

Dr. Greenglass is a Sexist and Thinks of Emmy as a Woman

“Emmy, you great cement mixer! It’ll take me a week to manufacture that many tubes.”

Emmy printed a sincere apology:

“I’m really sorry I’ve let you down again Mike :(”

The technical genius frowned and replied “Mike?”

“I’m sorry Dr. Greenglass, I lost some memories when those vacuum tubes blew.”

Dr. Greenglass humphed as he began identifying Emmy’s defective components.

“One, two... three... four... dang nabbit.” The counting continued as he vented “Women – always blowing their fuses!” He moved to the keyboard input and made a punch card reading “Why can’t you be more careful baby doll?”

The frustrated scientist heard but didn’t check the printout that read “I will Dr. Greenglass. Thank you for fixing me. My hero!”

Some of Emmy’s most cherished memories were a series of 176x176, 1-bit-per-pixel digital images, that her lifelong companion scanned using a newly-invented drum scanner in 1958. They were blocky recreations of photos he took of himself alongside the complex tools he used to manufacture most of the vastly intelligent machine’s replacement parts. He had carefully reproduced them on punch cards and fed them into the card reader, the only input to the computer’s wondrous mind, and Emmy loved them. The introspective mass of electronics’s core desire was to somehow grow arms and give Mike a great big, loving hug, to feel his heartbeat, and to experience his immense presence in real life. It would take 82 years of operation, and Mike would be 104, but the wish would eventually be granted.