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Downtown Lancaster Visitor Center
S. Queen Street
Lancaster, PA 17603

Dear Lancasterers,

I made a recent trip to Lancaster County with my wife. We toured some of the area attractions and ate at some of the local eateries. At one Italian restaurant my wife and I were seated near a young lady who got quite upset with her waiter. She was angry because she thought her waiter had abandoned her and her drink refills. I believe that it was a soft drink of some sort, but I do not remember exactly. My point is that I don't believe that it was alcohol that made her so belligerent. She smarted off to another waitress about the lack of attention by her designated waiter and then when he went over to check on them, she told him that the meal was fine, but that he abandoned her and her drink refills. She made quite a scene and was not afraid at all to gripe openly at her waiter.

On the same day, my wife and I went to a local pharmacy/grocery store to get her prescription refilled. It took a while since we were from out of town and they had to confirm the prescription with either the treating doctor or else with the first issuing pharmacy. While we were waiting, another gentleman came in with a prescription and asked the pharmacist for a quote to see if he could get a break on the price from another local chain pharmacy. He started spitting fire when the pharmacist returned with his refill already filled and completed. He was very crabby and let the pharmacist know it because he never authorized the refill. He was just checking on the price to see if they could beat a competitor's price.

Later that evening, my wife and I decided to take in a show at a local Lancaster area dinner theater. We arrived and were shown to our seats on opposite sides of a rectangular table which could comfortably seat eight. We were right at the front edge of the second tier near the railing along the lower tier of seating. My wife and I finished our meals and chatted a bit to ourselves, when the hostess came over with another group of six people to be seated at our table. One of the group, an old fat grandma, complained to her family when they were shown to a table that already had the two of us sitting there. She probably thought that I could not hear her, but I most certainly could. The only difference between this grandma and the other lady and gentleman is that the earlier two were both impudent enough to voice their displeasure to staff members in a loud tone of voice so that many of the other patrons could hear, while the old fat grandma was unwilling to raise a ruckus to her hostess. It turns out that grandma's effeminate

grandson was a special guest of honor at the show that night because he recently played a feature role in his high school production of the same musical. I had to laugh because the 1950's era show program referenced the television as a "boob tube" and he thought it had something to do with the women on TV in those days and their breasts! These young folks today with their Playboy channels and pay per view smut. They hear the word "boob" and immediately think it only refers to the female anatomy.

Anyway, I think the fat grandma was upset for most of the night because they had to share their table with my wife and I rather than being given a table right on the stage with the cast. They were deserving of such an honor given that the 16 year old with them was a thespian, but instead they were demeaned by having to sit with us. If she had put up more of a fuss with the hostess, I'm sure she could have gotten a better seat, or at least gotten my wife and I removed from their family table to another location somewhere in the lobby area. If grandma had only voiced her displeasure a little bit louder and with a little more irritation.

That's when it hit me. I found the perfect dream job that I would like to apply for in your county. I am willing to relocate if necessary. I want a job as a designated bitcher. I will hang out in the crowd and just blend right in. Then, like Superman, when I find a problem with the service at a local restaurant, pharmacy, or theater where a particular customer is not forward enough to voice displeasure, I will step in, raise a ruckus, and berate the offending staff member until the situation is corrected to my satisfaction.

I think it is a darn shame when people pay good money and tax dollars for service and then get treated in such an awful manner. But if I do my job right as the designated bitcher, people can get the proper service and attention that they deserve without themselves coming across as offensive blowhards. No more abandoned drink refills, unauthorized prescription refills, or second hand dinner theater seating for guests of honor just to make sure the theatre fills up. This is the job for me and I wish to submit my name for consideration. Please let me know what other forms I will need to complete for my application.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Rusty Lucas".

Rusty Lucas

p.s. I really enjoyed my trip to Lancaster, PA, but I neglected to get any souvenirs to remember my stay. I got a shirt and baseball cap in Gettysburg, but nothing in Lancaster. Could you please send me a free baseball cap with some reference to Lancaster on it? I would be very proud to wear it on all legal holidays when I am not working at my future job!