For you and your Yum-Yum

Yum-Yum eats this week

By ROGER S. GLADE
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We of the yum-yum staff are basically a gentle lot. We rarely yell, scream or jump around about anything. Indeed, in our humility, we are well known for our defense of the downtrodden.

However, there comes a point at which we can no longer tolerate that which is intolerable.

We refer, of course, to those staunch defenders of the faith, the Sammy's Staff.

Been in Sammy's lately?
You're lucky.

We made the mistake of watching a certain senior who just happens to be very near and dear to us as he took his mother (admittedly a biased judge, being as she is used to nourishment) to—well—for lack of a better word—"eat" at — well — for lack of a better word "Sammy's."

He was confronted with an inspiring choice. First there was a protoplasmic concoction coloured a deft snot puce and flecked with yellow. poured atop what could only be described as very thick newsprint.

His mother heaved a mighty sigh.

"Couldn't we go to the Salvation Army?" she queried.

"It would be cheaper," he responded thoughtfully, "but I've got to be at a meeting in fifteen minutes."

"Maybe I'll just have water." She answered.

"Houston water?" he said with a note of incredulity creeping into his voice.

"You have a point" she conceded and, being his mother, fell silent.

He surveyed the other choices, after the aforementioned (which, by the by, was liberally termed "chicken" and "dumplings") there was also a vaguely orange colloidal substance with small deep-brown stone-like spheroids nestled comfortably on beds of worm-like stringy viscera.

"I'd still prefer the Salvation Army," she sighed wistfully.

Alas, so would we all, it seems.

But friends, we cried because we had no shoes until we met a man who eats at the colleges.

Oh, Miss Cason, we had the chance to view some of your finer culinary efforts last week and they were admirable examples of Japanese prison camp norm.

Take, for example, a meal which we witnessed—and almost (we say almost because we touched it gingly with our fork) consumed which consisted of what we were told was "beef."

"Roast" "Beef."
"Cold" "Roast" "Beef."
"Tough" "Cold" "Roast" "Beef."

Gawd!

To this delicacy (we were informed that it was the finest meal of the week) was added something green (which, we suppose, meant the meal was "balanced dietetically") and something which was the finest off-white goo this side of Elmer's.

You, Miss Cason, in what we can only assume to be your naivete, called it "potatoes."

And then of course, there was the punch line. You called it "jello."

The guys laughingly called it "dessert."

But would you believe that, at a table for eight, nobody—and we aren't exaggerating—nobody would touch your "sweet" for the evening?

We understand, though, that you can hardly expect people to eat your food when they have the needy folks at Someburger and Dutch Kettle to think about.

G00:

Hee, hee, hee, Wiess College is making a nasty over there with their theatre production—watch for "Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf." They're promising to upset people.

CRUD:

Don't you believe the menu item, "Blow Up" is supposed to be great! Yes, and once again we predict that it will be the Delman—although we have been wrong before.

SOS:

You missed "Ulysses."

A PARTING TASTE:

"Blow-Up" on Friday. Study on Saturday. Exams are almost here, friends. Total cost $5.00.