

For a birthday gift, my son that's a bank examiner installed a motion detector light on my garage. The idea wasn't to warn of a bandit, but to give me some light when I come in from town to unload the pickup.

We had a lot of trouble setting the timer to keep the light on long enough for me to unload the groceries each time. We allowed 10 extra minutes for sacks spilling out at the bottom and four more minute in case the spillage was eggs or new potatoes.

We also found that faraway lightning storms and the sound waves off the ranch's closed circuit radio system would turn on the lights. And after he'd gone back home, I discovered that I was able to walk under and around and through the covered area without tripping the light.

It didn't matter how stealthily I walked, or whether I wore a hat with the brim turned down, or put on dark glasses and turned up a coat collar, the lights wouldn't flicker.

Over and over, I've been warned to keep good company, drink eight glasses of water and eat at least one apple a day. However, I have erred from, that path, and though I'm not going to discuss it further, I was quite surprised to find I was so filled with innocence that this highly sophisticated detection device recognized my virtues.

Security alarms are a big business in the cities. I sure don't have to worry about setting off any burglar alarms or exit signals. I'd like to see one of those lights hooked up close to where the livestock traders hang out. I bet they'd set off the bell.