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*North Hero News and World Review ….*

*……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

Monday, March 24, 2008 c:/wklylt8.8wc20 (2008 NHN&WR letter/story/poem/card #05

**Disaster Plan.**

We have recently received a notification among mail forwarded from Vermont. Someone, somewhere, working for somebody someplace has divined that as of some date the TV which we have in North Hero will cease to work.. This followed shortly after a similar notice from somebody else to the effect that our cell phone was about to die a technical death. Phone? TV? Good Grief, …hope the auto makers don’t get wind of this. We can picture it now. First thing in the morning, get into the car, turn the key and the dashboard lights up.

*“This car will self destruct after the next 30 kilometers. Drive it to your dealer and trade it in for a new one immediately.”*

Disguised behind some analog/digital gobble-de-gook, is this the ultimate marketing ploy or what?

These notices have divided the household into two camps as far as TV/phone availability is concerned. However, the *“Who Cares/No where near it ”* camp knows it has no chance against the *“Days of Our Lives/ Answer the phone, can’t you hear it?”* adherent. Unmentioned specifically in this scenario of impending communication doom is the archaic North Hero computer system (Circa 1996 via Cooperative Technologies). No phone, no dial up, … no email, … and that leads us to NHN&WR. Our circulation department will be out of business six months of the year, … bad. Other than trotting off lemming- like to upgrade equipment, what are our options here.

A) Cease publication?

Not by choice. If we go down it will be with all guns firing, i.e.; Annual Renewal = zero.

B) Go Bi-annual?

Instead of twelve 2 page letters, write two 12 page ones. Hmmmn, … don’t think we could write a twelve page letter if our life depended on it. Plus 12 pages of our stuff would definitely cross the junk spam line.

C) Go Snail Mail?

Economically unfeasible. Can/US postage is 93 cents per letter.

D) Satellite Office?

Designate: Devoted, dependable, detached, digitalized, distributor & download data days in advance. (Wow! Nine!) Hmmmn, … possibilities here, let’s see..

We generally have two or three letters queued up ahead of time. Sort of like the ubiquitous minister who reaches into a barrel on Saturday night and pulls out a sermon for Sunday So, … we up this backlog to say seven, label them by month, May-November, and send them to our 9D designated distributor while we are still connected electronically (Ottawa). This good hearted soul then emails one the first of each month. (Hmmmn, is this what is called “Out Sourcing” today?) Hard core snailers would have to be mailed, but we do that now and there are only 4. Good plan. But let’s just carry this a step further. Ah, … a macabre impishness begins to creep in.

It is not beyond the realm of possibilities that sometime in the next decade or two the NHN&WR staff will only be available celestially. Oh, Oh, … what about the backlog? Incineration? Handouts at a ‘Celebration of Life’? *(“Extra extra, step right up, get your final issues of NHN&WR!”)* Continue regular distribution till all have been sent? We kind of lean towards this latter, visitations from beneath the waters of Lake Champlain so to speak. Plus, knowing a letter would arrive post mortem opens up a lot of virgin subjects. For instance, here is an encapsulated hypothetical example.

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**Wine Cellar Demise**.

Aunt Hortense, we know we promised you first pick of the wine cellar and we are very, very sorry, but here is what happened. With a couple hundred bottles down there we thought, *“Hey, let’s have one final party.”* Well, you know how those orgy things can get out of hand. By the time it was over every bottle was drunk, smashed or stolen. Since we neglected to invite you, and perhaps some others, we are providing this detailed two page report of the whole drunken bacchanal. Read on and think of us, ……..

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Tee hee! We could probably knock out about ten of these in no time at all. Should set up a secrete key though with 9D for post mortem letters. Inadvertent early mailing of same could result in uncomfortable phone calls.

*“ Hello. This is your Aunt Hortense speaking. You nasty people, why didn’t you invite me to your awful party? I hate you!”*

Good Grief, …. But then again, if the phone isn’t working who cares.

Oh dear, almost at the end of page two. We’ve already changed the font once and oodles more things than TV and Phone coverage are expiring at the end of this month.. This analog/digital/expiry quandary will be continued in the April 1st letter, and that’s no fooling.

Your; hale, hearty, healthy NHN&WR Staff,

Lucile, Ken & Bailey.

Ottawa ON.