



**O.P.P. Constable
Jennifer Tompkins**
Local Community Service Officer of
the O.P.P.
will be available in the
former Township Hall in Milford
at the following times:

**Dec. 9 - 10:00 am to 12:00 noon
Dec. 15 - 10:00 am to 12:00 noon**

If you have any problems or concerns regarding police protection in the community Constable Tompkins will be pleased to discuss them with you.

Ding-a-Ling-a-Ling - Continued from page 5

but because the service fee was greatly reduced. Correctly calculating that nobody else in "The Town" would stoop so low, he had the line to himself. I have rarely encountered a man so tight with a buck. When he lived in an apartment complex, his wife said he got all his underwear from the dryer in the laundry room. I believed her, because some days he would walk in little small mincing steps, and I figured those were the days when he was wearing jockeys that were the former property of an eleven year old.

We have a four party line on the farm where I go hunting on Manitoulin Island, and we have clear instructions that when we call home, we must say that we have shot no deer, that tracks are scarce, and that it seems all deer have left the farm. Fred wants no one listening in to good luck stories and deciding they should poach one or two of his animals.

People hate phone mail, and I don't know why. During my working days, I loved phone mail. I was out of the office frequently, and my customers could leave long and precise messages so that when I called them back, I'd be able to have answers for them. More importantly, I remembered the days of the switchboard. I'd return from a half day out of the office and pick up my stack of messages, then commence the following dialogue with the switchboard operator:

"Who's Frunl Berdebn?"

"That's Frank Bergeron."

"Does he work for a company called Cold Pack?"

"I don't know."

"Will you have a look, please?"

"That's Kodak."

"Is this number a zero or and eight?"

"I don't know."

"Will you have a look?"

"I still don't know, I was busy."

Of course, I'd engage in this dialogue only if she wasn't on talk or coffee break. We were at the mercy of the switchboard operator and she knew it, so we had to buy elaborate gifts on Secretary's Day and Christmas, and try to remember her birthday. That only improved her disposition, not her writing. What happens is that we like phone mail if someone is calling us. If we're calling someone, we hate it.

I called the manufacturer of my leaf shredder to get a part last week, and part of the message said, "In order to improve our service to our valued customers, we no longer carry spare parts." I really wanted to speak to a human after getting that message. Even worse, a teacher at The Roberta Bondar School in Toronto says they have numbers for parents to call and they'll get a summary of what homework was assigned to the kids that night. Technology carried too far...come on, give the kids a break.

It seems that all technology, no matter how beneficial, always has it's dark side. I think it's the same with people.

- George Underhill

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