

Modern Marvel

by Dr. Hadley S. DePuy

I'm not handy around the house. I am not good at mechanical things. I have neither a computer nor calculator. I write with a quill and do math on an abacus. The Mrs. regularly gives me the speech on all the reasons why I should at least catch up with the 20th century by learning to type.

But you will be surprised to learn that I was elated when I opened a package she handed me the other day and found a cell phone inside. "Everyone needs a cell phone, Lamb Chop. In the car or wherever you are, you're safer if you have an emergency."

In spite of my lack of understanding of such complicated things as the toaster, the microwave, and the electric light bulb, the truth is I wanted a cell phone all the time.

Not for safety reasons. You may be safer not using a phone in the car at all. Sometimes when daughter Allyson drives to work in the morning, she has one hand holding the cell phone, one hand holding a cup of coffee, and then she realizes: "My gosh, I'm driving with my knees!"

No, for a guy who was dragged kicking and screaming into the technological age, I wanted a cell phone so I could look cool.

My first problem with the cellular phone was trying to figure out which part you talk into. There's no mouth-piece, no familiar grillwork. Below the last row of numbers, there is a tiny slot, not bigger than an eighth of an inch. You couldn't fit a cat's toenail clipping. This, I assume is where you talk.

And where do you carry the cell phone while you're waiting to use it? I know one thing – don't carry it in your back pocket, because it could prove to be embarrassing, as I found out the other night. While seated at a table with friends in a restaurant, my cell phone rang in my back pocket and someone said, "Your butt is ringing!" It took several minutes before everyone except me stopped laughing.

People with cell phones can be rude and even arrogant. They don't care if you don't want to hear their conversations in public. You know, how when you see some guy waiting in line in a restaurant and talking on a cell phone, you say to yourself, "What a show-off."

Well, secretly I've always wanted to be that guy. I want the maitre d' to come over and tell me my table's ready,

and then as all the seated diners look at me, I stroll by, as I'm holding my cell phone to my ear saying in a loud voice: "Is it better now? Can you hear me now, Mr. President?" And all the time no one knows I never turned the power on.

The fact is, I really have a cell phone. Now I can look cool.

However, there is a slight problem. The Mrs. has become interested in how well her mechanically-handicapped husband is doing with his new phone. The conversation went something like this:

"By the way, Macho Man, how many calls have you made?"

"You mean, where I dial a number and someone answers, and I say something back?"

"Yes, Love, that would be one call."

"Well," I replied, "by that strict definition, none."

"Why not?"

"They're too expensive," I said weakly.

"No they're not, Dreamboat. It's because you don't know how to make a call. Prove to me you can use your cell phone."

I was in the living room and I tried calling the phone in the kitchen on my cell phone. Punched in the numbers, hit send and waited for the phone to ring. It didn't. All it did do was make me look like a putz.

So the Mrs. took my cell phone out of my hand, looked it over, and said "It would help, Mighty Warrior, if you turned the power on. Then it could work."

It was difficult to hear what she said next, on account of her laughing, snickering, and snorts, but basically she urged me to do something with the cell phone that's anatomically impossible.

Anyway, don't call me...

I'll call you. ☆

Sunshine

by Elyssa Garcia, EMS, Grade 6

Summer is just around the corner,
Sunshine right behind.
Hotter weather is the favorite;
That is what you'll find.
All winter we stare out the window,
Wishing for it to stop,
But then joy comes along,
Bees buzz buzz, and bunnies hop hop.
All of the animals come out of sleep,
And celebrate by play;
That is why we always wait for
The very hottest day! ☆

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