

BOURBAN LEDGENDS FOR THE INFORMATION AGE

(with pre Yom Kippur apologies for whoever sent me the original in good faith.)

Dear Readers,

Lately I've been getting a lot of warning letters about how carelessness with technology can lead to financial and emotional ruin. Glom the following examples:

1. Some people left their car in the long-term parking at San Jose while away, and someone broke into the car. Using the information on the car's registration in the glove compartment, they drove the car to the people's home in Pebble Beach and robbed it.

Lesson: Don't leave ID's and documents where undesirables can find them

2. GPS. Someone had their car broken into while they were at a football game. Their car was parked on the green which was adjacent to the football stadium and specially allotted to football fans. Things stolen from the car included a garage door remote control, some money and a GPS which had been prominently mounted on the dashboard. When the victims got home, they found that their house had been ransacked and just about everything worth anything had been stolen. The thieves had used the GPS to guide them to the house. It would appear that they had brought a truck to empty the house of its contents. (thru the garage door, I assume: /ed)

Lesson: Don't leave your GPS inn the car with the HOME instruction on it: You may want to give somebody elses' home, like President Ass sad of Syria or Just in Beaver. You can also get a 'skin ' for your phone that looks like baby's first shoes.

3. CELL PHONES

A woman was mugged and her handbag, which contained her cell phone, credit card, wallet, etc., was stolen. 20 minutes later when she called her hubby, from a pay phone telling him what had happened, hubby says 'I received your text asking about our Pin number and I replied a little while ago.' When they rushed down to the bank, the bank staff told them all the money was already withdrawn.

Lesson: Don't count your pins before they hatch.

It would appear that I would like to add a cautionary tale or two of my own. So here goes:

1. On a recent trip across town, I parked leaving the windows rolled down and the door open. Fortunately the keys were in my pocket. Unfortunately, they were in the pocket of my short pants which I had left over the windshield to block out the sun. Fortunately, the car thieves who were working that lot didn't see our car. Unfortunately, a livestock thief did see it and figured he could shove at least ten sheep into the back. He must have thought that this was his lucky day, as he climbed in, punched the code which was conveniently spray painted in orange day-glo on the dashboard, started the car, rolled up the window and turned on the air conditioner. What he did not know -- which all the drivers in our family know so well -- is that the AC switch locks the car from the inside, and it can only be opened by a remote outside the car. Unable to escape, he turned on the radio, which, since my son borrowed the car last week, activates the alarm.

I've been meaning to get a professional to attend to the car's wiring, but they want a lot of money. Oops. Nevertheless, it is on my TO DO list.

Anyway, by the time I got back, he was pressed against the seat by a dozen amorous (stolen) heads of mutton.

Lesson: Better be hung for a sheep than for alarm.

2. I was in line for the bus when I heard a cell phone ringing impatiently. One of those ring tunes that implies urgency -- starts off do do DO, do do DO DOO! And then breaks into a fast paced number, Dadada, dadada, dadada... getting louder and louder. A very popular ringtone, I suppose, the default option for Nokia. I grapple with my pants pockets, trying to worm it out with my left while holding my briefcase and my own phone with my right. When I finally succeed, I see that it didn't ring. However the guy in front of me is doing a similar dance. Unlike mine, his his phone IS ringing. He puts it to his ear, and then offers it to me. "It's for you, he says." I take it and try to answer, but, as usual, I press the wrong key and switch it off. I try to ring back, but that takes 2 hands. "Let me help you," says the Good Samaritass, relieving me of bag and Nokia. What happened afterward I can only surmise:



He must have ransacked my rucksack, or vice versa, and upon finding the phone, called up my wife, identified himself as 'hubby' and asked for the PIN number of our credit card. My suspicions were alerted when she asked me why it was important for me to know how many pins I keep in my Kippa (or vice versa) enough to call up and ask when I could just count them. She in turn was suspicious because the name 'hubby' which appears on my phone is the number of the old age home for our goldfish.

He (the guy, not the fish) then used our check book to access our bank, and he cleaned out our entire overdraft amounting to 30,000 new shekels and 5 million very old shekels that has been on our To Do list to convert since the Likud came to power in 1978.

Lesson: Don't accept smartphones from strangers. (or) Opportunity Nokias but once)

3 Here is another one that I don't believe although I know people who swear it happened to them.

One torrid hamseeny day, a harried father drove into the parking lot of a nearby strip mall and started his grocery shopping.

So absorbed was he in the shopping list, trying to get it right for once and not get yelled at that he totally forgot that his 2 year old baby was still in the car! Fortunately, the clever wascal managed to worm out of the baby car seat and turn the air conditioner on, which had about 30 seconds more to go before the battery ran out. He was snoozing on the relatively cool floor of the car, when a man jimmied the car door and started trying to start the starter, for a start. The baby woke up, grabbed the man's gun, and forced him at gunpoint to drive home, (by saying HOME to the GPS.). He then forged divorce papers declaring his mother a divorcee, and took them all to the bank, where she cleaned out the both accounts, and bought three one way tickets for Jasper National Park, British Columbia.



The father, thrilled at not losing the shopping list, is still wheeling around the parking lot looking for his car.

They all lived happily ever after.

Lesson: Don't leave kids under the age of 25 unattended in a car. Or, for that matter, a bar.

Well, that's it for now. Gmar Hateema to all of my Jewish friends and colleagues, and, (the same joke every year, ho hum,) to all my Arab friends and colleagues, Gmar Fatima Tova.