



Apple Blossom Computer Club
A registered Apple/Macintosh User Group



Feb. '10
still only
\$2.00

The

ROSE BYTER

Next Meeting

Feb. 18, 7 PM
American Legion Hall
406 SE Oak Ave

Agenda

1. Meeting starts at 7 P.M.
2. Intro's of members and guests
3. Old business
4. New biz
5. Program: Want an iPad?
6. Questions & (maybe)Answers

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, I DO HAVE A HEART

by Dale Nelson <dnelson@cmspan.net>

Some people reading this will know that I've been to the hospital, and others won't, some will know I'm home and others will be wondering what's going on, and some don't know me at all. So for all those folks that don't know what I'm talking about, all this heart stuff took place about a month or more ago as you are reading this. It's a story of three stents and a heart attack, so anyhow, for those in the dark, here's the rest of the story. This is a tale about a heart attack and the procedures taking place regarding that problem. Now, I'm a grown man, 72 years old, and even though I'm above room temperature, and actually feeling pretty good, I'm going to snivel. If you can't take a grown man sniveling, then stop reading now. You have been warned. Oh yeah, my spelling of medical stuff might be a little creative, but you'll get the drift.

Fourteen years ago I had heart problems, and ended up with a couple of stents in my pump. Piece of cake, home a day later chasing grandkids around the yard. So all my experiences with heart problems took place at that time, and didn't appear to me to be any kind of a big deal.

However, come to find out, back in those days I just thought I had a heart attack, I couldn't walk to the mailbox without some chest pain and shortness of breath, etc. Then as things

progressed as they usually do, along came the jaw pain, EKG's, angiogram and stents, so there was never any real crushing, terrible pain involved. However, I learned the subtle symptoms of heart problems, those symptoms that are hard to explain, the little pressure in the throat, that feeling that once you feel it, you don't forget what it is, and when it comes back it's an "awe damn-it" moment.

So awhile back that crap started up again, but I could pace myself, and it would go away, no sweat. That type of thing drives the doctors nuts, you ain't supposed to do that, you are supposed to go see them at any slight sign of a heart problem. That's a good idea, because generally the first sign that you have a real problem is sudden death. Well, you know, it's just that I didn't want to go to a doctor just to be a sniveler, because when you do that – complain about anything to a doctor – they go berserk and you get tests and medication and BS that you didn't bargain for. So I didn't say anything, and on the occasions that I'd do too much – oh, by the way, that little painless feeling in the throat is called "heart pain," and I got my ass chewed over that, because one is expected to report a pain that doesn't hurt – and heart pain can also be painful – back to where I was, so when I'd do too much and got the factual short-



The **Apple Blossom Computer Club** (ABCC) is an Apple Computer Inc., registered Macintosh and Apple][family user group. The ABCC publishes *The RoseByter* newsletter monthly which is posted to each paid up member and reciprocating user groups. ABCC participates in user group newsletter content exchange. The ABCC also maintains a WWW site at:

<http://www.abccmug.org>

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<-1 I Have A Heart

ness of breath and some pain, I'd pop nitro and back off what I was doing for awhile. In a short time, everything would be fine.

Well, all these symptoms were building, and there was to be more and more of the short breath, painful episodes; and then it came time for the yearly rubber glove, bend over physical type checkup, where upon I mentioned to the doc that he might not want to worry about that end, perhaps he'd best send me to a heart specialist. "Hummmm," he says, orders the nurse to give me an EKG, chews her ass out, gives it to me himself, and then figures; yeah, I probably ought to go to a specialist. His office makes me an appointment for a stress test. I flunked. So the doc says, "the bad news is you flunked the test, but the good news is if you needed emergency surgery you'd live through it, so you don't have to go to the hospital today." That was on a Friday, and they scheduled the angiogram for the following Friday. "Peachy," says I.

Friday I report to the hospital. This is when things start to fall apart. I'm in on a gurney getting prepped, which means they are shaving a spot men don't ordinarily shave, like the wee wee place, because the angiogram goes into the vein in the groin. So I'm laying there, mostly discretely covered while one gal is using an electric shaver and another is finishing with a razor, when a little sweet thing that's been sticking patches and attaching wires all over my body, asks, "Will you be able to urinate laying on your back?" I says, "No." Men, learn to urinate lying on your back. She says, "Oh, we'll have to do a Foley catheter on you." To the lady's that are reading this, you may want to skip the next sentence or two, because this is mostly for the men if you know what I mean. Guys, there ain't nothing sexy about having a cute little girl running a tube up your pee pee. It hurts. Each push on that tube hurts a very tender spot. She

keeps pushing. Well, you see, I thought it would probably be a good idea to go potty before everything started, so she wasn't finding any urine. Finally she got a drop or two, exclaimed, "Oh, there it is." Then once the dang tube is in, it's not over, the bloody cathater has a heavy metal thing, maybe a valve? I don't know and didn't ask, but every time you move, that metal deal makes the hangy down thing a pendulum, and that whangs back and forth, and damn-it, that hurts, and to top it off, your bladder feels full, (some people say it's instant relief and they have no other effects, that wasn't true for me) my bladder felt very full, and I couldn't do anything to relieve it. My best comparison would be when you wake up in the morning with a bladder so full you can't lay in bed. That's the feeling, all the time.

Of course I had the obligatory needle poked in and taped onto the top of the hand. The next step was onto the cart used for the procedure, and then they tied my hands down. So far this is all different from my memories of 14 years ago; and the bad news with this program is the minute I can't scratch, I start to itch. One particularly bad itch I always get is located near my nostril on the left side. It can get really bad. It got really bad. Of course the needle in the wrist was so they could inject a witch's brew of stuff, blood thinners and anti-clotters, and dope and what ever, but you have to stay awake during all this, so there isn't any make you sleep stuff. The doc comes in, and besides saying "good morning," he also wanted to know if my back hurt or was bothering me. It wasn't – yet – so he told me that it would hurt, that happens to everyone, and when it does, he'd give me something that wouldn't stop the pain, but I "wouldn't give a sh-t." So he starts the angiogram. As it works out, some of the time you can see what's going on with the wire up into the heart, and other times the camera is in the way, and you just lay there, nose itch- **3 -->**

Make a difference!

**Come to the next
ABCC meeting and
participate.**

<—I Have A Heart ing away. The crux of all this is the angiogram showed three places that were narrowed, the worst being somewhere in the anterior descending artery, where, not only was there was a plaque buildup, there was also a tear in the artery wall, that would open and close with each beat. All that tear had to do was get a little larger, and I wouldn't be writing this, so it was caught just in time, so to say. All that said, it went well, and we joked and laughed a lot, except for the bladder un-comfort, it really wasn't all that bad.

Well, what with the angiogram having the problems spotted, the next step was to call in the stent doctor. So after what seemed like hours of nose itching, here he comes. I says to the nurse, "My back's starting to hurt." I swear she mainlined me a shot of vodka, instantly my head was spinning, but my back still hurt, my bladder was miserable, and I still cared. So much for that drug. That stuff never works on me anyhow. The new doc's got a grey beard, I tried to joke with him — "another crusty old grey beard." He didn't think that was funny, so I shut up for a change. He sets to work. I can't see the monitor, but he's all business. Now on my first stents, they never used the balloon procedure, this time he used one on all three spots before installing he stents. Folks, up to this point, nothing but my back is hurting, but this HURT, I mean REALLY HURT, the doc keeps saying that the pain will go away. It don't. On each stent it got worse, so he has the nurse give me morphine. But on a scale of 10 the pain was an 8 plus and getting worse. On the second stent I asked if it's the same as having a heart attack, and he got mad, "I'm not giving you a heart attack!" I told him you are sure giving me all the symptoms: the pain was in my jaw bone and teeth roots, all the way down my left arm into the fingers, and my chest was being crushed and I hurt, and none of this pain was going away. Doc orders

more morphine. Might as well have given me Pepsi Cola, although for a bit the pain started dropping off, down to maybe a 7, but then he starts up on the last one. Oh crap. When he was done, that stent doc didn't talk to me or go see my wife, he just beat it out of there. I found out later what had happened from the angiogram doctor. One of the stents, I don't know for sure, but probably the first one, my guess, because the hurting just kept on and on, crossed over a very small feeder vessel, which usually isn't a problem, because the stent is mesh and the blood passes through. There must have been some plaque get shoved into it, because that's what became mostly plugged, and that's where the pain was coming from.

OK. It aint over yet. They wheel me to ICU, and I'm informed that I must lay on my back, perfectly still, no moving at all, for 10 hours, and for sure I wasn't to put my right arm over my head. The reason for this is they have my blood thinner than water, and I can break the groin incision open, and they didn't want to have to contend with that. Now this laying still stuff ain't something Dale does well. You know how kids can't sit still, well at 72 I still don't, but at least I could scratch my nose. By that time, perhaps with all the drugs, the pain is maybe a 5 or 6, dull throbbing type — throbbing is the wrong word — just an extended deep down pain, with no sharpness unless I move a bit. All I can think of is at 11:30PM the cathater would come out and I was supposed to go home between 9 and 10:AM. Of course they are monitoring everything like ICU does, nurses coming and going, temperature, saline solution, monitors — the works. 11:30 rolls around, and low and behold, the nurse on that shift wouldn't remove the cathater because I still had heart pain. She wouldn't even let me sit up. But I could move around a little and, if I was more on my side and lay very still, the pain would go away.

In the morning, with all the test results

in, they discovered I'd had a heart attack, and I'd be staying another day for sure. I don't know if the attack was on the table or that night. At one point in the night I recollect a heaviness and jaw pain, but I was pretty doped up on morphine, etc., so I don't know for sure. All I do know is I got three stents and a heart attack, and if that ain't more than 90 grand I'll sure wonder why. Nobody has sent me a bill yet, but that will probably be when I have my next heart attack. Anyhow, in the morning I still had heart pain, but the day shift nurse snarfed that bloody tube out of my bladder, and I instantly fell in love with that lady. Right now, today, I'd die for her. That was the best thing that happened the entire time I was incarcerated. The bed was so uncomfortable that it made a cheap motel room bed seem like luxury. The doc stopped by, and explained all about the heart attack, said that the pain would slowly go away, and by the following morning I would be fine. The attack killed a tiny part of my heart, my guess, something like a 16th or 32nd, or maybe a 64th, I really don't know, but eventually the rest of the heart will ignore that, and life will go on. He says my heart is good now, but I'm still kind of short winded, and a little while ago I got that attention getting feeling in my throat. Then I belched and everything was fine. The med's I'm on include a nitroglycerin based slow release pill, so I've had a dull headache for about 30 days, which I do right now. My blood is still thinned out, courtesy of pills that cost 7 bucks each at Safeway, but there isn't a chance the groin will pop open. That's sealed up OK, but I'm under doctors orders to putter around until I'm well enough to start cardio rehab, which might happen before this goes into the newsletter. Because I am doing much better, but still plagued with subtle heart pain. I'll close with this, everybody take care of your heart, and guys, learn to pee lying flat on your back. 🍏

This evening there's some road racing on **SPEED** known as the DTM. It's apparently highly regulated since the cars seem very closely matched, which is quite unlike almost all the racing I did as a youngster. But what prompted this note is the pit stops. I thought Formula 1 pit stops were fast, often getting down to the seven second region. Hah! These guys take on fuel and a full set of tires in as little as 3.2 seconds. At that rate, it looks more like a slight of hand magic act than a pit stop. As long as I'm on the subject of road racing, **Formula 1 is due to start up March 14 in Bahrain.** It's entirely possible that 41 year old Michael Schumacher will be in the line up once again. It will be extremely interesting for me to see whether he still has the steady hands it takes. Nobody's done it better. BTW, in case you're wondering why anyone might care about road racing in a computer related rag, other than the personal bias of the author, you should check out a Formula 1 race on TV. Technology is something these boys don't scrimp on. Every car has more data flowing between it and its management crew than there is telemetry from a Space Shuttle and a cadre of nerds wearing head sets each sitting in front of multiple computer screens.

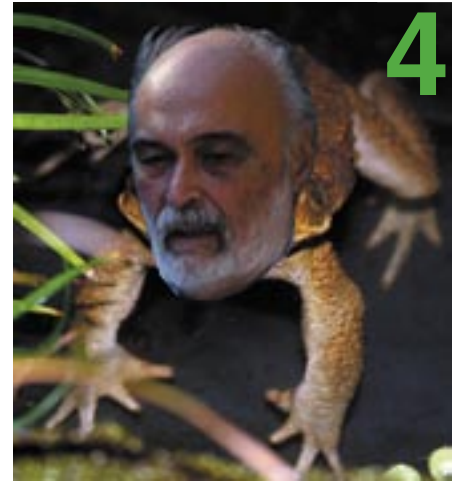
Perhaps it's simply a sign of the times in which well educated Americans have been replaced by younger non-Americans as the primary producers of software. Perhaps it's something else. I don't know. What I do know is that **documentation for complex software is almost, if not completely, useless** and a major waste of time to read. The really sad part is that such programs really do need some coherent documentation. Well, that's not strictly true by itself. One needs assume that there's not an infinite length of time to try every sequence of button clicks, menu choices, preference settings, trial documents, etc. to get some idea of what a program actually does. Accord-

Croak of the MUGwump

Any trace of organization in these paragraphs is entirely coincidental

ing to the marketing dweebs that sell this stuff, it's all done to save you time and money by making things easy. In some cases, that might even be true ... if you only needed the program to do exactly the sort of thing the tutorial stepped through. I must confess to prefer doing most things through a terminal window. For the most part, it's far less confusing (well, if you stay out of the stuff that does too much – there are bunches of those) and, more importantly, allows me to adapt the functions to my needs rather than forcing me into some peculiar undocumented parlor dance. Alas, using such things well does require knowledge of computer stuff beyond the pictures presented on a screen.

My wife blessed me with a Sony Handycam for Christmas. It has a number of wonderful features: it's compact, uses a lot of touch screen controls, has good resolution, a 60-to-1 optical zoom and a 60 GB hard disk built-in as the primary recording medium. And it has one very not-so-wonderful feature: it records in MPEG-2. This is the format that's the golden child of the RIAA, the cabal of rich people who control most mainstream professional media and love to spend some of their money clubbing violators of the constitutionally questionable DMCA (Digital Millennium Copyright Act) with lawyers and courts, while carefully avoiding any case that would test the law in the Supreme Court. I wonder whether anyone would have the money to set up a sting opera-



tion to get these guys into court with someone having deep pockets behind them; ie. forcing an appeals process to either go against them or take the issue to the Supreme Court. Anyway, the Sony Handycam comes with software for Windows. Period. Apple has an additional cost codec that works with recent Macs running Leopard with QuickTime 7.6 – the rest of us can ... well, too bad for us. I'd feel worse about that if I hadn't run into some open source programs that supposedly can convert the MPEG-2 files into formats palatable to earlier Macs. It's not that these programs are going to help much as they are all targeting at least the last version of Leopard and prefer Snow Leopard. Even that was not what caught my attention, however. What did is the requirements for the Windows version. It was only available for Windows 7 or Vista. I find it curious that as the hardware gets faster and ever increasing virtualization (simulating other machines) becomes a hot button, software seems to be getting less and less generally useful. Things like **Java and PDF are supposed to make things easy to do across platforms.** Instead, these things are constantly being "updated" to be compatible with only the latest equipment and software. Were these "updates" needed for some significant reasons (other than churning the product base to increase revenue) it would not matter so much.

If you've not been hiding under a rock, you've probably heard **5 -->**

Who's Job Is It, Anyway?

by Walt Pawley
<walt@wump.org>

5

The other day, I answered the telephone and was accosted by a recorded message saying that I'd now been contacted by my cable company and that if I wanted to find out about why, I could call (505)- ... I turned off my mind to any more of the number and was surprised that the call terminated right after that. I hung up the telephone and started back about my business.

But the nature of the call picked away at me. I use a cable connection for Internet access. Maybe there was something to this peculiar call. After all, Charter has been known to work in mysterious ways. So I put what I thought was the bulk of the recorded statement into a Google query and found that I was definitely not alone. I found one site right away, www.who-callsme.com, that seems to exist solely to record people's complaints about being called from specific numbers for the purpose of carrying out frauds or, at the very least, harassments. I didn't bother to research any further but I suspect there are a number of similar forums out there.

The reason I didn't research further is that I was more interested by that point in whose responsibility it is to investigate such matters – the calls, not the web sites that record people's annoyances, outrage and sad stories. My first

thought was the FCC - Federal Communications Commission. This would make sense ... unless you research the FCC's charter. It seems there's not much they are supposed to do about such things.

Perhaps the FBI? Well, if it's interstate commerce, they *might* get involved. Especially if it was about at least millions of dollars at a time. But dealing with people one by one doesn't seem to be on their agenda unless it's some large economic thing or murder.

Well, maybe the state level would prove to be the right place. After a bunch of fumbling about on the State of Oregon's web sites and getting no closer to finding a department, office or individual who seemed to be connected to the issue, I stopped at the PUC's (Public Utilities Commission) web site. Now I'd had some dealings with PUC in the past. The interaction was very prompt and courteous, effective at dealing with the alleviation of the immediate problem and extremely disappointing because of the seeming complete indifference about investigating or prosecuting the perpetrators of what was an obvious fraud. Needless to say, I was of skeptical mood in sending off an email to the PUC.

Once again, the messages were prompt

and courteous. In fact, they were even somewhat explanatory, to my surprise. But they basically said, that no one was responsible for investigating such things, though this was said, "The DOJ will go after individual companies if they engage in widespread and documented consumer fraud in violation of Oregon law, and we refer these kinds of cases to them when we see a pattern of abuse." By DOJ, I would assume is meant the Department of Justice.

I guess what's annoying me about all this is that we seem to have carefully either hamstrung our agents (the bureaus and departments of the various levels of government) from doing anything really useful or, at the very least, instilled a culture in these agents that they can not deal with such issues. There is clearly gobs of evidence for patterns of abuse. And, just in case you haven't come to the realization that tracing a phone call taking a lot of time, as is often shown in movies and on television, is an anachronism, there's plenty of evidence recorded for posterity in telco billing archives. It's just that we've carefully crafted a system in which it's no one's job to ferret out such things and get their research acted upon.



<--MUGwump

that Toyota is on the skids because they have a couple of recalls. **Have we really succumbed** to manufactured media mania that badly? My guess is that we, as a whole, must have. I've heard mention of the fact that millions of Toyotas are running around on the road and only a little over 100 have reported actual problems. Of course, one does not hear about all the recalls other manufacturers have had over the years – current reporting would lead one to believe they've never done anything questionable. The latest boo-

gieman appearing on the tube is that the problems are electronic. Oh, my! Yeah, right. This is supposed to be some sort of surprise? Wake up. We live in a world that rushes things to market, touted as the greatest things since the high button boot, with service and warranty unparalleled ... that don't work, are sold through "black hole" outfits, serviced by answering machines that say, "Thank you for calling. We're sorry you're having trouble. -click," after 45 minutes on hold and are nowhere to be found by the time the warranty is up. In the case of vehicles, I don't really think it helps

much that we've arrived at the silliness that somehow cars are supposed to be "safe." This, despite the fact that almost anyone with no idea how they work, who've never done anything but sit in a seat to undergo motion and squeaked by school by dropping out to party can readily get a driver's license. Designing any equipment for such people's use is truly an impossible task. Doing when there are ravenous lawyers seeking to manufacturer class action suits out of mindless public opinion has to make a board of directors more than a little nervous.



<http://www.pddnet.com/news-ap-ibm-takes-a-feline-step-toward-thinking-machines-111709/>

Scientists say they've made a breakthrough in their pursuit of computers that "think" like a living thing's brain

A computer with the power of a human brain is not yet near, but researchers from IBM Corp. are reporting that they've simulated a cat's cerebral cortex using a supercomputer with 147,456 processors and 144 terabytes of main memory. They'd previously simulated 40 percent of a mouse's brain in 2006, a rat's full brain in 2007, and 1 percent of a human's cerebral cortex this year, using progressively bigger supercomputers.

The latest feat doesn't mean the computer is the progenitor of a race of robo-cats. The simulation, which runs 100 times slower than an actual cat's brain, is more about watching how thoughts are formed in the brain and how the roughly 1 billion neurons and 10 trillion synapses in a cat's brain work together.

<http://www.pddnet.com/news-personal-three-dimensional-printer-wins-popular-mechanics-and-global-media-award-111309/>

3D Printer's 1,000-th Sale Wins Award

Minneapolis, MN— Dimension 3D Printing has announced its uPrint Personal 3D Printer received two editorial awards at the annual SEMA (Specialty Equipment Manufacturing Association) show last month in Las Vegas.

"Around here, if it's good enough for Jay Leno, it's good enough for [Popular Mechanics]. Jay and all the guys at Jay's Big Dog Garage have been using their \$30,000 Dimension 3D printer for about a year and have created some amazing parts for Jay's classic cars — completely from scratch and in house.

Now Dimension has a more affordable version that could help schools and small businesses learn the art of rapid prototyping."

The printers build models layer-by-layer using ABS plastic, one of the most widely used thermoplastics in today's injection-molded products.

<http://www.ecnmag.com/News/2009/11/Microscopic-Particles-Self-assemble-in-Liquid-Crystal/>

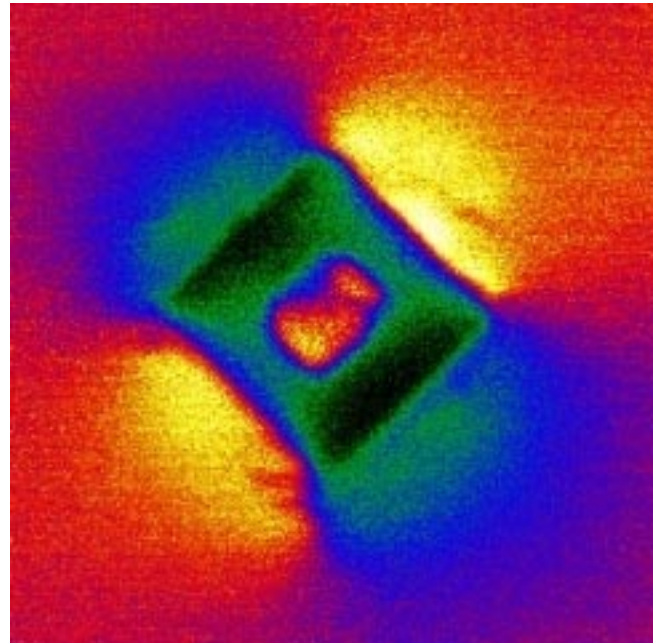
Microscopic Particles Self-assemble in Liquid Crystal

Chemists and physicists have succeeded in getting custom-shaped microparticles to interact and self-assemble in a controlled way in a liquid crystal.

"We're learning the rules about how these lithographic particles self-assemble," said Thomas G. Mason, a UCLA

professor of chemistry and physics and a member of the California NanoSystems Institute at UCLA. "This method may enable us to cause them to assemble in desired configurations."

"We're examining how pairs of particles interact and come to attach together," Mason said. "If we can get the particles to interact in certain controlled ways, we can build larger-scale assemblies that may have applications in photonics, optical communication networks and a variety of other areas."



Particles of different shapes interact in different ways, Lapointe, Mason and Smalyukh report. Those with an odd number of sides, such as triangles and pentagons, interact differently than particles shaped like squares.

<http://www.pddnet.com/news-ap-sharp-shows-plant-making-10th-generation-panels-113009/>

Sharp Robotic Plant Making Flat Panels

By YURI KAGEYAMA - AP Business Writer

In this undated photo released by Sharp Corp., an industrial



robot is set up at the firm's factory in Sakai, western 7 -->

Japan. Sharp Corp.'s futuristic-looking plant doesn't have a single worker on the floor. Each sheet of glass, measuring about 3 meters (3.3 yards) by 3 meters, used for flat screen TVs, is being made and tested by computerized machines, guided by robotic arms, sliding and turning in a towering germ-free plant.

Reporters were allowed a tour of the liquid crystal display plant and had to pass a temperature-check at the gate and could look inside only through selected windows.

By October it will be running at full capacity, producing 72,000 substrates a month. The plant was designed to be greener than previous plants, and together with a nearby plant that makes solar panels, conserves nearly 1.4 million tons of carbon dioxide emissions a year, or the equivalent of the emissions of 3.5 million households

This image provided Friday, Nov. 13, 2009 by NASA



shows the ejecta plume created by the LCROSS Centaur upper stage rocket about 20 seconds after impact Oct. 9, 2009. It turns out there's plenty of water on the moon—at least near the lunar south pole, scientists said Friday. (AP Photo/NASA)

<http://www.pddnet.com/news-splash-nasa-moon-crash-struck-lots-of-water-111609/>

Splash! NASA Moon Crash Struck Lots Of Water

By ALICIA CHANG, AP Science Writer

The lunar dud for space enthusiasts has become a watershed event for NASA. The spacecraft that crashed into the moon last month kicked up a relatively small plume. But scientists have confirmed the debris contained water — 25 gallons of it. Experts have long suspected there was water on the moon. The discovery sent a ripple of hope for a future astronaut outpost in a place that has always seemed barren and inhospitable. “We found water. And we didn't find just a little bit. We found a significant amount,” Anthony Colaprete, lead scientist for the mission, told reporters as he held up a white water bucket for emphasis.

7 He said the 25 gallons of water the lunar crash kicked up was only what scientists could see from the plumes of the impact.

Though scientists were overjoyed with the data beamed back to Earth, the mission was a public relations dud. Space enthusiasts who stayed up all night to watch the spectacle did not see the promised giant plume of debris. NASA scientists had predicted the twin impacts would spew six miles of dust into the sunlight. Instead, images revealed only a mile-high plume, and it was not visible to many amateur astronomers peering through telescopes.

The LCROSS spacecraft only hit one spot on the moon and it's unclear how much water there is across the entire moon. Scientists spent a month analyzing data from the spacecraft's spectrometers, instruments that can detect strong signals of water molecules in the plume. “We've had hints that there is water. This was almost like tasting it,” said Peter Schultz, professor of geological sciences at Brown University and a co-investigator on the LCROSS mission.

http://www.pddnet.com/news-solar-impulse-hb_sia-takes-first-flight-120409/

Solar Impulse HB-SIA Takes First Flight

The Solar Impulse HB-SIA, the first airplane designed to fly day and night without fuel, left the ground for the first time. The results of the ground tests to verify numerous parameters (the



prototype's controllability, acceleration, braking paths and, engine power) had been overwhelming positive, thereby leading the team to give the go-ahead to Markus Scherdel, the test pilot, to take the prototype up to its take-off speed.

“On the one hand I find it terrific to see a dream come true. For over ten years now, I have dreamt of a solar aircraft capable of flying day and night without fuel - and promoting renewable energy. Today, our plane took off and was airborne for the very first time. This is an unbelievable and unforgettable moment! On the other hand, I remain humble in the face of the difficult journey still to be accomplished — it's a long way between these initial tests and a circumnavigation of the world”, comments Bertrand Piccard, initiator and President of Solar Impulse.

“This is the culmination of 6 years of intense work...,” says Andre Borschberg, co-founder and CEO of Solar Impulse. Starting in early 2010 onwards, the aircraft will be making its first solar test flights, gradually increasing flight duration until it makes its first night flight using solar energy.



Installing A Husband

from Dave Archer
<dave@davearcher.com>

Dear Tech Support,

Last year I upgraded from Boyfriend 5.0 to Husband 1.0 and noticed a distinct slow down in overall system performance, particularly in the flower and jewelry applications, which operated flawlessly under Boyfriend 5.0..

In addition, Husband 1.0 uninstalled many other valuable programs, such as Romance 9.5 and Personal Attention 6.5, and then installed undesirable programs such as

NBA 5.0,
NFL 3.0 and
Golf Clubs 4.1.

Conversation 8.0 no longer runs, and Housecleaning 2.6 simply crashes the system.

Please note that I have tried running Nagging 5.3 to fix these problems, but to no avail.

What can I do?

Signed,

Desperate.



The Gibsons Living The Good Life In Sliding California



DEAR DESPERATE,

First, keep in mind, Boyfriend 5.0 is an Entertainment Package, while Husband 1.0 is an operating system.

Please enter command: ithuboughtyoulovedme.html, try to download Tears 6.2, and do not forget to install the Guilt 3.0 update. If those applications work as designed, Husband 1.0 should then automatically run the applications Jewelry 2.0 and Flowers 3.5.

However, remember, overuse of the above application can cause Husband 1.0 to default to Grumpy Silence 2.5, Happy Hour 7.0, or Beer 6.1. Please note that Beer 6.1 is a very bad program that will download the Farting and Snoring Loudly Beta.

Whatever you do, DO NOT under any circumstances install Mother-In-Law 1.0 (it runs a virus in the background that will eventually seize control of all your system resources.)

In addition, please do not attempt to reinstall the Boyfriend 5.0-program. This is an unsupported application and will crash Husband 1.0.

In summary, Husband 1.0 is a great program, but it does have limited memory and cannot learn new applications quickly. You might consider buying additional software to improve memory and performance. We recommend

Cooking 3.0,
Hot Lingerie 7.7., and
Jeep Parts 5.5!

Good Luck!

Tech Support

unClassifieds

FOR SALE - Best Offer by 5:00 PM, February 18, 2010. I can deliver it to the 7 PM ABCC meeting that night.

HP 9110 All In One Printer, purchased 19 March 2006.

All functions work fine, except for some reason when printing there is a very narrow white line (less than 1/16 of an inch) that randomly goes all the way across the page several inches apart. On many pages you may not see the line.

The scanner, fax, etc. all work fine. Black text printing doesn't seem to be affected.

Email: mcclellan@charter.net

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