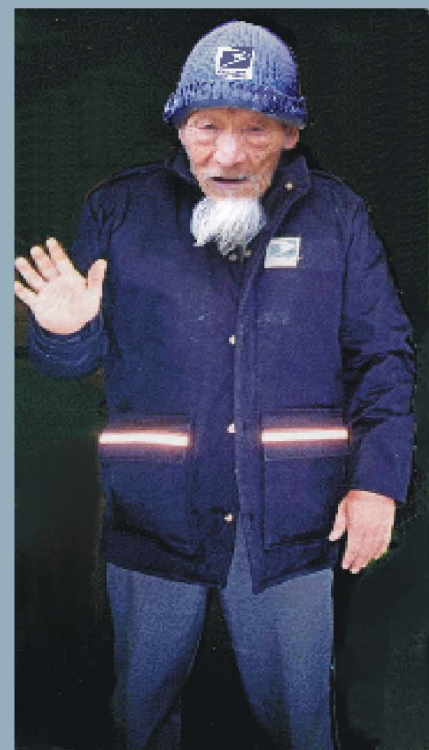


INTERVIEW WITH THE 1000 YEAR OLD CARRIER

Carrier Boka-Tu is the USPS' most senior worker. He began as a PTF at age 23 in Moscow, ID and hasn't missed a day of work since. That's 98,496 hours (give or take) of Sick Leave! You're too much, Tu!



The USPS' Most Senior Letter Carrier, Boka-Tu

ENVELOPE: Mr. Tu, how do you do?

BOKA-TU: Please, call me Boka. Or Bo, if you like. Or you can call me Al, or..

ENVELOPE: OK, OK, we get the picture, uh, Bo, so tell us, what was the post office like 1000 years ago?

BOKA-TU: The same-- bosses would push and push you. In the early days, they'd have slugs follow you around. They could hardly keep up, by the way.

ENVELOPE: I see. Is it true that the cases were made from basalt way back when?

BOKA-TU: Not quite. Management would only spring for mud and straw.

ENVELOPE: How about Advos? When did they come along?

BOKA-TU: Oh, they've been around since Adam. At first, they were just terrible. A ton of poorly fit together circulars and coupons that continually fell apart. My goodness, but we've certainly come a long way since then!

ENVELOPE: Before machines, how did you guys work your mail?

BOKA-TU: Well, you'd come into the office and there'd be a huge pile of raw letters and flats in the middle of the floor. We'd all dive in and grab what was ours. We called it "U-Sort".

ENVELOPE: You must have met a lot of great people in your career. How about Ben Franklin?

BOKA-TU: Nah, but that name sounds really familiar. Try the next route over.

ENVELOPE: Do you recall any major postal crises in your years of service?

BOKA-TU: Well, there was the Great Clipboard Shortage of 1809. The carriers didn't know what to with all the undertime.

ENVELOPE: I'll bet you've met some really fast carriers in your life.

BOKA-TU: As a matter of fact I have. I remember old Rocket Arm McKenzie. He could case a tray of letters on any route in five minutes or less. Unfortunately, nobody could convince him that he was supposed to read the names or addresses.

ENVELOPE: Any pet peeves about the job?

BOKA-TU: Free address labels with the wrong street number. Letters of Whining. Still active mailing lists from when I was a sub. And I just hate it when you push the mail through a door slot, the door pops open and some guy is there deworming his cat.

ENVELOPE: Uh, OK, yes, well, so finally Mr. Tu, do you have any plans to retire?

BOKA-TU: I'll give up this job when they pry my cold, dead fingers from my baskart.

ENVELOPE: Thank you, Tu!

BOKA-TU: Thank you, too!