

# EDITORIAL

with Maggie Petrushevsky

## What happened to service?

Anyone hoping the merger of two major Canadian banks will benefit customers needs to give it serious consideration.

Of course the banks say they need to be larger in order to compete in the world marketplace. What major corporation ever let a good excuse to grow slip by? Indeed, big may be better in the global scheme of things.

But that doesn't mean individuals visiting their local branch will see any of those benefits.

The Royal Bank has already done some rearranging of its client services in Guelph. How long will it be before Rockwood and Georgetown are put under the same arrangements?

Guelph has three Royal branches. Two of them only offer personal deposit and withdrawal service a couple of days a week. Except on these designated days, the tellers, who have been converted to service representatives or some such title, are expected to help customers unfamiliar with using the banking machines to use the machines for their transactions. In other words, don't give the customer service. Show him how to make the machine serve him.

That's improving customer service?

This week an unexpected glitch resulted in a trip to the main Royal branch in Guelph on Saturday because that's where personalized service was still available. Guess what! The entrance to the bank's interior is blocked by a sign saying only bank machine service is now available Saturdays. It's enough to make some of us switch banks. Only it's questionable whether the effort will be rewarded when the big banks play follow the leader as they tend to.

Given how business gurus keep telling us cranky clients demand service, one wonders how bank powers think. When a machine is seen as friendlier than a person something is definitely wrong.



## Reader defends former publisher

### To the Editor:

Regarding the letter you published February 5, 1998 from Mr. Dan Dagenais. I agree with his letter with the exception of one paragraph regarding the former publisher, Paul Nolan.

I feel this to me is like giving the final kick to someone who fell down. I personally know that Paul was distressed that he was not able to meet

the commitment of paid subscriptions. However, as a businessman Mr. Dagenais, you must realize that a business cannot carry on its daily function if money owing does not come in.

Paul tried diligently until the very last second to avoid closing the Tanner abruptly, as you stated.

Frances Marcoux  
Acton



**WINTER FUN:** Saturday's sunshine brought out the last die-hard tobogganning fans to Sir Donald Mann Park. Renee Drouillard, left, with Deona Near and Joshua Drouillard got in a few last runs down the hill over the crunchy snow surface. - Karen Wetmore photo

## Who will feed the wolves?

By **MAGGIE PETRUSHEVSKY**  
The New Tanner

My step-daughter moved this weekend and among the stray thoughts that accompanied the uproar was now who will feed the wolves?

Since the new owners of the house wanted to know about garbage collection I presume they won't be carrying on with recycling where she left off. At least, not for a while. In fact, I don't know whether I should tell them about our long-standing but very shy neighbours and their part in our recycling.

Kathy never started out to befriend all the local wildlife. If just sort of happened. And when she discovered that included a pair of wolves she didn't know whether to be horrified or thrilled.

She once told me of a nightmare she had in which she had her daughter in her arms and was surrounded by wolves. She screamed for me but when I came to the window with her father's gun I didn't know how to use it. So much for Granny to the rescue!

Recycling was a reasonably well established practice when Kathy moved into our basement two years ago. Living in the country as we did, there was no question of garbage pick up unless we were willing to pay for it. We weren't. Instead we visited the recycling depot with some

things and set up a compost heap by the back fence at the bush. To avoid wading through deep snow in the winter, I saved table scraps in a plastic bucket by the back door and made the trek about once a week.

Kathy, being more ambitious and having longer legs, took over the job for me on a near-daily basis. Well, it wasn't long until the squirrels, skunks, raccoons, crows and even a young cat discovered there were often crusts or vegetable seeds and peelings in those scraps.

If Kathy made trips to the back near sundown we got a real show along with breakfast. Several squirrel families visited the yard every morning and the antics compensated me for crawling out of bed. (I'm not a morning person, in case no one noticed.)

There have been dog-sized tracks at our back door off and on since we built the house but considering the number of strays we saw, no one gave it a second thought. We were always aware of the wolf-coy-dog stories and what conservationists said on the topic. After watching them however, I have my own theories and these two are purely wild.

One evening I got home from work after dark and startled what I presumed was a neighbourhood dog with its head stuck in my scrap pail. It jumped back, gave me a real stare and then took off like lightning when

I started to open the car door. I was never one to be nervous so I ignored our visitor.

It wasn't until the weekend after my husband's funeral that I realized that earlier visitor was no dog. That first time we actually saw the wolves I'm sure it was a pair. One was definitely larger than the other and the actions suggested belonging and familiarity. They hung around the back fence for more than an hour that morning. They paraded around the tree trunks and up and down the hill into the farm field, sniffed around some brush part way up the hill and then finally disappeared. I always wished my husband could have seen them since he was a nut about all animals.

I saw them again a week or two later and Kathy saw them again this fall. We often hear them, especially in the summer. Other neighbours heard them too, but they were almost invisible.

No one ever got close to them. I'm not sure we wanted to. We certainly warned the grandkids to stay out of the bush unless there were a group of them together. But now that Kathy's gone, I have to wonder if they will miss her. By the time I get the scraps to them, the stuff may be decomposing. Will that make them come to the door begging or will they write us off and do their scavenging elsewhere?



Write a Letter to the Editor!

Deadline is Tuesday at noon

Letters must be signed  
and include a daytime telephone number  
(in case we need to reach you)



# Tanner

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