

Opinion

Letters to the Editor

Childcare at Issue

Dear editor,
I'm an adult student here at Behrend College. I enjoy learning here and I am sure I will become a great asset to the community when I graduate.

I am also sure that there would be a lot more adult students if certain services were provided. I am a single parent and have a major concern when I have to attend classes that don't coincide with my child's school hours. Everything, for me, is "covered" for this semester. So I almost said to myself, "I don't need to do anything about this, it's not my problem." Then I thought, "It was my problem." I have three more years before I graduate. It could be my problem anytime before then. More importantly, other people do have that problem. Not just single parents, but also parents who both work. Whether we'd like to admit it or not, when someone

else has a problem, it's our problem too. If I can't continue in college, I may have to go on welfare. So, when you graduate, you will have to support me. I can't make it without a college education.

I hear there is no room for childcare on campus. Yet, there is room for pool tables. What about a staff? What about students; especially those interested in Early Childhood Education, or even interested in being future moms and dads. What experience! A service that provides two functions. One, for adult students who need care for their children. Secondly, for those who need to know how to care.

I don't feel this has to be a problem; it just needs the proper attention it deserves.

Sincerely, Kathy Stevenson

Defends Press Freedom

Dear editor,
After reading the letters about Love Rob's column on abortion, I felt compelled to write.

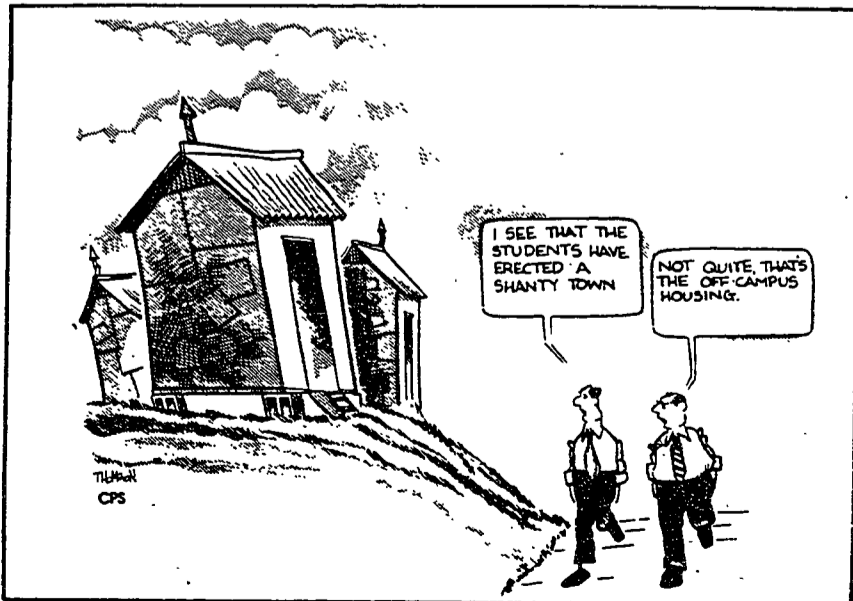
First, I think many people do not understand the function of a newspaper's Op-Ed page. It is to air opinions and editorials of the paper's staff and writers. Rob Prindle was performing that function admirably when he wrote his column stating his views on abortion. The paper's readers are free to agree or to disagree with his views. What they should not be doing is attacking him personally for fulfilling his function as an opinion column writer. Opinion

columns are meant to stimulate discussion and debate, as this one obviously has done. To personally attack the writer for airing an opinion that is contrary to one's own, smacks of the mindset that rules the Ayatollah's Iran, where there is only one "true way" to think.

I would hope the editors and the faculty advisor would have more sense than to try to get Rob to refrain from writing controversial columns -- those are what give any paper its sparkle and life. Those who want plain vanilla writing can read Erie's local newspaper.

Cordially, Ron Shull

Thanks for your letter. We appreciate hearing positive things about the Opinion Page, or for that matter, anything in the paper. But rest assured that while we don't always agree with Rob, we have no intentions of asking him to avoid controversy or sensitive topics. --Ed.



LOVE ROB

Butch Goes to Big Boy

by Rob Prindle

My friend Butch is not a particularly subtle fellow even under the best of circumstances. You can imagine what he is like when he gets a few beers, or maybe a little rum into his system. He loses all inhibition and says exactly what he thinks. This past Saturday, Butch was in prime form after two pitchers of Genesee.

"Waitresses suck" screamed Butch. "They're the scum of the Earth. In fact the only people who bother me more than waitresses are the people on the Cosby show. I hate those Huxstables. The parents are superiorist skinhead fascists who enjoy watching their children fail. That may explain why their kids are all neurotic brats who drop out of school. And am I asking to much to expect a plot? Did you see it yesterday, the whole story was about Rudy wanting to wear her summer dress in the fall. Talk about intricate."



Rob Prindle

"Oh yeah, waitresses," Butch yelled. "I hate those blood-sucking wenches."

Butch was obviously rambling, so I reminded him that his original subject was the sliminess of waitresses.

"Oh yeah, waitresses," Butch yelled. "I hate those blood-sucking wenches. Extortionists is what they are. Who else but a waitress could complain all day and still make a ton of money? I went out with a waitress once. We sat down at the restaurant where she worked on weekends and she immediately began telling me that she made \$170 in tips Saturday. That was more than I made working all week and when I brought that little fact up she told me that being a waitress was hard work. She said that 'customers can be so demanding.' Heck for \$170 a day you wouldn't think that this broad would be complaining. I work hard and take stuff from my boss everyday, but he never tips me."

I told Butch that, so far, his story didn't make waitresses sound too awfully terrible.

"Just wait till I get to the good part" Butch snapped. "So I forgave her for making so much money then she asked what I was going to order. I figured I'd tell her on account of she might know what was good. I told her that I was gonna order a Bigboy and a strawberry milk shake. She almost exploded. She turned all red and started gasping. She screamed 'You can't order a milk shake, don't you know how long those things take to make?' Why the heck should I care how long they take to make?"

I told Butch that in some restaurants, the waitress people have large number of tables to wait, and if they take too long with one table - making a milk shake for example - then the other customers' service suffers.

"That's exactly what she told me," Butch replied. "You aren't no Waitress sympathizer are you Robbie?"

I explained to my friend that, so far, I was in partial agreement with his disdain towards the waitressing profession.

"That's good, but let me tell you the rest of the story. I ordered the milk shake and my date hid her face in shame and made her drink ice-water so as to make the waitresses job a little easier."

"At the end of the meal, when it came time to leave the tip my date stared at my wallet as I pulled out a generous one dollar bill. She kept staring until I pulled out another Washington, then she sighed and pulled 50 cents from her own purse and laid it down. Can you believe that Bobby? A \$2.50 tip for a \$8.95 dinner? Heck, we were only there for 45 minutes. If she was waiting on four other tables that means that she may have made \$12.50 just in tips. For that much money, I don't want to here no complaints."

I told Butch that Some waitresses probably make much more, and a twerpy guy with a phoney french accent who I know of works at Michelino's and probably makes ten times that much for much less work. I told Butch that he really shouldn't condemn waitresses in general.

"Just the same," Butch said, "I'd advise everyone to ask their waitress how much she made last year before they tip. If she made more then you then flip her a quarter and pat her on the rump."

Editorial Policy

The Behrend Collegian's editorial opinion is determined by the editor, with the editor holding final responsibility. Opinions expressed in the Collegian are not necessarily those of the Behrend Collegian or the Pennsylvania State University.

Letter Policy: The Behrend Collegian encourages letters on news coverage, editorial content and university affairs. Letters should be typewritten, double-spaced and signed by no more than two persons. Letters should be no longer than 400 words. Letters should include the semester and major of the writer. All letters should provide the address and phone number of the writer for verification of the letter. The Collegian reserves the right to edit letters for length and to reject letters if they are libelous or do not conform to standards of good taste.

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