

# Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood Planet

By Michael C. Molter  
Assistant Editor

It seems that some folks think that things are too negative on the editorial pages of the Methodist College *Pride*. Then again, I thought that a little bit of biting sarcasm was appropriate on an editorial page. Aren't journalistic commentaries usually so—laced with humor to provide a "spoonful of sugar to help the medicine go down?" Perhaps we should forget about commentaries and just let sleeping dogs lie, as they say. Then again, maybe we just need a truckload of sugar.

When I was about twelve or so, my friend Jon and I liked to do humorous skits for the tape recorder. One of Jon's ideas, for which I occasionally contributed vocal talents, was called "Mr. Rogers' Planet." That only lasted one episode before it became "Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood Planet." We wouldn't need harsh commentaries if we lived on Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood Planet.

In fact, I have lived on Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood Planet for quite some time. I grew up talking to puppets like Daniel Striped Tiger. School was fun. I learned vocabulary from my G. I. Joe personnel cards. My Transformer Tech Specs taught me statistics. When I went to college, I had a double major in Professional Baseball Management and Popular Music. When I got out of college, I got a good job, but not in my majors. My interview was going well, but the clincher was when I was asked this question:



INTERVIEWER: "So, what are your talents?"

APPLICANT: "I'm good at taking off my shoes and putting them back on."

I was really kicking myself because I forgot to mention zipping up my sweater and zipping it back down again. Oh well. *C'est la vie*.

I am living in a dream home with my beautiful wife, Midge (I believe you know her friend, Barbie). She is a real doll!!! The rumors of her being anatomically incorrect are NOT TRUE! My TV gets only PBS. King Friday doesn't allow anything else, though I have lobbied for Nickelodeon for years. Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood Planet—a place where you've really accomplished something if you've fed the fish and planted a flower in the same day. Mmmm...smell the freshly-cut lawn.

We could have a sing-along about how idyllic things are...all of the puppets singing together...how sweet. News, being full of commentary, controversy, and violence has been scrapped. Peter Jennings has been replaced by Peter Rabbit. Then again, news is whatever King Friday says it is. So there, real world!

If this were a commentary, I would wonder how many Methodist College students commute from Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood Planet. But it's not, so I won't. I heard some students commiserate for half an hour about, how shall I say, the intellectual requirements of a college-level class. I thought to myself...college in the real world is not the place for them; they would fit in nicely on Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood Planet.

Maybe they were just puppets who commuted from Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood Planet...that would explain everything. Hmmm...puppets frustrated with elementary school arithmetic someday teaching my child  $1+1=2$ ...I would rather leave that to Mr. Rogers and Big Bird, but that is my opinion...not worthy of commentary. The only Sesame Street character who failed the Praxis was Elmo, and that was because someone kept rubbing his stomach while he was trying to take the test. He passed it the second time, though. Thank God for Mr. Rogers and Sesame Street or my children might have to settle for...

Then again, that would be okay if my children lived on Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood Planet.

## Quote of the Week:

*Death and taxes and childbirth!  
There's never any convenient time  
for any of them!*

Margaret Mitchell (1909-1949) US Novelist, *Gone with the Wind*

# Where Has The Service Gone?

By Denise Mitchell  
Staff Writer

Service. Is this too much to ask for? As a commuter student, I oftentimes find myself gravitating towards the Lion's Den for some subsistence. Unfortunately, they leave a lot to be desired—SERVICewise.

Recently, I decided it would be quicker for me to walk across campus to eat—boy was I wrong! I arrived at 10 minutes to twelve, there were three people ahead of me and two workers. Two of the individuals ahead of me were horsing around begging for free food and discussing family similarities and connections. At five minutes after 12, there were still three people ahead of me, and by now, there were about six people behind me. We were all getting frustrated.

The frustration level peaked when the manager walked in and employee A asked if he was there to lend a hand. In what I'm sure was his most exasperated voice, he said "no." When employee A dared to ask a question about supplies (they were out of forks and a few other things on this day), she was met with an open stare. Yes, I should have left at that point as it was getting close to the time for my class to begin, but I made the mistake of drinking my Coke while waiting to order my food. Since I am a "law-abiding" citizen, I decided it wasn't worth the humiliation and subsequent record I would get for choosing not to pay for my drink.

This is not the first time I have experienced such poor service at this facility, and in speaking with other students, I'm not the only one who feels this way. Not only is the

level of service lacking, health measures also seem to be nonexistent. I have, on several occasions, observed the cashier taking someone's order and money and then turning around to fix a sandwich WITHOUT washing her hands or at least putting on a pair of gloves. Do you realize how many germs you have consumed when you allow a worker to prepare your meal in such a manner? No wonder everyone on campus stays sick.

Another issue that makes service so bad is the numbering system. Unless a student is standing right there for the 20-30 minutes or so it seems to take to get an order completed, he is not going to hear his number called. When this happens, that poor schmuck is stuck with a coagulated cheeseburger and french fry order. The solution—GET A PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM so that everyone can hear their number above the ruckus.

Why is service so bad? For all the money we spend on tuition, it seems to me that Methodist College would be more selective of who manages its dining facilities and the level of service and quality provided. After all, most of these students are not afforded the opportunity to eat Mom's cooking when here.

Yes MC Administration—IT IS TIME for you to realize that your dining facilities need to be overhauled. Please accept this challenge: Get some mystery eaters. Find out what the students want and give it to them. I'm pretty sure you'll find students want GOOD service, GOOD food, and GOOD selection. Let Methodist College be known for more than its PGM Program.