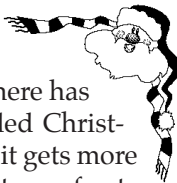




## HAPPY HOLIDAYS

STEVE PARKER, CEO



I hope that everybody out there has recovered from the insanity called Christmas/Hanukkah. It appears that it gets more hectic out there every year. It's not even fun to go shopping anymore, although I guess it could be if I'd start before December 20th.

From the many Christmas/Hanukkah/Holiday cards I've received this year, it appears to be "the year of the family letter". They arrived in a much higher percentage of cards than last year. It was nice to hear what everybody is doing/was doing.

Not to be outdone, I figured it was time to actually send out a holiday issue of the ParkerPress, knowing that it will be "late as usual", but not as late as usual. At least I'm sending it in time that I can still put Christmas decorations all over it...

SRP

## CONTENTS

Happy Holidays.....	1
Cost Cutting.....	1
Events!.....	1
Sorry, But You're Stuck Here.....	2
News from Broomfield.....	3
ParkerPress Goes Electronic!.....	4
Contest Results!.....	5
Corrections - SP - Keeper of the List.....	5
Letters to the Editor.....	6
Light Humor.....	7

## COST CUTTING

It finally happened. The PP board, in conjunction with their major stockholders, have succumbed to rising postal costs, and have changed the format of the ParkerPress using a new folding technique (twice instead of once). The new, smaller format will sit on the back of your toilet better, and best of all, allows us to send it with a single stamp, saving us many \$\$ as well. Maybe we'll send some of the \$\$ to the idiots on Capitol Hill to get some of the National Parks and Museums open. Imagine if we all acted like our "leaders" when we are supposed to submit our taxes...

To make up for the potential inconveniences with this double-folded format, we will be applying the savings towards modifying our distribution methods. See *ParkerPress Goes Electronic*,

## EVENTS!

Trying to recall everything that's happened since the last issue isn't easy given that our household is in a total food coma, but I'll try:

### NEW BABIES!

Joe and Amilia Witherspoon had their 2<sup>nd</sup> baby girl, Apryl, on July 19th, 1995 at 8:36pm, weighing in at 4lb 13oz. Apryl showed up a little earlier than expected (about 5 weeks) but appears to be perfectly healthy.

Luke Christian Schumann introduced himself to the world on September 19<sup>th</sup>, 1995 at the considerate hour of 7:03pm. Luke weighed 7lb,

*See EVENTS on page 6*

# SORRY, BUT YOU'RE STUCK HERE

MARK HOGGE, FATHER AND "CORRUPTER" OF OUR NATION'S YOUTH

Have you ever figured out a way to satisfy your child when they asked the question, "Dad, are we there yet?" Well, I have. Here's my answer:

No, dear. We're here. In fact, we won't ever get there. Strange enough, even though there is where we're going, there is really no way to get there because no matter where we go, we'll always be here. Here is wherever you are, whether you left here to get there, or remained here, you are still here. So, it really makes no difference where there is, because you will never get there. You are stuck here.

Unless, of course, you consider there to be here once you get there. But you're just fooling yourself. Look around. Where are you? Right. You're here. True, you were there at the time you called it here, but then, in an attempt to get there, which is now here, where did you arrive but here, not there.

So, unless you decide to satisfy yourself with calling here there, you need to accept the fact that here you are and there you'll never be. But, never give up trying to get there. In fact, you may frequently need to go there, not necessarily so you will arrive there, because once you get there it will suddenly be here. Not to be confused with the here you left to go there. No, no. Here is the place you are now, no matter where it was a moment ago when you were there, or here then.

I suppose you could satisfy yourself by specifying to which here and there you are referring to at any given time. For example, you could say that you are here and want to go there. Then, once you arrive there, you could call it before-there (which currently is here), and there (where you originated-or the original here) could be called before-here. Which, although seemingly confusing, could work – up until you leave before-there to go to a future-there, leaving before-there to arrive to another there. Then what would you call it? As you can see, in order to arrive there, you would not only have to settle with calling the current here before-there, but understand that in order to remain there, you could not leave the current here (or before-there) without causing great confusion with the new term for "there". I'm afraid I have no other ideas, unless we used a secret code to refer to the here which was the place of origin, then each here thereafter, which caused the previous here to continue to be here, only as an additional here, and never adding a there, but continuing to call the current here there, and understanding that all past heres would have to be referred to by their code or new name, whatever it may be.

No matter what you decide, you will have to come to terms with the fact that even though you may feel you've arrived there, there will always be another there. Can you see what I'm saying? Sorry, but it looks like you're stuck here!

But that's neither here nor there.

## THE PARKER PRESS

ESTABLISHED IN 1991, AND PUBLISHED ON A WHIM THEREAFTER

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# NEWS FROM BROOMFIELD

STEVE, LAURIE, AND ALYSSA

We figured that this couldn't be a real informative newsletter if we didn't at least let you know what we're doing...

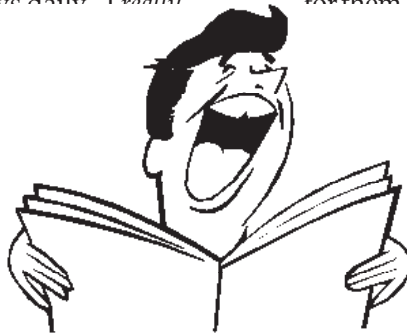
Alyssa started school last September, and we now know how much it means to her. Two weeks of Holiday Vacation, and she says daily "I really miss Ms. Robinson" (her teacher) and has become fairly inseparable from a friend named Brienne who lives just around the corner. They are constantly playing together. The ability to just "go outside and play" is a new experience for Alyssa, but she's adapting quickly, especially since she figured out how to ride a bike over the last month.

She's now able to read small words, and is getting better daily at spelling. I guess Laurie and I need to figure out new secret codes to replace "Laurie, can you grab some "C" "O" "O" "K" "I" "E" "S" at the store?" She's also working on an insatiable curiosity about everything, asking "Why" about anything we say. I've tried to use *Sorry, But You're Stuck Here* logic on her (see opposing page), but she sees right through that.

We've now been out to California three times, and Alyssa still gets excited about airplanes. She always wants the window seat, although she always seems to put the shade down. She's got so many of those little McDonalds/United airplane toys that she's started giving them away to friends.

Laurie found a new job that will get her out of the secretarial work that seemed to be her destiny at StorageTek (STK). She tried to get into more technical jobs at STK, but had no luck. She started looking for something else back in October, and ended up at a company named Energy Analysts International, Inc. The big name is actually a small company with 13 employees about 3 miles from

the house that does oil pipeline analysis for many oil companies around the world. She's going to be their "Document Coordinator", which means that she'll be responsible for designing and implementing an electronic document management system



for them. This is not a small task, and she's worked hard to get her work cut out for her, but I believe she'll do it well (especially after seeing her friends who do business now). For me, I'm still working at STK. I "survived" the round of layoff's that they had to make on December 4<sup>th</sup>. They had to lay off 1500 people worldwide, with over 1,000 of them coming from Colorado. This is a fairly significant chunk of people, amounting to about 20% of the workforce. At least this year they were humane, and are keeping all 1,500 people on the payroll until February, while they search for something new.

Anyway, the SCM group I work in has our work cut out for us. STK is revamping the software products we produce, and SCM will be critical to the success of the new development environment. The problem we face is convincing the software engineers that will have to use the new system that it's necessary. Given our history of lack of successes here, it's going to be a daunting task, but hey, that's why we're here. To beat insurmountable odds.

Like when I had my shoulder surgery in October. Apparently I had a small bump/spur on the bone in my shoulder (the scapula, or something like that) and I went in for orthoscopic surgery and had them grind it off. At least now I know why I had those occasional shoulder problems playing Vball in the past. I still don't believe it, but I was able to use my arm within a day of the surgery, and I'm back playing ball only three months later!

See LOCAL on page 7

# PARKERPRESS GOES ELECTRONIC!

BILL GATES, PARKERPRESS LACKEY

After publishing this 8<sup>th</sup> issue of the ParkerPress, our president and CEO has finally decided to take the plunge and join the electronic revolution. Beginning soon (hopefully by the end of February) the ParkerPress will have a website on the Internet. We're still dealing with hooking up the 10-zillibyte satellite link in the backyard (the neighbors are understandably upset), installing the 1000-CPU computer, a 55,000 petabyte RAID-27 disk farm, the multi-threaded operating system, and then rewiring the house to have one of the new technology hydroelectric plants hooked up to the sink drains, but we expect to be on-line soon. As John Hammond said in *Jurassic Park*, "we spared no expense", so if the connection seems slow, blame your internet provider, not us. [ed note: Doesn't that sound like something Bill Gates would really say?!?!]

So, if you are interested in the future on-line version of ParkerPress, have some idea of what I'm talking about here, and you haven't already done so, please send us a note containing your name and e-mail address to "ParkerPres@aol.com" [ed note: notice that there's only one "s" in Press due to AOL name length restrictions] so that we can contact you when we fire up the new site and get our new e-mail server up and running. If you've sent mail

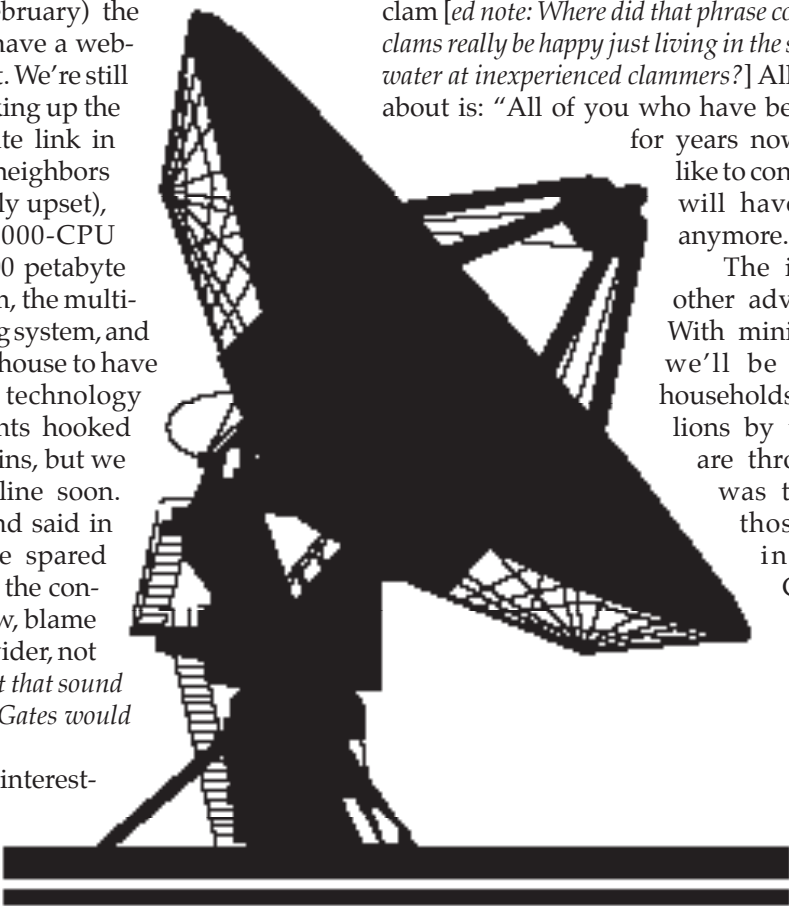
to Steve at his other addresses, you won't have to do this 'cause we're so smart we can merge mailing lists together

This just makes our editor/owner happy as a clam [ed note: Where did that phrase come from? Can clams really be happy just living in the sand, spouting water at inexperienced clammers?] All he can think about is: "All of you who have been telling us

for years now that you'd like to contribute really will have no excuse anymore."

The internet has other advantages too. With minimum effort, we'll be infiltrating households by the millions by the time we are through. (What was the name of those attorneys in Arizona? Canter and Seigel?) We can take over the world! Hey! With any luck, we could even balance the US budget, and get everybody back

to work. Just keep 20% off of all the money we're handing out to other countries to help them "develop" (yeah right), and we could solve our own problems! Then get rid of those morons who sit in that marble building and pontificate... [ed note: We're deleting the rest of this useless political tripe...]



# CONTEST RESULTS!

PUBLISHER IN CHIEF

In the August '95 issue of the ParkerPress, we mentioned that we would hold a contest. This contest would have absolutely no rules and the goal would be to identify as many past issues of the ParkerPress as you could. We realized this would challenge all but our most persistent, astute readers. We had no idea how hard it would turn out to be.

Without further ado, here's the results, summarized, and statistically exact:

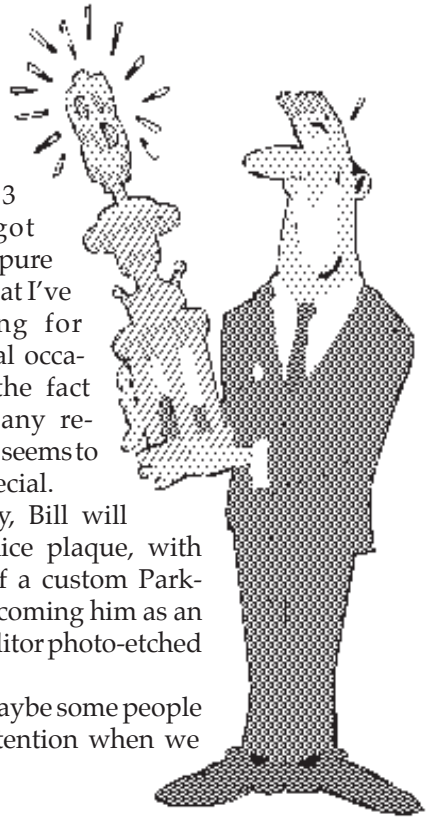
# issues to date:	8
# issues preceding contest:	6
# entries (verbal):	1
# correct entries:	0

So what this boils down to is that the Grand Prize goes to Bill Frost. Even though he didn't identify any headlines, he just "guessed" at a Christmas Dinner I attended, and he said "5". He was darned close, and nobody was closer, so he wins the Grand Prize, (which, by the way, is in the mail).

For those of you who are curious, it's a 3 pound ingot of 99.999% pure platinum that I've been saving for some special occasion, and the fact that I got any response at all seems to be fairly special.

Actually, Bill will receive a nice plaque, with page one of a custom ParkerPress welcoming him as an honorary editor photo-etched on it.

Now maybe some people will pay attention when we



## CORRECTIONS - SP - KEEPER OF THE LIST

OK people, here are some addresses we need, and corrections that need to be made in your address lists (meaning your latest correspondence went to the old Boulder address).

First off, we're looking for addresses for:

- Rob Carrade, Peter Castenon,
- Todd & Angie Davidson,
- Mark De Voe, Thomas Kingkade,
- BJ Johns/Wendy Nishikawa,
- Brian & Michelle Weiss, and
- Josh Williams



Second, If your name is on the list below, make sure that you send future letters to:

Some Address  
Broomfield, CO 99999  
(303)999-99999

- THE LIST:
- Phil & Pam Cox
  - Rick & Jodi Jones
  - Janet & Steve Kelsey
  - Kevin & Marlene Nix
  - Ken Sachs
  - Jerry & Tammi Sassarini

EVENTS from page 1

10oz, and is the Schumann's first child.

Jonathan Kelsey's brother Harrison Taylor Kelsey appeared on September 24<sup>th</sup>, 1995 just before lunch at 12:58pm. Harrison weighed 9lb 4oz and was 21" tall (long?).

Jonathan Kelsey's cousin Ian Tomas Vachuska showed up December 9<sup>th</sup>, 1995 at 9:26am. Ian was very close in weight and height to Harrison at 9lb 5oz, and is also 21" tall.

Jerry and Tammi Sassarini are proud to introduce that they've recently acquired a new puppy, two new bunnies, and five chickens.

#### **STILL COOKING!**

There are some babies "still in the oven" but since I can't mention names, suffice it to say:

I'll be an uncle again in February, and again in August (no, not the same mother),

One of my buddies in the Atlantic is expecting their second child in June, and

A cousin of mine is due in August.

#### **WEDDINGS!**

My cousin Julie Collis married Mark Kincheo in January '95. They are both real-estate appraisers in Truckee, CA.

My brother Scott married Heidi Reising on September 16<sup>th</sup>. To this day, I bet Heidi has no idea what she got herself into.

## **LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

---

e-mail can be sent to:

ParkerPres@\*\*\*\*.com

(notice there's only one "s" in Press)

Other than a flurry of Holiday Cards (boy, we hate the politically correct movement), a large number of which contained letters letting us know what you're up to, there weren't too many (OK, none) letters to the editor for this issue. We'll attribute that to the current bout of the flu that's been going around.

Now that we've said that, we should also say that we're considering removing this section completely. The original intent of this publication was to let everybody know what I've been doing, but has mutated over time to include all kinds of other things. There's no need to write letters, but if you feel inclined to submit an "article", we'll happily publish it...

Another cousin, Laurie Roberts, married Jimmy Paschke this fall. I still have yet to meet him, but if he can put up with any of this clan, he has to be alright.

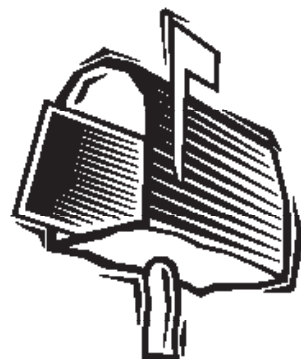
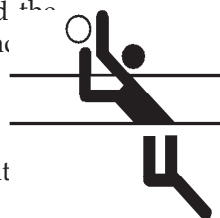
A college friend Eric Ohlson married Lindarae (I don't know her last name) in San Diego on Oct 29<sup>th</sup>.

#### **OTHER HAPPENINGS!**

Little sis Vicky Holden and her family moved to Colorado on Dec 22<sup>nd</sup>. It will be nice to have them close, since I can easily spoil the their children now.

Carl and Karen Still (and the rest of their team) took first place USA-VB Coed Silver Nationals, and were both nominated for First Team All-Americans in Silver Division. Congratulations and Karen! You deserve it.

In a related story, there are unconfirmed rumors that police throughout the Caribbean are still looking for an elusive group known as the Shred Family, who terrorized the islands in November. If you know the location of any of these individuals, keep it to yourself. The world needs more people like them...





*EVENTS from page 1*

It's amazing what they can do now days. Too bad it costs so darn much.

We didn't get much mountain climbing in this summer, due to the late round of snow and rain. We did manage to get up one mountain in early August, though, called Maroon Peak. It was a grueling 12-hour climb, and we almost got zapped by lightning, but the view was spectacular, and I'd do it again in a second (OK, after a couple months of fairly intense warm-up, instead of doing it as the first climb of the season).

Mom and Dad came out here to see the new house and play with us for a week over Labor Day Weekend. We had a great time, with the exception of their trip here and back. I don't remember why, but I think I was responsible for suggesting that they take the train out here. The only thing they really said when they got her is "I don't want to do that again". But alas, they still

had to go back. I think it could have been much more enjoyable if they had a cabin instead of just general seating. And I had the gall to drive down to Colorado Springs and put them on the Cog Railway (yes, another train) for the trip to the top of Pikes Peak. They both liked it, though.

Owning a house is wonderful. It's nice to know that some of the money I'm paying is building equity, and I can write off the interest side of it. Now I guess all I need to do is add a deck, finish the basement, put in a sprinkler system, build some shelves in the garage, etc... I finally know how Dad used to feel when we'd say "it shouldn't take that long to build".

Well, we got about 4 inches of snow today, it's still snowing, and I need to get this on it's way, so... BYE!

## LIGHT HUMOR

---

COURTESY OF THE NET

### The Parrot

So there's this fella with a parrot. And this parrot swears like a sailor. He can swear for five minutes straight without repeating himself. Trouble is, the guy who owns him is a quiet, conservative type, and this bird's foul mouth is driving him crazy.

One day, it gets to be too much, so the guy grabs the bird by the throat, shakes him really hard, and yells, "QUIT IT!" But this just makes the bird mad and he swears more than ever.

Then the guy gets mad and says, "OK...fine!!" and locks the bird in a kitchen cabinet.

This really aggravates the bird and he claws and scratches, and when the guy finally lets him out, the bird cuts loose with a stream of invective that would make a veteran sailor blush.

At that point, the guy is so mad that he throws the bird into the freezer.

For the first few seconds there is a terrible

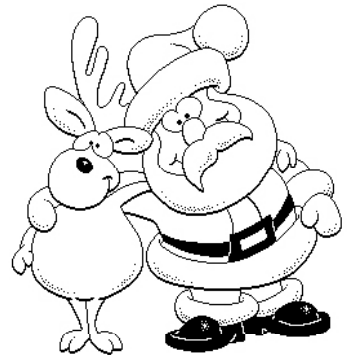
din. The bird kicks and claws and thrashes. Then it suddenly gets -very- quiet.

At first the guy just waits, but then he starts to think that the bird may be hurt. After a couple of minutes of silence, he's so worried that he opens up the freezer door.

The bird calmly climbs onto the man's outstretched arm and says, "Awfully sorry about the trouble I gave you. I'll do my best to improve my vocabulary from now on."

The man is astounded. He can't understand the transformation that has come over the parrot.

Then the parrot says, "By the way, what did the chicken do?"



Introductory Chemistry at Duke has been taught for about a zillion years by Professor Bonk (really), and his course is semi-affectionately known as "Bonkistry." He has been around forever, so I wouldn't put it past him to come up with something like this.

Anyway, one year there were these two guys who were taking Chemistry and who did pretty well on all of the quizzes and the midterms and labs, etc., such that going into the final they had a solid A. These two friends were so confident going into the final that the weekend before finals week (even though the Chem final was on Monday), they decided to go up to Virginia and party with some friends up there. So they did this and had a great time. However, with their hangers and everything, they overslept all day Sunday and didn't make it back to Duke until early Monday morning. Rather than taking the final then, what they did was to find Professor Bonk after the final and explain to him why they missed the final. They told him that they went up to UVA for the weekend, and had planned to come back in time to study, but that they had a flat tire on the way back and didn't have a spare and couldn't get help for a long time and so were late getting back to campus. Bonk thought this over and then agreed that they could make up the final on the following day. The two guys were elated and relieved.

So, they studied that night and went in the next day at the time that Bonk had told them. He placed them in separate rooms and handed each of them a test booklet and told them to begin. They looked at the first problem, which was something simple about molarity and solutions and was worth 5 points. "Cool" they thought, "this is going to be easy." They did that problem and then turned the page. They were unprepared, however, for what they saw on the next page. It said:

Steve Parker

Broomfield, CO



FIRST CLASS MAIL