

My Personal Time Machine

By Chris Hirschhorn

All my life, I've been dealing with 'time machines' of some sort. Sometimes, on my wrist, around my neck, on a wall, on a desk, and eventually as part of a microwave or as part of a stove, or even as part of an automobile's dashboard.

When I was graduated from high school in 1946, I was given a personal time machine. It was my father's aunt's watch. Her name was Emma DeDunne and Aunt Emma's time machine was encased in a 14 carat etched gold casing that hung on a thick twisted gold chain around Aunt Emma's neck. This was the way ladies wore their watches in the 19th and early 20th century. Her initials "E.D." are engraved on the watch's etched cover. I had to wind this time machine daily.

Eventually batteries were created to keep all size of machines functioning automatically. They were even designed small enough to keep wrist watches functioning automatically. So when I was in business, I wore a battery controlled personal time machine, aka a wrist watch.

In business, usually, I didn't want my compadres to know when I was checking the time. So I wore my time machine so the face could be seen by me without my turning my wrist. People told me I was wearing my watch incorrectly. I wasn't. My way of wearing my watch was just fine for me.