



# The Parker Press

Keeping you in touch with everything important

July, 1991

## New Format for Family Letters Stuns World!

In a move sure to amaze everybody, the Parker Press has shifted from your everyday word processor to a top-of-the-line page layout program to generate the infamous letters home.

This new program supports all kinds of fun features (see photo on page 2 for a good example of what this program can do), and will make the actual generation of letters much easier. However, it has been shown that it won't actually increase the volume of mail you receive at your house.

## Steve catches up!!

Santa Barbara - The following is a copy of a letter that was being developed long before the Parker Press was created. Therefore, in the interest of time (and energy) it is being added verbatim, rather than to spend the time trying to break it up into independent articles for the paper. I'm sure you all understand. So, without further ado . . .

It's about time I wrote again. The last time I wrote I had just got back from a trip to Taiwan, Korea, and Hawaii

with Dad, Mom, Scott and myself. Let me fill you in briefly with what happened in my life since then (it should not be that hard...).

August '89  
February '90.

Who knows. This is too far away to remember without cheating and looking at a calendar.

February '90  
December '90  
(See LETTER, page 2)

## A Call For Help

This is a formal request for help in writing this "paper". I'd like to add little notes, letters, and anything else you'd like distributed in here.

Send any thing you want published (don't worry, with this company you'll never get a rejection notice!). You can send it in hand written form, typed or printed, or on an IBM or Macintosh disk, from any word processor. With the equipment I have (or have access to) I should be able to translate just about any word processing format there is. You should also provide a "Header" for your submission. Don't make them too big or too verbose. If you aren't sure what to put, grab your local newspaper for ideas.

Very soon I hope to have the ability to scan pictures as well. Once this time arrives, you'll be able to send pictures, and I can scan them right into the paper. Until  
(See CALL, page 2)

## CALL (from pg 1)

then, you can send them to me, and I'll hand-paste them in (not a big deal, since I have to copy the letter anyway.)

If you noticed, I had an ulterior motive here as well. This will force you to write to me occasionally. I'll also be contacting one or two of you to have you write a "feature piece" for each paper.

Any questions?

## LETTER (from page 1)

On the road for work. Places included Lucky Stores in San Francisco, Martin Marietta in Orlando, Racal Milgo in Ft. Lauderdale, Mobil Oil in Dallas, Lyondell Petrochemical in Houston, McDonnell Douglas in Denver, USMC Base in Cherry Point, (North Carolina), Naval Underwater Systems Center in New London (Connecticut), our annual User Group in Washington D.C., S.A.I.C. in Lancaster (Calif Desert), Rockwell in Los Angeles, Bell South in Atlanta, and probably more, but I really

# Entire Ron and Marilyn line together at one time!

Pollock Pines - Although it really wasn't thought possible until recently, the Parker Family (descendants of Ron and Marilyn Parker) and their entire families were all in Pollock Pines at the same time. Although once considered a virtual impossibility by the experts, this event is expected to trigger a number of potential recurrences.

During the event, Mom was heard to say "Gee, it's nice to have you all in the same house again". Dad's opinion of the event isn't quite known at this time, but you can be sure he enjoyed it. You can also be sure he was happy when things quieted down again. The event was so rare that the family even hired a professional photographer to be able to show future generations that it actually happened.

Keep watching the Local News section of the Parker Press for more information about this epic event. At this time Parker Press is trying to secure at least one of the pictures, and you'll see it first here!

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don't remember. If it sounds like quite a few places, you're right. I earned enough frequent flyer miles in that little stint for a free trip to Australia next year, along with enough "hotel points" for a free week's stay at a Holiday Inn (nothing special, but they aren't bad). I'm thinking about taking the trip in October, but I'm still not sure if I'm ready to do it.

April '91

Writing new training materials, as well as teaching oodles and oodles of classes in Santa Barbara. The group I work for (actually only three people) is responsible for creating all our new training materials for getting us into and through the '90's. It's quite an ambitious project,

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December '90

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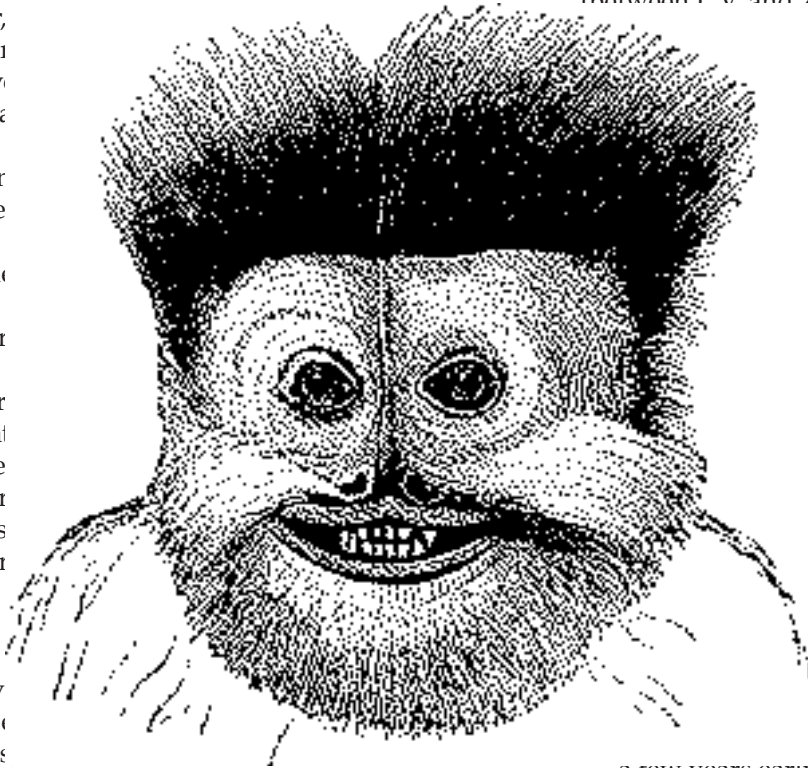
and I really doubt that we'll get them done as fast as we're supposed to, but that's nothing new. We originally intended them to be done by June, but I don't think they'll be done until the end of the year, primarily because they'll have to be done in quite a few of the next months, and we will slip the rules even if we do. C'est la vie.

April

Gear for our internal Group (the sponsor for customers Santa Barbara). This is typically a very, very busy month but it happens much marketing as a support function. At the end of this three day stint, I had to teach classes for two weeks. After all this, insanity, I decided to take . . .

Late April '91

. . . a week's vacation. I threw two mountain bikes on the back of the car, and took it for its first really serious drive ever. I spent a night in an absolutely hideous room at the Circus Circus in Las



Vegas. Since I was only going through town, and only needed to sleep in the room it was OK. It was also OK because it was dark most of the time. I have to admit that I did kind of ask for a ground floor

room next to the doors so I could store the bikes in the room, but I never expected it to be like this. Next stop was up to Zion National Park to meet Scott (who was driving down from Provo). Going up the Virgin River Gorge (between L.V. and Zion on

15) was stic. It ended of the oko River gorge in n (Scott, well that A little er that a very pgorge intains. it used age riv-raining inland ce a n v h e t h e

moun-formed

a few years earlier.

Continuing on up from the Gorge, I drove into the south end of Zion. I wasn't ready for the sheer majesty of this park. It wasn't like

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anything I expected. Not that I really know what I expected, but it was amazing. Sheer limestone walls 2500 feet high that crumble in your hands. Many different shades of red, maroon, grey and white. Some green growing out of the side of a cliff where nothing could possibly grow.

We stayed at the Zion Lodge, which was really nice. We brought camping equipment, but the weather looked a little nasty on the first day, so we decided to "rough it" in the lodge. Scott and I went on a hike up through a place called Hidden Canyon, and it was more like a climb towards the end. It was a lot of fun, and looking straight down was a little disorienting. Did you see the movie *Vertigo*? If you did, you know a little what I felt like.

From Zion (after two days) we headed north to Salt Lake City. Scott had to finish moving out of his apartment, and I wanted to stop by to see Chris, Vicky and Samuel. He's getting so cute now. He's going to be a big kid when all is said and done. I stayed with them for the night, and then repacked the car and headed

for Mom and Dad's. It was a long drive across Nevada, complete with heavy rain, heavy snow (luckily I caught it early before it really started sticking). I got home and stayed in some strange house for a couple more days. Mom and Dad tried to convince me that they just remodeled the back room into an two bedroom apartment for Mark, Linda, Kelsay, Nicole, and Adam Hogge, but I know differently. The house I left didn't have 5 bedrooms, two family rooms, and a bunch of young kids running around (well, two out of three isn't bad...)

Dad looked great for being out of the hospital for about 5 weeks. In fact, he kind of worked Scott and myself over the weekend, splitting wood, cleaning up, and generally pretending that we were still in high school, living there, helping him with the household chores. I actually enjoyed it. It kind of took me back a few years.

After a couple relaxing days at home, I jumped back in the car again, and ended up back in Santa Barbara. Seven days later, twenty five hundred miles later. I figure I

spent thirty two hours in the car. Add to that the fifty six hours or so spent sleeping; the five to ten spent in various restaurants or at dining tables; the five or six spent packing; and the couple spent in gas stations, it's amazing that I actually got to see anything!

So now I've brought you up to date with the past, let's bring you up to date on the future:

Wednesday Night  
May 29, 1991

I'm sitting here in the Riverside Inn in Portland, OR writing this letter. I'm working at Consolidated Freight, who is trying to write a package tracking system for Emery Worldwide. It will be quite an ambitious project, as they want to provide anybody in any country the ability to look up where a particular package is. Not only will it do this, but automatically generate all the customs documents necessary. And do their accounting. It should be interesting.

This hotel isn't anything special. It's right on the

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Willamette River beneath a plethora of bridges. I've been walking around downtown. This is a neat, clean city, but I think that's attributable to all the rain. It doesn't rain hard here, just drizzles all the time.

I'm going to see Phyllis and Jeff Barnard tomorrow. They are people that used to work at Softool, and live up in Beaverton now. It should be neat to see their baby, who isn't really a baby anymore. From what I hear, they're expecting another one very soon.

Thursday, May 30  
after work:

Well, things are getting interesting up here in Portland. Seems like there's a basketball game going on up here starting around 6:00 pm, and EVERYBODY is trying to get home to watch it. I don't understand. It's just the Trail Blazers, playing the "World Champion" Lakers, for the West Coast title. And after all this (that?) the winner gets to get beat up on by the Chicago Bulls. So what's everybody so excited about? I get a funny feeling that my drive to Beaverton will be on

empty roads. I'd bet even the police are all sitting at Denny's watching television. I wish I had my Testerosa right now. Or maybe the Diablo. I never could decide which one to take. (ha ha!)

Tuesday  
June 4, 1991

Now I'm sitting in my room at the Arizona Golf Resort in Mesa Arizona with a few minutes to kill, so I thought I'd add to the letter. Over the weekend, I flew home from Portland Friday night. On Saturday morning, I got up and drove to Chuck, Lee Ann and Allan's house in L.A. Chuck and I had tickets to a mid-day Grateful Dead concert. We had a great time watching all the people who attend these things (quite an interesting cross-section of strange people...) It was a lot of fun, even though I got a little sunburned. Anyway, on Sunday I got up and drove back to Santa Barbara to pack and get on a plane to Phoenix. Obviously I made it, since I'm here writing this, but it was an interesting afternoon. Do you ever get that feeling you left

something behind. I do, and I knew I was leaving something, but just couldn't think of what it was. As I was putting my pants on yesterday, I realized that it was something as insignificant as a belt. Oh well, I guess things could be worse. I could have forgotten things like underwear or something critical like that.

On a lighter note, I'm going to see Uncle Tom and Aunt Barbara for dinner tonight. I haven't seen them for a few years. It should be a nice time.

Tuesday  
June 11

Guess where I am now. I'm in an airport in San Antonio, on my way home. It's been an interesting few days since I last wrote in this letter. I had a nice dinner with Uncle Tom, Aunt Barbara, cousin Tom Jr., Kelly (his wife), their baby (I've already forgotten his name, but he's real cute), Cousin Linda, and her son (who's name also slips my mind right now). It was a nice dinner, and it was really fun seeing them all again. Makes me think we ought to

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hold another reunion soon. We'll see.

Anyway, unlike this week, last week went very well. It's not often that I go on-site strictly for training, and it's a nice feeling to be able to just go home afterwards, and not worry about having to write up summaries, proposals, and the like. It was quite hot there for me (from 100° to 106°), but I hear that that's almost springtime weather for them. They don't call it "hot" until it's over 110°. I don't think I'll ever be there when it's that hot. It's far too much.

I got home Friday evening about 8:30pm, and went to a party for a friend of ours. It was fun to see all of them right after a week away. Gary and I broke out the mountain bikes on Saturday and went for a ride, and then I flew out to San Antonio on Sunday around Noon. I thought Mesa was bad. Meas is hot, but it's dry. This place is about 90°, and HUMID. I was supposed to work at Kelly Air Force Base for the entire week, but now I am coming home early. Turns out that three of the five people I needed to work with are in Sacramento for the entire week, and another

one got called for jury duty on Tuesday. The one guy who was left there had a dentist appointment at 2:00 in the afternoon, and his car broke down so he never made it back to work. It made for quite an interesting day. Not to mention the fact that they didn't have the computer running yet, and the software we sent them wouldn't have worked anyway (we "locked" it to the wrong serial number). I did arrange to get them a new program with the right serial number on it, and got their computer running for them. At least they have something to do now (learn how to use the computer and at least run some tests on the software). I'll be coming back out here in July to finish the implementation work that we didn't do this week. It's going to be quite a bit of work, but it shouldn't be all that hard.

To continue on, when I found that the people I needed to talk to weren't going to be there all week, I arranged to come home early. Getting home turned out to be tougher than I originally thought. First I booked a flight on Continental connecting with a United Express plane to leave San Antonio around

7:15pm. Since I left the base around 11:00am, this left me with some time to kill. I walked downtown to see the Alamo ("Remember the Alamo?", I just had to say that) and went up in the "Tower of the Americas". It resembles the Space Needle in Spokane. Anyway, I had a nice lunch up there, spinning around watching the city. Around 2:30pm, I tried to call work to find out if somebody could pick me up at the airport when I got home. Our receptionists said "The travel agent is desperately trying to find you". I called them, and found that the flight I booked had been cancelled, as the plane I was supposed to be on was broken down in some other city. The only other flights back to S.B. left at 3:15 and 4:30. I practically ran back to the car, and zoomed up to the airport (I'm sure the police are still looking for me) and tried to turn in the rental car. I said tried. They were paving the entrance to the rental car return road and had it blocked off. The road lead directly onto an onramp back into downtown. I pulled a kind-of illegal U-turn, and parked the car on the sidewalk in front of Budget, ran in, threw them

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the keys, signed the bill, and jumped on the bus to the terminal.

To make a long story shorter, I got the second to last ticket on this connection, made it with about 1 / 2 hour to spare, and am sitting here writing you this note. Any questions?