

Vintage Whine



Apple Pie Bed App

By Kate Calderdale
Stouffville Free Press

Recently I experienced, yet again, the Kafkaesque nightmare in Apple's Garden of Eden which makes filling out an income tax form, having an acute migraine, trying to find anchovies in the grocery store or breaking my kneecap in three places seem uplifting by comparison.

I'm talking about establishing an Apple ID, an ongoing nightmare from which there is no awakening. Although I have addressed this in a previous column, it has become ever more unbearable with the proliferation of requirements needed to access my own personal account.

It began when I got my iPod Touch. The Apple store Genius insisted on registering it then and there, so I input a now defunct email address and a password I foolishly believed I had some hope of remembering, which back in mid-2011 didn't have to include a mathematical formula of symbols and letters that could do your head in.

I have spent a large portion of my rapidly diminishing lifespan since then resetting a long series of

passwords which, once established, have been irretrievably lost among the detritus floating around my crammed cranium. After years of not writing passwords down anywhere in my virtual or real worlds, I have thrown in the towel and stuck them in a notebook and on my electronic device, despite dire warnings from the security police.

Anyone who would like to hack into my account can simply break into my house, find the notebook in one of many muddly drawers, and try to figure out which of the avalanche of passwords contained therein is currently in use. Good luck with that.

Unfortunately, that which purports to fool the identity thief has made a loser out of me. Whenever I see the dreaded request for ID and password, I come ever closer to permanently losing my marbles. To crown it all, Mr. Wallethead won an iPad Mini in a raffle at Nineteen on the Park and has also been subjected to the same kind of cyber hell. His delight at owning this amazing new toy was, shall we say, tempered by the stress-inducing requirement to come up with a series of numbers, letters and characters that could get

him past Apple customs but still remain memorable. Ha ha.

Adding to our virtual pain is the abominable CAPTCHA, that nasty set of unreadable letters you're supposed to input before you can access a growing number of sites. You register your ID, only to be greeted with a message that smirks, 'Please prove you are not a robot,' before requiring you to type the so-called words on the screen into a text box.

CAPTCHA stands for Completely Automated Public Turing Test To Tell Computers and Humans Apart, which is just the kind of impenetrable gobbledygook you would expect Xtreme cyber nerds to come up with. I'm beginning to think that being a robot would be a relief, because robots don't have to worry about their blood pressure going off the Richter scale when they are thwarted by the artificial intelligence foisted on them by the great gods of geekdom.

If I ever get to the pearly gates - admittedly a dubious possibility - I won't be able to gain admission to heaven because even if I remember my iCloud ID and password, I won't be able to make head or tale of the wretched CAPTCHA.

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Tennis courts, track getting overhaul
The Franklin-Connell track next to the Stouffville Arena will be receiving a \$370,000.00 facelift this year thanks to federal government funding. The announcement came Friday afternoon from Whitchurch-Stouffville Mayor Wayne Emmerson, MP Paul Calandra and town councillors.

Chemical fire evacuates Stouffville High School
Stouffville District Secondary School was evacuated Friday morning after a chemical fire in a science lab. Students left the building and congregated in the next door Clippers Sports Complex.

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