



# MAC FACTS

from

## Mac Help Desk

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**Apple Consultants Network**  
**An Apple Solutions Expert Company**

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### *A Message from Dru*

A belated happy Hanukkah and Ramadan to all of our Jewish and Muslim friends, and a very Merry Christmas and Happy Kwanza to just about everyone else.

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The U.S. Commerce Departments states that 95% of all new businesses fail within the first five years of operation. As we come to the end of our *twelfth* year and embark on our *thirteenth*, I want to take a moment to once again thank you all for your ongoing support. It is only through your generosity, understanding, assistance have I been able to beat those odds. Thank you one and all!

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The office will be closed on Wednesday, December 25<sup>th</sup> (Duh!) and on Tuesday and Wednesday December 31<sup>st</sup> and January 1<sup>st</sup>.

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Attention Mr. & Mrs. America and all ships at sea...Got a question? Log on to my netcast show *Mac Help Radio*. We're on every Tuesday night from 8 pm - 10 pm CST. To listen in - point your web browser to <http://www.macradio.com/tuesday> . If you're in to *gaming*, *commentary*, or are a *teen*, there are shows for you, too. Just go to <http://www.macradio.com> to see what's playing.

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The Apple Corps of Dallas needs You! Where else can you go to meet and share info with over 150 dyed-in-the-wool Mac fans (just like you). Meetings are once a month at the Richardson Civic Center at Hwy. 75 and Arapaho. The next meeting is January 11<sup>th</sup>. Festivities begin at 9 am and go until 2 pm, or so. Attendance is FREE but with all the benefits you get from joining, you might want to plunk down that \$30/year. For more info call me or go to <http://www.acd.org>.

# Happy Holidays





## The Red Marble

During the waning years of the Depression in a small southeastern Idaho community, I used to stop by Mr. Miller's roadside stand for farm-fresh produce as the season made it available. Food and money were still extremely scarce and bartering was used, extensively.

One particular day, Mr. Miller was bagging some early potatoes for me. I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily apprising a basket of freshly picked green peas.

I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller and the ragged boy next to me.

"Hello Barry, how are you today?"

"H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas...sure look good."

"They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?"

"Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time."

"Good. Anything I can help you with."

"No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas."

"Would you like to take some home?"

"No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with."

"Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?"

"All I got's my prize aggie, best taw around here."

"Is that right? Let me see it."

"Here 'tis. She's a dandy."

"I can see that. Hmmmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?"

"Not 'zackley ...but, almost."

"Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red taw."

"Sure will. Thanks, Mr. Miller."

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Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said, "There are two other boys like him in our community. All three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble, or an orange one, perhaps."

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I left the stand, smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved out of state, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys and their bartering.

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Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community, and while I was there, I learned that Mr. Miller had just died. They were having his viewing that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them.

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Upon our arrival at the mortuary, we got into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could. Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an Army uniform and the other two had short haircuts, wore nice suits and white shirts, looking like successful young businessmen.

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They approached Mrs. Miller, standing smiling and looking composed, by her husband's casket. Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one, each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary, awkwardly, and wiping his eyes.

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Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and mentioned the story she had told me about the marbles. Eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket. "This is an amazing coincidence," she said.

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"Those three young men that just left, were the very boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim "traded" them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size...they came to pay their debt. We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world," she confided, "but, right now, Jim would have considered himself the richest man in Idaho."

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With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three magnificently shiny, red marbles.

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Happy Holidays to You and Yours  
from all of us at  
Mac Help Desk.

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## NEWSLINE

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Critics and fans alike will be watching carefully this week to see if **Santa Claus** executes plans to give away his vast fortune to children worldwide, despite the weak economy and growing

geopolitical unrest. Early reports indicate that he has no intention of abandoning his centuries-old tradition of philanthropy. But skeptics speculate that a disproportionate number of children may find their stockings filled with coal on Christmas morning, regardless of whether they were naughty or nice. Meanwhile, investors and Claus' elves fret that his generosity may leave him perilously overleveraged. However, Forbes estimates that with his net worth, he won't need to return to the capital markets. Ever.

Background on Santa Claus

## Claus, Santa



**Age:** 1,600 years plus

**Source:** Toys

**Net Worth:** \$ ∞

**Hometown:** North Pole

**Marital Status:** Married, no children

Born in the fourth century as Nicholas of Myra in Anatolia, now southwestern Turkey. According to legend, gave away bulk of his inheritance to provide dowries for three beautiful--but impoverished--maiden sisters. Famously threw gold through girls' chimney where it landed in their stockings drying by fire. Later Roman Catholic saint. Relics stolen by Italian merchants 12th century; bones now in Bari, southern Italy. Moved to U.S. by way of Holland; settled in New Amsterdam, later New York City. Changed name to Santa Claus, gained weight, grew beard. Toy manufacturing operations at North Pole yielding apparently unlimited wealth. Spends every Christmas Eve trying fruitlessly to give away fortune to little children. Keeping up with the times: Compressive of naughty and nice boys and girls now available on the Web. Passionate interest in arctic wildlife: Large reindeer preserve includes rare flying and red-nosed specimens. Member since time immemorial.

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Thanks for taking the time to read this month's newsletter. Hope you enjoyed it. If you have any comments or suggestions for stories (or would even like to write a story - hint, hint), please send them to me at [machelpdesk@attbi.com](mailto:machelpdesk@attbi.com). Feel free to share this newsletter with a friend. The newsletter archives are located at <http://www.machelpdesk.com/page6a.html>. Y'all come back now, y'hear!