

Longing for the 'good old days' before technology

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I hate technology. This coming from someone who has been trying for several years to bring Wi-Fi to Cutler Bay and who has spent his entire working life in the

electronics industry.

Yes, it has finally gotten to me and I am beginning to hearken to the "Good Old Days." I guess my recent purchase of a new computer to replace my ancient, obsolete, slow, decrepit, eight-year-old junk box prompted this. I dread this exercise because it means transferring all my accumulated old stuff to my new computer only to find out hardly anything works until you start making all those calls to India, Pakistan and wherever to re-validate, re-install etc., etc.

It is finally close to actually working except for being able to connect my iPhone to it. That too will eventually be solved, but I would hate to add up all the hours I have spent on it so far.

There are other things that bother me about technology. Maybe some of you readers are old enough to identify. I used to have nightmares about running down the street naked. Now I have nightmares about leaving my home without my cell phone. I have actually turned around after driving some distance because I forgot my precious cell phone.

I remember a day when, if someone wanted to reach you, they kept on calling your home or office until you answered. Now you are expected to be instantly available at all times. I hate playing tennis with my doctor friends with their beepers and cell phones going off all the time. On a recent trip to Tallahassee with a bunch of big-shot politicians, we hardly got to speak to each other. Everyone was busy on his/her iPhones — texting, downloading, calling or whatever else you could do with them. At the Capitol building it was the same story in the elevators and lobbies. Everyone talking with one of those Bluetooth things stuck in their ear. When you approach them, they give you the shush signal because they are

already talking to someone. How was I supposed to know? Maybe they should have an "On The Air" sign illuminated on their forehead. I am also now being deprived of the pleasure of calling someone I hadn't spoken to in some time and saying "Guess Who?" Now they instantly know who it is and, worse yet, can choose not to answer if they don't particularly want to talk to me. Caller ID... I hate it!

I used to look forward to my mailman arriving each day with the hope that someone might have taken the time to actually write me a letter and stick a stamp on to mail it. No more! Now you can dash off an email in seconds, all spell-checked and ready to go and, worse yet, expect an answer within minutes. The Post Office is really hurting nowadays, too. The only thing I now get is the Flyer and at least a few coupon pages to one of the 6,000 chicken or pizza restaurants in Cutler Bay.

At one time I traveled the entire state of Florida as a salesman. If I needed to make a phone call I would find a convenient hotel with a bank of pay phones (remember those?) and a convenient shelf on which to stack my papers and phone books. (Remember those, too?) To find a location we used a thing called a road map, which you got free at a gas station with your 29 cents a gallon gasoline. We actually knew how to use these devices (maps)...at least the men did. Women are still learning.

My son just bought a vehicle in which he or his wife simply speak out the address that they wish to go to and a map appears instantly on their dashboard with directions as well as multiple views of the location. Give me a break!

On a recent trip in New England I used my GPS to direct my wife and me to a distant restaurant which was recommended to us. We arrived there with no problem. When we went to return, the GPS couldn't find the satellite. Our only choice was to begin shouting at one another for not remembering how we got there until we finally drove far enough to find the satellite again. If only we had a roadmap.

I am sure you all receive at least three of those emails a day about how great things used to be...Well "Those were the days, my friend, I thought they'd never end!"