

Community Comment – Feb. 1st, 2016

By Jon Sapper

Thrill of On-line Shopping

I may come from the old school, but when I need to shop, I like to walk into a store, pick it up, pay for it, walk out to the car, toss it in the back seat and leave. I don't diddle daddle or browse looking for something I don't need. I've often wondered why would you spend time shopping if you're not really sure what you want. That would be like me going fishing, someone asking me what I'm fishing for and me replying, "I don't know."

But, I did need to shop for something a couple of weeks ago that you couldn't buy locally. I had to get it online. I found the website, ordered it and proceeded to check-out. That's when the twenty questions started, wanting to know shipping address, mailing and e-mail address, phone numbers, credit card number, shoe size, waist size, favorite color, my dog's name and next of kin. Just kidding on that last stuff, but they asked for a lot. I chose 7-day shipping, because I didn't want to spend \$119 to get special treatment for 3-day delivery. The special treatment was for their bank account.

After 7-days, no item. I called 'em, talked to a nice lady in Los Angeles who didn't have a clue where my order was, even after giving her the order number. She asked if I had a tracking number. I said there wasn't one on the confirmation I received. She said, "There wasn't?" I said, "No" and asked "Can you see my order?" She replied, "No. We sold it to a company in Portland." You sold my order? She tried to explain. All I wanted to know was where is this thing? She gave me another phone number. I called and talked to another nice lady. I repeated my story and she asked, "What's the tracking number?" Now I'm starting to get a little warm. Just before I replied, she said, "I found it." "Great. Can you please give it to me? She said it's 3946487910. Please say that a little slower. I then asked her when was it going to arrive. She said I could check the tracking number. I asked if it was shipped FedX or UPS. She said, "Shipped YRC." "What's that?" I asked. "That's the shipping company." Now I don't need my warm coat. She did check and said, "As we speak, it's loaded on the truck ready for shipment." "Great! When will it leave Portland?" She said, "It already did." Now I'm totally confused. "Look, I don't mean to be confrontational, but you just said it was on the truck ready to be shipped. She said, "It is." I'm feeling like one

half of Abbot and Costello at this point. I politely yelled, "Shipped from where and to where?" She shot back, "It's in Fortuna and will be delivered before noon."

And now my friends, after 45 minutes on the phone with these two nice people, you know why I like to shop in local stores.

This has been Jon Sapper for Community Comment.