

# Opinion

## Letters to the editor

### Reader finds Rob's columns and outlook objectionable

Dear editor,

Regarding the column in your paper entitled "Love Rob," I must air my feelings of pure disgust. I am a transfer student, new to Behrend this semester, and I have read all three editions of your paper so far. All three editions interested, educated, and entertained me. However, every time I read the "Love Rob" column, disgust was the only emotion that registered.

First of all, was Mr. Prindle ever a freshman, or was he always this cool? I am currently in my second year of college, yet I remember what it was like being a freshman during that first week or two of college. I wonder if Mr. Prindle would remember parking in all the spaces that were supposed to be for seniors, not unlike himself. Would he recall walking around campus with his buddy "Butch" thinking they were the coolest guys around? Wouldn't it be nice to be as perfect as Mr. Prindle?

Second, I have lived in Erie for all of my 20 years and I know what Erie has to offer. Erie is not that great. Erie, as well as many other cities, stands in great need of improvement. As you drive along the city streets, your eye encompasses only closed factories with broken windows and dilapidated houses with overgrown shrubs in the yard.

The Peninsula is a great place if you don't mind stepping on gravel instead of sand and water

whose bacteria count increases daily. As far as the dining aspect of Erie is considered, there are a handful of fine eating establishments, yet most are private din

Regardless of what your suffocated sense of the finer things in life may say, chicken wings and cheap beer are not "good food and drink."

Third and last, no one in their right mind could honestly believe that the legalization of drugs in the United States could cure this country of perhaps it's most severe illness. Mr. Prindle may not mind boarding a plane whose pilot just received his daily fix of heroin but I certainly would. Can anyone fathom the state this country's people would be in? Imagine yourself needing emergency surgery and your doctor just smoked a joint and snorted a few lines! Mr. Prindle says the tax dollars spent on fighting drug trafficking could be spent on research to find a harmless yet effective drug for all drug users. Tell me Mr. Prindle, why should we, the taxpayers, cater to a group hell-bent on destroying their lives and the lives of those around them?

Perhaps Mr. Prindle should take a step back and evaluate his ideas before he so quickly puts them down on paper. It's a shame to see such underdeveloped thought take up so much space in your otherwise respectable paper.

Christine Spanos

### Let them carry cap guns

Dear editor,

In the September 20 edition of the Collegian, the subject of armed police was brought up. On the Edinboro and Slippery Rock campuses, no shots have ever been fired by the armed police.

Let the Behrend police carry

guns in sight, but have them really be cap guns. The sight of them, police and guns, will deter crime. The police will be able to play cops and robbers, and it would make me feel safer around the police.

Frank Lopez

### Letter applauds editorial; respects flag's symbolism

Dear editor,

I would like to applaud your fine editorial on the flag burning issue. Not because you asked for responses, but because I agree with you and wish other students (our future leaders) would tell our present leaders, the Congress, what they think also. I think the Congress needs our help. Over two hundred years ago, our founding fathers wrote The Constitution of the United States of America, and within its

wording they set the grounds for a country that has won two World Wars, survived a depression, survived attacks and abuses from other major countries, and given financial support to a great number of us so we could attend college and write letters like this one.

Do you understand that we are allowing men and women who can't balance the American

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# LOVE ROB

## Nukes in the neighborhood

*Editor's note: Rob Prindle is taking a few weeks off from his regular column to work on a special project for The Collegian. Until he resumes writing, we'll be running some of Rob's favorite Love Robs of the past two years. This column first appeared in spring of 1988.*

by Rob Prindle

Spring Break is over. That's the bad news. The good news is that now you get to hear about what I did. I bet that a lot of you went to Florida or to big cities to do exciting things. Well, bobbing for bikinis might have its merits but it probably doesn't compare to a nuclear reactor.

Yeah, while some of you were sunning your buns or visiting mama, the rest of us here in Erie were living practically in the shadow of a nuclear reactor. I'm talking about nuclear energy boys and girls, but keep reading anyway.

Perry, Ohio, is a quaint little hamlet only 60 miles from Penn State-Behrend's front door. It's a small town whose main industries are growing shrubs and splitting atoms, but to say that it is an energetic little town would be an understatement. The night life isn't anything to talk about though. Just a few stores and one bar called Joe's Nuclear Lounge.

But let me start at the beginning. One day during break I decided to drive to Cleveland to see if anything was going on. The sky was clear as far as I could see except for one strange-looking cloud. It was about 300 feet high and 50 feet wide. It didn't move, it didn't change shape, it just sort of hovered.

As I drove closer it became hard to ignore so I decided to take the next exit and get a closer look. Of course, eventually I got close enough to see the source of the cloud: A Three Mile Island look-alike cooling tower. Wow. I had heard about the Perry Nuclear Power Plant being built but I didn't know that it was already fired up.

I sensed a photo opportunity. I drove dangerously close, practically risking my life to fulfill my type A personality's desire for danger. I parked just outside of the gate and read the sign. It basically said that if the radiation didn't kill me, a guard would if I tried to sneak in. Luckily, I had a zoom lens and I wasn't afraid to use it.

So there I was, busy taking pictures, when Jasper drove up. Jasper wasn't his real name, but it should have been. He had a red neck, a big truck and a gun, and oh yeah, he also had a badge. Apparently Jasper was a guard. He said



Rob Prindle

that I better get moving because I wasn't allowed to take no pictures. I would have corrected him on the double negative he used, but I would have hated to see that neck turn any redder.

I'm not happy knowing that a nuclear plant is so close but I do feel a little safer knowing that Jasper is there to protect it from 35mm cameras. I do have to wonder, though, why there aren't guards circling the Penlec plant here in Erie. Isn't our coal-burning plant important enough to save from photography? Or is it because coal doesn't melt down and blow a hole in the world if something goes wrong? I bet that when my friend Jasper got off work and headed to Joe's Nuclear Lounge for a cold one the regulars got a good laugh when he told them about the crazy, college-boy-type troublemaker that tried to shoot the place full of pictures.

I like Perry. It's clean, cozy, you can buy a house real cheap and the cooling towers provide plenty of shade. Maybe I'll move to Perry in a few years . . . maybe we'll all even be here in a few years.

*SPY*

### COLLEGIAN SPY PHOTO

