry: and I was bawling by this time. There were three choices: the veal with cheese and tomato topping (for those with guts); fried mystery meat (for the less gutsy); the vegetarian stuff, which I refuse to eat because of the brownish coloring. I have tried to convince myself that it is just dirty lenses

but I really don't think so. Anyway, I went for the veal, with not so much soybean, as opposed to the mystery meat with a lot of soybean. In fact, the reason it is mystery meat is because it is made of soybeans and not meat at all. Once out of that area, you immediately enter into the spacious and beautifully decorated cafeteria dining room, with the beautiful view of the lake. I go directly to the salad bar, where I get some slightly dead (for a number of days) lettuce, and top it off with rotten eggs, spoiled tomatoes, and other various and asundry vegetables gone awry. Thus, with my plate full of things a dog might eat, I set out for my table.

After I downed my food, in the pickiest manner my stomach would accept, I started gazing out at the lake, watching fishermen unlawfully fish, when I noticed something tugging on my shirt. As I looked down, the cheese-covered veal seemed to be chewing on my Italian jacket. Of course this illusion did not

frighten me at all, for I am used to it. Being a junior, I know all that fumes from SAGA cause these illusions, but to the novice, it can be unnerving. I merely brushed it aside and took another sip from my flat Diet Coke. I poked at my rock-hard Angelfood cake dessert. As I felt the cold corn settle on the mashed potatoes I had just eaten, I noticed a slight glow emitting from my fingers. "Must be the gravy," I thought to myself. Then the fresh rolls appeared and all other thoughts were dashed. I jumped up and leapt across the table, heading for the salad bar. I saw the competition cutting around by the drink dispensers and thought "Damn!" A quick calculation in my mind produced the total of twenty rolls in the basket; the last lukewarm ones in the basket, too. I slipped between two wheelies and lunged at the basket. "Ha! Got one!" As I slipped back into my seat amid applause, and suddenly remembered—the butter.

Thus ends a meal at St. Andrews, at which time your tray, minus the paper products, is put on a conveyor belt, turns a corner, and disappears to a place where we suppose the dishes are either dropped or cleaned. It all depends on which mood people working there are in: "a high school diploma" mood or an "I spent my time in school suspension" mood. So, with a quick fling of paper into the trash, you are out the door and up the steps and into the air of the morning after you and I ate at SAGA.



## SGA Update

Susie Bennett

After talking to some of my suitemates, I decided that a column in the newspaper would be a good way to pass on information. What goes on in the SGA should be easily available to all of you.

The past two months have been very busy for both the Cabinet and the Senators. All of us returned to school four days early in order to get ready for the 1989-90 school year. Over the summer, Wendy, Charlie, Sharon, and I attended a NACA (National Association of Campus Activities) Student Government Workshop in Richmond. We were really excited about getting back to campus and utilizing all of the things we learned.

Quite a few things have happened since then. During Hurricane Hugo, we had a consultant here to help us with the operation of our student government system. She gave several talks on different aspects of student government, from time management to dealing with administration. I would like to extend a "thank-you" to all who attended.

One of the big things that I am trying to get started is an aluminum recycling program. So far, I've been pretty successful. This week you will notice big blue garbage cans in your dorms. The side of each reads: "Put cans here for the Humane Society." Please help out by depositing any cans you have—all of them go to the Humane Society, and they use the money to help the animal shelter. Anyone who would like to help out at the animal shelter should get in touch with me.

I heard the party at Farrago went really well. A lot of students helped out getting everything ready. The place used to be a mess, but now looks great. SGA donated money to get the booths recovered, and they really look good.

In about a week, there will be a bulletin board outside the SGA office. Our office hours will be posted. Feel free to ask me anything

### Captain D's



Holly Square Shopping Center

276-2600