*Ottawa Outlook, nee North Hero News and World Review …. ……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

Tuesday, September 21, 2010 c:/nhn&wr10, 10wc24 (2010 NHN&WR letter/story/poem/card #14)

**Digital Clocks**

Digital clocks have always held a special sort of infatuation for us, especially at night or early, early morning, … all is quiet, the house is asleep[[1]](#footnote-1)[1], but you are awake. ‘Clock’ blinks, … numbers glow through the dark. After years of ‘togetherness’, think we can refer to him/her as ‘Clock’. It is 5:01 A.M. ***5:01!*** A myriad of images instantly flash through the mind: Mid 1960’s, *Travelers Data Center*, RCA computers, programming peers from the past. Good Grief, haven’t thought about any of that for eons. The 501 was an RCA computer which wouldn’t fit in the house we have today and had all of 77,000 bytes of memory. Golly, agonizing over how to cut a certain logic routine by ten bytes of memory, *… “Gone with the Wind”.* But we digress, back to the bedroom.

The above is not an isolated incident/time. Let’s take a few side trips through “*Digital Wonderland”* to give you a hint of the possibilities .

3:01 A.M. The 301 was the 5:01’s Baby Brother. 1970’s, Atlanta Georgia, Coastal States Life Insurance Co. Night-call trips through Hartford’s north end were traded for ones down Atlanta’s Peachtree St. One tried not to stop at red lights because ‘Hookers’ were apt to jump on the hood of one’s car. ( Oh, Oh, … putting our ‘squeaky-clean image at risk here. Morgaen,… don’t let Great-Grandchild Julian see this[[2]](#footnote-2)[2]. Carol, don’t let Grand Child Gweth see this[[3]](#footnote-3)[3].) The ‘Geniac’s 491 never shows on a digital clock or IBM 360’s either for that matter, it’s 3:59 and out to the Burroughs 400.

12:07 A.M. A real life changer, … December 7th 1941. WWII, left home at 17 and never lived there again.

3:21 A.M. Born March 21st, 1926, the first day of Spring. Always wondered if being born on a 321 date meant that you were destined to go downhill from that point? Would January 2nd 1934 been better? Not that I had anything to do with it.

4:40 A.M. Hooray!!! The Four-Forty,…. My track event at Hempstead High School.

9:11 A.M. Explanation not needed.

1:54-1:44 A.M. Our house on Hilton Ave in Hempstead L.I.N.Y. was # 154 when it was bought. Years later the # was changed to 144 Or maybe it was the reverse. Sister Beth will know, …

Get the idea? And one could go on and on, … Birthdays, Anniversaries, last four digits of a phone # you had as a kid, your secret PIN #, etc. Now, … if this ridiculous diatribe contributes to your sleeplessness at night, all we can say is, *“ Happy Digital Wonderland.”*  So, on this first day of Fall we’ll say a Happy …

9:21 and good by till October. Lucile, Bailey and Ken.

1. [1] This beginning sounds like something Snoopy would type on top of his doghouse. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. [2] Morgaen is Matt & Heidi Jefferson’s daughter. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. [3] Gweth is Carol Anyango & Gerry Bennett’s daughter. Gerry is Lucile’s youngest. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)