

The Watchorn

September 2010

Holiday Harbor/Cabrillo Marina

As a child of the eighties and nineties, I can't help but feel a natural connection to the technologies of the modern world. By the time I was old enough to potty without assistance, I was already a master of Nintendo and could program the suitcase-sized car phone my mother carried with her with more finesse than my father could muster using the remote control for the television. As I evolved from infant to teenager, so did the technologies I had grown up with, and long before I could drive a car I was surfing the net on a computer with less processing power than is now required to run my watch. Although I was fortunate enough to grow up in a very rural area and experience a simpler lifestyle than most of my generation, to me life without the modern conveniences of computer-assisted technology was like learning to swim in a bathtub; you might have all the right elements, but in the end you'll get nowhere.

As I got older, I assumed that I would continue to immerse myself in the newest technologies at hand, learning and growing with them until one day I would be able to jack a USB cable directly into my frontal lobe and dive into the bits of code as if they were an integrated function of my central nervous system. I don't know when it happened; perhaps it was with the creation of MySpace, or maybe when cell phones turned into mini-computers that could give weather forecasts more easily than dialing "home," but sometime in the last ten years I've lost any connection I once had with technology. Sure I'm still better at playing Nintendo than going to the bathroom, but Twitter accounts and I-Phones that do everything short of making you a cup of coffee are way over my head. If anything, I am devolving when it comes to technologies, because the older I get the more trouble I have using the same electronic gadgets I had mastered two years ago. I'd like to think that technology is simply getting too complicated, but sooner or later I'm going to have to face the fact that I might actually be getting dumber.

To cap it all off, I found myself, while looking up the phone number of a local automotive shop, actually using a phone book (gasp!) instead of looking up the number online. The next thing you know I'll be finding movie times in the newspaper or utilizing a phone that actually plugs into a wall outlet (yes, I'm pretty sure they still exist). What has happened to me? Is it getting older that does this, or have I simply let the world pass me by? Perhaps this is a right of passage for an aging adult; first you give up learning how to work a computer, then the directions to programming the clock on the VCR become complicated (I guess it's the DVD player now, I feel older by the second), and before you know, it you're having trouble sticking to only one lane on the highway and marveling at how other people can possibly drive their cars over 45 mph. I'm beginning to see the benefit of having children; without a ten year old kid around how will I ever manage to use the remote controls of the future? God help me if technology ever finds its way to the bathroom, I have trouble enough in there as it is.

D.H. Jr.

Real News

- For those of you who failed to participate in the 2010 F.E.A.R. Regatta, you missed one heck of a good time. The weather was perfect, the burgers were hot and the beer icy cold. The "gulch" was its normal cantankerous self, giving us strong, steady winds that pushed the participating racers at breakneck speeds (for sailboats anyhow) without creating any dangerous conditions, and everyone who participated had a smile on their face during the after party. This year Andrea and Charlie on *Wet Noodle* took first place honors, with Bill Swenson on *My Wave* taking second and Stan Lewis' *Nefertiti* following up in third.
- Now you can enjoy the comfort of your friends and family at the dock without having to listen to them snore throughout the night. In an effort to provide the best possible service to our boaters, Holiday Harbor has teamed up with the Double Tree Hotel to provide a 15% discount to all Holiday Harbor boaters. To reserve a room simply call 310-514-3344 ext. 423. The I.D. for the 15% discount is "Holiday Harbor."
- When you utilize the Holiday Harbor dock carts please remember to treat them with respect and to return them to the base of the gangways (not in front of your boat or in the parking lot) when you are finished with them. We have lost several carts this summer due to inattention and improper handling. Carts left on the docks can easily be knocked into the water and any left in the parking lot are quickly snatched and taken to destinations unknown. These carts are provided for your benefit and only through your actions can we ensure that they will be around for years to come.