4 Excalibur January 30, 1975

Feeding you a line

If it's Tuesday, this must be the bookstore

By OAKLAND ROSS after the New Yorker

It recently occurred to us that lineups are as much a part of the university experience as due-date extensions. When asked why they stood in York line-ups, for instance, several students replied in unison, "Because they're there."

This being the case, we screwed up our patience and wandered off to sample at random the wide variety of line-ups at York.

Our first stop was the TD bank in Central Square, where we filled out a withdrawal slip for a nominal one dollar and went to the end of the line. Several uneventful minutes later, we handed the slip to the teller, a willowy blonde named Allison Greaterx. She told us that the peak line-up periods at the bank are Mondays and Fridays at noon. Tuesdays and Wednesdays are the lightest days.

"People are usually pretty wellmannered," she said. "Once in a while they get upset, especially when the computer breaks down."

"How do you handle angry customers?" we wondered.

"Oh, you don't worry much when a student starts to bother you," she said. "But with a businessman-type, you really have to stay on your toes.

"Incidentally, your account is overdrawn," she added, handing back our pass-book.

"Uh, get back to you on that," we promised. And headed for the library.

At the take-out desk, we talked with a tall, soft-spoken man named Fred Johnson. He said that line-ups for signing out books are heaviest between noon and 2 p.m. each day, although some days are heavier than others.

"People are patient as long as the equipment is working," he said.

During our brief conversation, two students wandered over and complained to Mr. Johnson that the photo-copy machines were broken down. He assured them that it would be taken care of and they walked away.

"What do they expect for five cents a copy?" he muttered.

A grey-haired, fatherly-looking gentleman wearing a York Security uniform was inspecting bags at the library exit desk.

"My name's Lance Oakes," he said. "Everybody knows me." We asked if the line-ups at the exit



A kamikaze team of stalwart students crouch in readiness for an assault on the Central Square cafeteria noon-hour line-up.

ever got long.

"Do they ever!" he said gleefully. "My, my, sometimes just before exams they reach clear back to the escalators. But the people are always friendly. The finest bunch of people I've ever worked with."

"How long does it take for someone to get through one of those long line-ups?" we asked.

"Oh, that depends," he said with a knowing nod of his head. "That depends . . . Say, things must be pretty slow at Excalibur for you to be checking into this kind of stuff."

Chewing that over, we made our way to the bookstore where we in-

troduced ourselves to one of the cashiers.

"Excalibur, eh?" she snapped. "Ain't got no use for yuz."

But head cashier Margaret Baks was less abrupt.

"The line-ups are only very bad in September and October and again in early January," she said. "We usually run three cash registers, but we run more during the busy times."

"Are the people in long line-ups well-behaved?"

"Oh, yes. The students are very, very polite. At most, only one in 200 will get impatient.

"But those are students I'm talking about,'' she stressed. "Professors are something else completely."

On our way through Central Square, we met Vernon Gessner, a second-year psychology student. He told us that the worst line-up at York was the one to pay tuition.

"The cashiers are good-looking, but they're crabby as hell," he said. "I was butting in all the way and I still spent over half an hour in that line. To make it worse, half the people in the line weren't there to pay

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tuition; they were there to pick up their grants. I sure felt like knocking the smiles off their faces."

The Temporary Office Building was the setting for another not-sopleasant line-up. A large number of residence students stood in the hallway, each of them for over half an hour, waiting to pick up their scrip. The T.O.B. is a drab place to spend long periods of time; the only apparent consolation was that the washrooms were conveniently located.

"As usual, the times it's really busy, they only have one cashier working," moaned one student.

Another girl was criticized by the cashier for the way she "signed her signature."

"It's not very good," said the cashier.

"What do you mean, it isn't good?" demanded the student. "It's my signature."

And, reluctantly, the cashier dealt out the appropriate amount of scrip.

LAST RUN

The last stop on our tour was the McLaughlin dining hall, where we found a young man standing at the end of a line-up for lunch, which was being served in the Founders cafeteria.

"Enjoy this line-up much?" we asked.

"Oh, sure," he said. "It's a long walk, but it's good exercise. And there's always a chance that all the food will be gone by the time I get there. The prospect of not having to eat that stuff sort of keeps me occupied while I'm standing in line." His stomach is in the right place,

we mused as we skipped lunch. And what with all these line-ups,

we've found ourselves skipping a lot of things lately. And enjoying them more.



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