

HIGHACRES COLLEGIAN

BUS-BOY

John Bodnar:

How many average college students of average intelligence and knowledge, have heard the term bus-boy? If you have, and especially if you know one, your folks should check on the kind of company you've been keeping lately. Generally speaking, a bus-boy is a boy, or young man, hired to replace two cooks, two dishwashers, four waitresses, and a maintenance man. Before the Civil War these boys were known as "slaves", but when slaves became illegal the title of the job was changed.

A bus-boy has many duties to perform. His main job is to carry any object whatsoever that is too heavy for a waitress to carry, from anywhere to somewhere else in the vicinity of the kitchen or dining room. Besides this, he has many more odd jobs to take care of. When a piece of equipment is damaged, but not seriously enough to call a maintenance man, a bus-boy will be told to fix it, and within a few minutes the damage will be sufficient to call in a maintenance man. The bus-boys are also responsible for cleaning up anything a waitress or guest would drop on the floor. If a guest should spill anything on her blouse through the carelessness of the bus-boy, an over-anxious bus-boy will get fired.

The social prestige that accompanies the job of bus-boy lies somewhere between that of the hotel-manager and the garbage collector, leaning a little heavily toward the garbage collector side. Bus-boys are looked up to by all people under 4' 1" in height.

The pay of a bus-boy is miraculous, the miracle being that denominations so small are still being printed in the United States. To make up for this lack of pay, the management arranges the hours of the bus-boy so that he wouldn't have any time to spend any money anyway.

The job of bus-boy is a hard position to achieve. You have to have connections, like the State Unemployment Bureau. You have to have intelligence, an I.Q. of at

least 25. You must be well-groomed, a shave once-a-month is compulsory and a shower is necessary every week when it doesn't rain.

To sum it up quickly, a bus-boy does all the work that is not taken care of by the cooks, dishwashers, and waitresses, on the pay that is left over after the cooks, dishwashers, and waitresses have been paid. Any one who would still like a job as a bus-boy is either insane, or is not well-acquainted with the author's opinion.

THE LAST MILE

Stanley Zdep

After parking my car in the pit at the bottom of the hill at Highacres, I slowly began the grueling ascent to the main building on the summit. Because I'm lazy I whipped out my slide rule and drawing triangles and quickly calculated the angle of elevation of the road which winds its way up the hill. I now knew how much energy would be required to propel me to the top. Then, with the aid of a little tail wind...oh well, that gets too complicated.

Little did I realize the danger which awaited me! Before I reached the first turn, I noticed a huge bakery truck bearing down on me at an enormous speed. I wondered if the college encouraged a baking business as an avocation. However, it didn't require much intelligence to decide upon my next move. Quickly, I dived for the trees on the left side of the road. However, there was no left side of the road, and I commenced to roll down the rocky hill.

My energy theory now was shot, but who cares about a trifle such as that when one is bleeding from 101 cuts and abrasions. Again I started for the top! This time a car almost got me from behind, but I managed to elude it at the last second. However, the driver seemed disappointed, and I expected him to try again on his way down after he had dropped off his passengers.