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I REALIZE THAT I HAVE NOT SUBMITTED anything to the bold and unconventional X.Press lately, but the lethargic aura that has been weighing me down for the past collection of days and nights is beginning to fade. My newfound motivation and industrious behaviour may be attributed to the fact that patches of grass, although not yet green, can now be seen on our campus as the snow takes leave. **The smell of mud is in the air, and I must admit that it is quite refreshing. A colleague of mine from Kelley Bldg. informed me that the aroma I found so appealing was actually the smell of worms.** I do prefer, however, the idea that I appreciate the smell of mud

in the month of March (such outrageous alliteration) rather than the fragrance emitted from a crowd of worms casually wandering about campus. I discovered quite recently, though, that although Spring is in the air, many people are still caught up in the cruelty of Winter.

It was during my first visit to the Canada Post office on Kent Street that I realized some Charlottownians have yet to secure a sense of renewal in the presence of Spring-like conditions. I did not go the post office to complete an investigative report for the X.Press. The primary reason for my presence at the post office was to mail a letter. That alone should not

shock you, as Canada Post is in the business of letter delivery. The letter, however, that I went to mail was rather paramount to my future as it was an application to a university, and the deadline for receipt of that application was the very next day. **I recognize my own procrastination in leaving everything until the final minute, but stalling the process is part of my character.** This is all unimportant information though, so I will attempt to find my way back to the topic of discussion.

I entered the post office through an automatic sliding glass door installed to create a very futuristic and efficient view of Canada Post. I felt more as though I had just entered the Starship Enterprise rather than a depot of efficiency. Because of a poorly executed design, and the small size of the post office, my place in line was in front of this automatic door. Each and every time I moved even a millimetre, the door would slide open and then close, sometimes not even completely before it would throw itself open again. I thought this constant opening and closing, and the noise of the door sliding here and there with every move I made was madness, but according to the bland look of indifference on the faces of the others in line, oblivious to the door's movement, I assumed I was the only one affected.

After waiting only a few minutes I was called to the counter by a tall, slender, postal employee. I do not know his official title, and I am sure he has one of far-too-many words, but to save time and space, I shall refer to him as a teller. The teller, I did not have the chance to be formally introduced, asked

me where the parcel was going, when it had to arrive, and then told me delivery would cost \$9.50. He was very fast, very efficient, and very discourteous. After I handed over ten dollars, he reached into a very important drawer, tossed a shipping form on the counter and shouted "next" before I had even moved away. I interrupted and asked what I was to do with this form, only to be answered with, "your address here, the other address there...NEXT". I was becoming violent, so I quickly exited through another sliding door and left the building.

I drove furiously, screaming at other defenceless drivers who should not be permitted to drive motorized vehicles, and arrived at the Student Union minutes later. Betty, the compassionate one behind the desk at the SU office, helped me complete the confusing shipping form and I was off again, to another post office. I decided to try the postal outlet at the IGA supermarket in West Royalty, and there I found I courteous teller who gladly took the parcel and mailed it. I did not hesitate to tell her I found the Kent Street outlet to be very unfriendly.

I cannot understand the absence of professionalism and common courtesy that I met at the Kent Street post office. I realize that Canada Post prides itself on efficiency and the fact that it is a Crown Corporation making a profit, but efficiency does not have to mean the elimination of customer service. **If only the teller had said "hello" when I approached him, or had even smiled at me, maybe my hostility towards this postal outlet would be a little less intense, but for \$9.50 I expect at least a forced grin.**

WHO IS THIS MAN, AND WHAT DOES HE WANT?

*Errol MacEachern for
VP Internal 94-95*

VOTES. LOTS OF 'EM.

**"BECAUSE HE'S GOOD ENOUGH,
AND HE'S SMART ENOUGH,
AND DOGGONE IT, PEOPLE LIKE HIM."
(NOT EVERYBODY, BUT SOME PEOPLE.)**