

## Elevator Etiquette

*By Mister Manners (aka Dennis Knight)*

This column gets letters and questions about proper comportment in and around elevators, and takes note of a rising level of complaints about rude behaviors. It's yet another cry for the wise Mister Manners to set rules and bring order to a common part of your daily lives. But first the mail:

*Dear Mister Manners:* My wife was furious with me this morning when I bowed to a comely young woman who approached the elevator we were about to board. I smiled to the lass and gestured for her to enter first. I stepped in and smiled again. The wife glowered and got on, her posterior disrupting the operation of the doors. Mildred isn't speaking to me now, and refuses to explain her irritation. What did I do wrong?

*Signed, Wally from Wiggins*

*Dear Wally:* Instead of smiling, you should have been pressing the 'close door' button before the missus could squeeze in. Two's company, three's a crowd. I hope you enjoyed the trip despite the extra baggage.

*Dear Mister Manners:* I am a lady of matronly proportion and was downtown a few days ago for an appointment on the eighteenth floor of one of the big bank buildings. There were a number of us taking the elevator going up. I was the first one there, the first one on and thus entitled to be the first one off. I took a front center position that would permit me to defend and exercise my priority while other riders entered rudely around me, obviously jealous of my status.

This particular car served the upper floors, and one churlish young man selected the sixteenth, knowing full well I had right of first exit and would do so on eighteen. The doors opened at sixteen and he shoved past saying 'excuse me ma'am' as if those words should magically prompt me to stand aside. The doors barely missed smashing my foot when I kicked him in the ass.

Don't you believe he acted unmannerly?

*Signed, Dee from Denver*

*Dear Dee:* I was there that morning and I thank you because the impression you left on my backside set me thinking about systems that would allow people like you to go up in a building without having to share a conveyance with anyone else. I believe the best opportunity is something I am calling a personal propulsion device, and it involves a helmet and a cannon. The difficulties will be its open air nature and also labor costs. Self service cannons are not available, and the labor will need to be skilled because there are precise calculations concerning weight, trajectory, windage and gunpowder. Nets at each floor will make a good landing system and will work nicely for the going-down phase which will be entirely self service.

This venture is my ticket to riches and someday I will kiss this Mister Manners gig goodbye. In the meantime, dear readers, keep those cards and letters coming. Investment opportunities are available.