

# Greenwich High School Wreadin Writin n Wreminiscin

Weekly Wreader

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## Bill Gates and GM



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About the GM/Microsoft battle of words...

Bill Gates has said two things for which he should be flogged publicly:

In his last book, he stated (I'm paraphrasing) that the Internet was too accessible to the masses and too cheap. This should be changed. What an elitist asshole!

He said once, trying to brag about his company/software and be a shining beacon in the Software Word, "NO program should be released to the public if it even has

ONE bug." Shortly there after, Windows 2000 was released, which by the most conservative accounts, had approximately 6000 bugs!

## How old is Grandma?

Something interesting...a friend sent me this, and while I don't agree with ALL of it, it's still an astute observation!

Stay with this -- the answer is at the end --

One evening a grandson was talking to his grandmother about current events. The grandson asked his grandmother what she thought about the shootings at schools, the computer age, and just things in general.

The Grandma replied, "Well, let me think a minute, I was born before television, penicillin, polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, contact lenses, Frisbees and the pill. There were no credit cards, laser beams or ball-point pens.

Man had not invented pantyhose, air conditioners, dishwashers, clothes dryers, and the clothes were hung out to dry in the fresh air and man hadn't yet walked on the moon. Your Grandfather and I got married first-and then lived together. Every family had a father and a mother. Until I was 25, I called every man older than I, 'Sir'- and after I turned 25, I still called policemen and every man with a title, "Sir."

We were before gay-rights, computer- dating, dual careers, daycare centers, and group therapy. Our lives were governed by the Ten Commandments, good judgment, and common sense. We were taught to know the difference between right and wrong and to stand up and take responsibility for our actions.

Serving our country was a privilege; living in this country was a bigger privilege. We thought fast food was what people ate during Lent. Having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with your cousins.

Draft dodgers were people who closed their front doors when the evening breeze started. Time-sharing meant time the family spent together in the evenings and weekends-not purchasing condominiums.

We never heard of FM radios, tape decks, CDs, electric typewriters, yogurt, or guys wearing earrings. We listened to the Big Bands, Jack Benny, and the President's speeches on our radios. And I don't ever remember any kid blowing his brains out listening to Tommy Dorsey.

If you saw anything with 'Made in Japan ' on it, it was junk. The term 'making out' referred to how you did on your school exam. Pizza Hut, McDonald's, and instant coffee were unheard of. We had 5 & 10-cent stores where you could actually buy things for 5 and 10 cents. Ice-cream cones, phone calls, rides on a streetcar, and a Pepsi were all a nickel. And if you didn't want to splurge, you could spend your nickel on enough stamps to mail 1 letter and 2 postcards.

You could buy a new Chevy Coupe for \$600 but who could afford one? Too bad, because gas was 11 cents a gallon. In my day, "grass" was mowed, "coke" was a cold drink, "pot" was something your mother cooked in and "rock music" was your grandmother's lullaby. "Aids" were helpers in the Principal's office, "chip" meant a piece of wood, "hardware" was found in a hardware store and "software" wasn't even a word. And we were the last generation to actually believe that a lady needed a husband to have a baby. No wonder people call us "old and confused" and say there is a generation gap... and how old do you think I am? I bet you have this old lady in mind...you are in for a shock! This woman would be only 62 years old!

## From 62 to 62



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Retirement is not in my future. My wife says we will have to die with our boots on.



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### **ARE YOU ALREADY RETIRED, IF NOT, WHEN DO YOU PLAN ON RETIRING?**

I have retired from my career job, but I am still working full time as a consultant and filling in for employers as a temporary

### **HOW DID YOU PLAN, OR HOW ARE YOU PLANNING FOR RETIREMENT?**

I have a pension as well as other investments

### **THOUGHTS AND APPROACH ON THE RETIREMENT YEARS?**

Use the time to fulfill dreams

### **A SECOND HOME OR A MOVE TO A DIFFERENT AREA OF THE COUNTRY?**

NO--I live in Northern California and have a sailboat on San Francisco Bay.

## WHAT ARE SOME OF THE THINGS THAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THAT YOU PUT OFF UNTIL RETIREMENT?

I will sail my boat to Hawaii in 2006 in the Pacific Cup Race. The distance is 2000 nautical miles (2500 statute). I went on the race in 1996 and it took 14 days, but the winds were light. I went "double handed" -- just two on boards -- not much sleep. I plan to go double handed again and I hope there is more wind

## ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO RETIREMENT, OR IS IT SOMETHING THAT SCARES YOU?

I think retirement will still be work but more time for oneself--a little frightening because one is more on his own.

## WHAT ARE THE BIGGEST PROBLEMS WE FACE IN THE RETIREMENT YEARS?

Health

## We Often Called Her Mama



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I was also an alumni of the Clam Box, working there on and off for two summers. I witnessed the often told story of the time Mrs. Gross had a whole tray of butter for lobster dumped on her! The doors in and out of the kitchen were always hectic. Mrs. Gross had her table just across from the kitchen doors - dirty dishes in one door, orders for tables out the other. Seems that some butter or something spilled off one of the trays going in the kitchen. One of the long-time waitresses had a huge tray of melted butter for a large table having lobsters. She came out of the kitchen at a high rate of speed, hit the butter, she slipped, the tray tilted and landed squarely on the back of Mrs. Gross who was sitting at her table - back to the kitchen. For a place with always a high level of noise, it became dead silent as "all hands" tended to Mrs. Gross and in cleaning up! I think she took it in pretty good stride, mad as hell, but I don't think she fired anyone. I saw the whole thing unfold - it was quite a sight -something that anyone who witnessed it will never forget.

Through the years we often ate at the Clam Box. My father who was always into boats got along well with Arthur Gross (the son) who also liked boats. My father always described the Clam Box as having "Good Food", not great, but always consistently good. I always enjoyed the food there.



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Thanks for the news. Don worked there in '55-'56 as a bus boy - not the one fired before Mother's Day. He has lots of memories from those days. His favorite was the fresh fruit sundae that they weren't allowed to eat!

## A Word or Two in A ging



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Those who find retirement a daunting challenge might do well to read Alan Lightman's essay 'Prisoner of the Wired World' (pg 183) in his new book 'A Sense of the Mysterious: Science and the Human Spirit.' It neatly defines the difference (read: good and evil)

between 'free time' and what Pope John Paul II called the conundrum of "savage capitalism." From the answers I read in the latest newsletter it certainly seemed like some of them are taking it entirely too seriously and need help. In 1968 I traded my Porsche for a VW Camper and left LA for parts unknown. I only took one book with me, Thoreau's 'Walden,' which I had never read. Lightman's essay mentioned that in it, Thoreau said that one can account for the value of a thing by comparing it to the 'time' it took to achieve it (ergo bringing me full circle). When I read that passage back in 1968, it was like a 'Liberty Bell' going off in my head and I've never looked back.

More grist fer yer mill

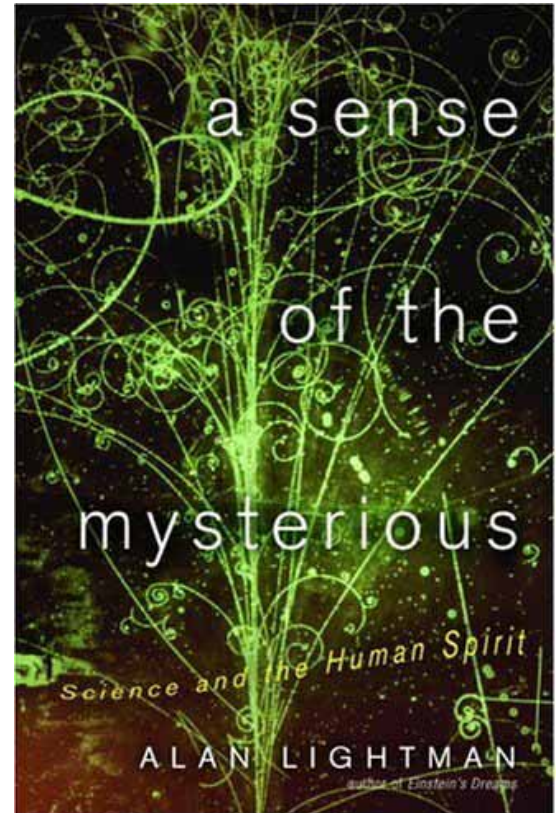
Recently, I was diagnosed with A. A. A. D. D. - Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder. This is how it manifests:

I decide to wash my car. As I start toward the garage, I notice that there is mail on the hall table. I decide to go through the mail before I wash the car. I lay my car keys down on the table, put the junk mail in the trash can under the table, and notice that the trash can is full. So, I decide to put the bills back on the table and take out the trash first.

But then I think, since I'm going to be near the mailbox when I take out the trash anyway, I may as well pay the bills first. I take my checkbook off the table, and see that there is only one check left. My extra checks are in my desk in the study, so I go to my desk where I find the can of Coke that I had been drinking. I'm going to look for my checks, but first I need to push the Coke aside so that I don't accidentally knock it over. I see that the Coke is getting warm, and I decide I should put it in the refrigerator to keep it cold.

As I head toward the kitchen with the coke a vase of flowers on the counter catches my eye--they need to be watered. I set the Coke down on the counter, and I discover my reading glasses that I've been searching for all morning. I decide I better put them back on my desk, but first I'm going to water the flowers.

I set the glasses back down on the counter, fill a container with water and suddenly I spot the TV remote. Someone left it on the kitchen table. I realize that tonight when we go to watch TV, I will be looking for the remote, but I won't remember that it's on the kitchen table, so I decide to put it back in the den where it belongs, but first I'll water the flowers.



I splash some water on the flowers, but most of it spills on the floor. So, I set the remote back down on the table, get some towels and wipe up the spill. Then I head down the hall trying to remember what I was planning to do.

At the end of the day, the car isn't washed, the bills aren't paid, there is a warm can of Coke sitting on the counter, the flowers aren't watered, there is still only one check in my checkbook, I can't find the remote, I can't find my glasses, and I don't remember what I did with the car keys.

Then when I try to figure out why nothing got done today, I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all day long, and I'm really tired. I realize this is a serious problem, and I'll try to get some help for it, but first I'll check my e-mail.

GROWING OLDER IS MANDATORY  
GROWING UP IS OPTIONAL  
LAUGHING AT YOURSELF IS THERAPEUTIC

## The Ides of April

The day after the Ides of April, Caesar finds the government has really "stuck it to him". And with his dying breath whispers "Et Tu, IRS" and dies on the steps of Post Office, just before Midnight. Yes, and along with the sadness of the "Loss of an Income", Caesar has little to print in the daily tabloid. So, with its dying breath, lying on those same steps at the Forum, WW-N-W whispers "It's been fun" and we will be back... when something happens... or when there are newsworthy issues. Sadly, many of you chose not to share your past 43 years, and only a few joined in on George's Retirement Questionnaire.

What's ahead, you might well ask? George has suggested a Sunday evening out at Joann's Tom-E-Toes Restaurant in Wilton in the next few weeks. If this is of interest to any of you, write and let us know, otherwise we will send out a notice of the time and date and any who wish to join us, can do so.

Till the next news, crosses the threshold of the 27<sup>th</sup> floor Gotham City offices of the WW-N-W, we bid "adieu".