

# CreditCard Macro

Tuesday, 21 December, 1993 — 11:52 PM

Version 2.1

## Explanation

There we were... holding down a table at a garden party in the swankiest new hotel in Los Angeles; Just “JR” and me. Yep, “waiting” for Joanne to bring back some appetizers and whatever news that was “new” with the –dressed to kill– folk at this event. JR had invited me to keep him and Joanne company. Oh, he knew the “heavyweights” who threw this shindig well enough. They personally had called and begged him to attend... but

he only came because Joanne loved this stuff. I was along as JR's personal entertainment for this event of events.

Ah... the pomp and the circumstance of it all. Me? Well uh... JR and I went to Syracuse University together and were great pals. He went on to medical school, post graduate training, wrote articles, gave lectures, did medical research, invented, became infamous for being outspoken in his field while I... but that is another story. So there we were at a real shindig, checking out the power brokers and cracking jokes that the waiters were better dressed than the guys paying the bills. We sat, quietly critiquing everyone's pomposities, including our own. We laughed, told inside jokes, sipped the Kendall-Jackson Chardonnay, and marvelled at the overall luxury of it all.

"Pardon me are these seats taken?" A voice spoke to us from on high. He was a tall man standing over the two of us. We were sitting –heads together– hunched over that little round cocktail table. He nestled a mixed drink in his right hand and gestured to the vacant chairs with his left hand turned palm upward.

"Uh, yes and no..." JR started, explaining that we had to save a seat for Joanne, but the other two were free.

"Well, my wife and I would like to join you if we may..." He said.

"Sure thing," JR popped. "And what kind of work are you in." JR is work oriented.

Our new acquaintance drew himself up to his full six foot or so height and said, "I, sir... am a SCIENTIST..." I lowered my head to the table, coughing to stifle a smirk. JR just beamed a warm and friendly smile and waved our new scientist friend into a seat next to him. His wife then appeared and joined us. I sat quietly watching JR work.

Well, what kind of science do you do?" JR said. Doctor Science eagerly told of his full time position at "MIT, Massachusetts Institute of Technology & Engineering" his post graduate students, his private consulting firm, his tennis prowess, his 6:30 AM tutorials for gifted graduates and his ninety or so publications in the scientific literature.

It was amazing. Yes it was... to see JR so quiet and serene, just sitting there listening to the both of them extol Doctor Sciences' virtues, exploits, financial wonders, and brilliant research. Mrs Science was not to be out done. She said, "Well I am an authoress and a novelist." JR was attentive and interested. After about five minutes of this they both asked us what we did. I jerked my thumb toward JR.

JR said, “Oh, I do a little of this, a little of that, I never really finish anything as when I know enough about something, I move on to some new kind of work... I guess you could say... I’m kind of a butterfly, just flitting from thing to thing.”

With that remark, I hid my face behind my hand to wipe the devilish grin that started at my forehead and travelled clear to my neckline. JR a “butterfly?” What a joke, maybe a train or a tank or a heat seeking missile, but never... never a “butterfly!”

So Doctor and Mrs Science chattered on, flushed with their second glass of wine, the surrounding, and the opportunity to tell some “butterfly” of uncertain background just how grand they were.

Actually, they sounded wonderful. I was jealous that my life was so bland and ordinary compared to their social, intellectual, financial, and all other endeavors. I was thinking that I needed to get some glamor in my life or something... when Joanne dropped into her chair. Joanne was smiling and wiggling with delight that we had “interesting” people at the table. Now, Joanne is a lovely lady and loves people; she enjoys being with and talking to people. Oh, she likes us well enough but complains that our humor is too weird and cynical for long distance conversation. Regular people are easier to talk to she says.

I guess for Joanne talking to people is just like what JR and I do when we talk to her cat. We talk to Sasha the cat and Sasha listens. Sasha meows and we agree. We scratch her behind the ear, and make hissing and “s” sounds that all cats love. Sasha then winds herself around our legs purring. Yep, just like talking to most people.

Where were we? Oh yes, Joanne too sat and listened; and as she listened she became nervous, biting her lower lip as she would when she suspected trouble. Joanne queried, “Uh... JR you are so quiet, I just never see you like this, you **always** take over the conversation.” She went on, “Ahem, did JR tell you what he does for a living?” Joanne smelled trouble and wanted to avert one of JR’s cruise missile attacks on these defenseless yuppies.

Mrs Science laughed, “Oh yes... he told us... a little of this, a little of that, he sits around in his pajamas typing on his computer... you know, just a “butterfly.”

Joanne didn’t turn pale, nope... she turned dead white through her suntan and make up. Being the good soul that she was, she knew that JR was going to string these two along awhile then pull the pin and hand them a live grenade. Joanne, cat lover, mother, and all around Girl Scout jumped to their defense.

Well... JR is a man of many accomplishments.... He has written... He has invented... He has published... With each sentence our new found friends winced. By the end of Joanne’s short litany, Doctor Science said, “Aha, but he is not a doctor!” Joanne said, “I beg your pardon he is so a doctor, NOT a PhD... he is a physician!”

JR just sat there during all of this. Joanne had made the correct assessment, yes JR was lining up

his crosshairs, but Joanne had mounted the blitzkrieg. She didn't mean to do it, she thought she would prevent it, and what she told them was supposed to prevent some military attack from JR.

But Joanne had launched the JR cruise missile without JR lifting a hand. She had launched him by remote control. Gad, I wish you had been there! It was a thing of beauty and brilliance. JR later said it was better than anything he could have dreamed up, it was perfect, just perfect. Our science friends went limp, leaking air from dozens of tiny holes punctured in their now visible egos. Mrs Science said, "Gee, JR, could you look at one of my manuscripts, I've never had **anything** published. Maybe you could help me... Do you ghost write."

When Joanne told her that JR has ghost written for several people, just for "the fun of it," Mrs Science appeared to become transparent and ghost-like herself while muttering something to the effect that "My God, writing for someone else for the FUN of it!"

Doctor Science said, "Uh... you mean you have patents on medical devices? Could you look at one of my ideas, I really need something that makes money. My job is killing me with boredom, those graduate students are driving me crazy. I don't know why I get up at 5:00 AM to give an early morning tutorial, I hate it."

JR said the things that he really liked to do never made money. More often than not someone would come along, pick up one of his ideas and make tons of money. JR never got dime one from his patents, but the ideas made others very rich.

"But that was OK too," JR said, "'Cause when you **have** to make money from something you like to do, it's no longer fun!" JR is a bit weird, even I think so.

Listening to Doctor and Mrs Science, my mouth must have dropped open as I sat their listening to two former scintillating stars plummet to the pavement. I felt sorry for them. Felt sorry and wondered how many more of them were at this party; and if there were more... I didn't want them to join us.

They left, I think they went home to pack to join the Peace Corp in East Los Angeles or something. The party continued, both winding up and down. We left that glitz haven with a new inside joke. Whenever we found a lodge member of Doctor or Mrs Science, JR would introduce me as a "scientist." Then I would stand, assume a regal pose and say with all the proper decorum and energy, "I, sir... am a SCIENTIST! Well, errrr... either that or a butterfly..."

<p><b>Macros</b> The <b>CreditC</b> <b>ard</b> macro in this template is a remake</p>
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By the way, did you enjoy the story? What's that? What does a story about "Science" have to do with the macros in this template? Well, nothing and everything. Firstly, the story is true, all the events happened pretty much as stated though some people have been blended or changed to prevent embarrassment. Secondly the search for truth takes strange paths. I like the "Science" story and have been meaning to tell it for some time. The story about "Checksum" which was generated by the search for this program will just have to wait, besides it's not as funny as "Science."

Now, to run the CreditCard macro, just click on the next button.

To copy one or all macros in this template, just click on the copy icon.

The **Runner2** macro will allow you to run the DOS version of the **CreditCard** macro called CREDITCD.COM. Just click on the “RUN” button below and follow the directions. I have included CREDITCD.COM as one of the files in this file set.

Remember...

I, sir...am a SCIENTIST!

John De Palma on CompuServe 76076,571