



THE TASTE THAT TELLS

Never again!

I swear by everything holy that never again will I enter a cafeteria and pay extra for the privilege of scabbing on the unemployed waiters and waitresses by the way of self-service.

I confess I've done this very thing in my muddle-headedness and I can only hope and pray the waitresses and waiters will forgive and forget my thoughtlessness.

Can you imagine me a horn-headed freight-handler trying to juggle those fragile and elusive dishes, trays, half-cups of creosote and chicory—me, whom some nature, in its outraged and begrudgeful moments, so admirably fitted for the lifting of heavy objects and the prying loose of tight materials?

Why, a bull-rhinoceros in a china shop would have nothing on me!

Can you imagine the bantam-weight waiter with his delicate fingers grabbing a hold of my two wheeled truck and self-servicing himself to a row of untold wealth and affluence? You can? Yes, and you may as well imagine further—those sixteen sacks of cement on that truck would blister his patties, break his back, explode one or both kidneys and bankrupt half the hospitals in the country.

Well, that being that, the fact that I'm able to handle both jobs is not a good reason for hogging his job—and an injustice for the simple reason that he cannot supplant me on my regular job. In other words when I put him on the bum he stays there and gets nothing because I'm not getting enough from freight-handling to help him—and furthermore, the additional expenditure attendant to said self-service weakens my financial standing to such an extent that I can't help him—All in all, the best way for me to do is to quit self-service and give myself and him a better break—and if I must carry food to my mouth with fingers, contaminated with that form of insidious scabbery it is better for me to quiet eating and run-in a streak of lean—it might clear my head.

I'm not saying self-service autocratically shunts the waitresses into the shadow of disapproval—you might suspect I have inside knowledge—so I will merely murmur, "self-service" takes their bread and butter away, and in a very clumsy manner.