



EXTRA! EXTRA!!

Read All About It!

Stunned Reporter Found

Unconscious on East Beach!

AUGUST 6, 1993 - SANTA BARBARA, CA

A reporter for the Parker Press was found unconscious near the volleyball courts on East Beach in Santa Barbara. The only identification on the reporter was a tattered press ID card, and the following article scribbled in ketchup and mustard on napkins from the East Beach Grill.

"This reporter doesn't know quite where to begin. A few years back, I was touring through Santa Barbara on an assignment to cover ex-President Reagan at a charity luncheon for the Society for the Preservation of Grunion Runners. In the course of trying to avoid the presentation of the SPGR Award of Perfect Attendance to Mr. Reagan, I decided to drive downtown, figuring I could make up a better story than the actual event dictated. While watching a group of people playing Volleyball on East Beach, I met a man named Steve Parker, watching the same games. I could tell he was interested in playing, but he was looking for a partner to play with. So, being the sport I am, I decided to join him for a game or two.

Based on a light conversation during the course of the games, I found that Steve had moved to Santa Barbara in September of 1979 to attend UCSB. During his sophomore year, he took a job in a small computer store called Computer Plaza. Steve had worked there until 1985, when he took a job at Softool Corporation (yes, I did chuckle a little at the name, but they do have a good reputation in the computer industry...).

Steve began telling me about all the places he had been travelling for that software company, and how much he enjoyed it. I was so distracted by the tales of travelling that we ended up losing the game we were playing. While we were waiting to try to

Continued on page 2

Cont from page 1

re-claim the court, we talked about where he grew up. Steve grew up in a small town about 60 miles from Lake Tahoe, and as we discussed this, he became a little emotional. I tactfully asked what he was thinking, and he told me:

I've been living in Santa Barbara for almost 14 years now, and working at Softool Corporation for the last eight. Just over a year ago, I packed up my belongings from an apartment in downtown Santa Barbara, where I had lived for about 5 years, and moved up to the Mesa. Although I fought the move in the beginning, I was happy I moved once we got there. The house is huge, and has a beautiful view looking out over the ocean. On a good day you can almost see Ventura to the east.

I said that this sounded very nice to me, and didn't understand why he was getting emotional. Steve continued:

In the last few years, I've started to get into the beach life. I've been playing alot of sand vollyball, some grass v-ball tournaments, and weekly Wallyball sessions. I've been riding the mountain bike alot, and generally trying to keep in shape (it's been barely working).

I just got back from a week-long family reunion/vacation up on the Feather River north of Lake Tahoe, and had a great time seeing everybody. The mountains were great. The smell of afternoon thunderstorms was great. Riding the bike in the mountains was great. The whole thing was great.

By this time, I was really confused. It sounded like everything was just great. Steve went on to say

Late in June, just a couple weeks before the reunion, I got a phone call from an acquaintance who's now working in Boulder, Colorado. He offered to fly me up to Boulder to interview. I went on a lark, figuring it would be a nice trip. On the Tuesday before the family reunion, I got a call back, and they actually offered me a job. The pay wasn't significantly higher, and I didn't really want to leave Santa Barbara, so I said thank you, and politely declined.

I was really surprised, as it still sounded like Steve had no reason at all to be upset or concerned about anything. I didn't see anything wrong with a job offer from an old friend in Boulder.

Well, Friday rolled around, and I was getting ready to drive up to the reunion, when I got znother call from Bill at StorageTek. The raised the offer, added a bonus and offered to move me.

"That's fantastic", I said.

Yeah, but now I had a hell of a decision to make. I didn't really want to move again, but to move back to the mountains again had alot of appeal. I didn't want to leave all my friends in Santa Barbara, but knew that they'd always be friends, and this would be a great chance to make new friends. So... I accepted the job.

"You what!?" I cried, starting to feel lightheaded.

Continued on page 2

I accepted the job. The movers will be here on Monday, and I start driving on Wednesday. My first day will be August 16th. I'm still in shock from actually making the decision to move. I'm still not quite sure why I did it, other than it seemed . . . right . . . to do

At this point the writing on the napkins becomes illegible, and it's assumed that the reporter may have passed out from the enormity of the story just recorded on cheap, white napkins. The reporter is doing fine at St. Francis Hospital, and is expected to be released within a day or two.

Parker Press moves to Boulder, CO

SENIOR EDITOR, BOULDER, CO

In a move related to the main story of this special edition of the Parker Press, we are hereby announcing that the Parker Press has moved from a house on the mesa in Santa Barbara, California, on its way to a two story townhouse/condominium in Boulder, CO.

This is one of the first times in history that an entire organization (in this case, the staff for the Parker Press, and all related equipment) followed a Senior Editor during a relocation.

Since our printing presses are currently somewhere on the road between Santa Barbara and Boulder, so this special edition of Parker Press is being generated from a Macintosh in a hotel room in downtown Boulder.

Please send any new submissions for articles, Letters to the Editor, comments and questions (like anybody ever did before) to our new address, shown on the right.

From August 16th through September 15th, the Parker Press will be operating from the following location:

Marriott Residence Inn, Room 111
3030 Center Green Drive
Boulder, CO 80301
(303)449-5545, room 111

Starting September 16, 1993, we will be moving into our new, semi-permanent rental location at

Parker Press
c/o Steve Parker
Some Address
Boulder, CO 99999
(303)999-9999

Please feel free to call and express your surprise at this sudden move...

Steve Parker
Some Address
Boulder, CO 99999

First Class Mail _____