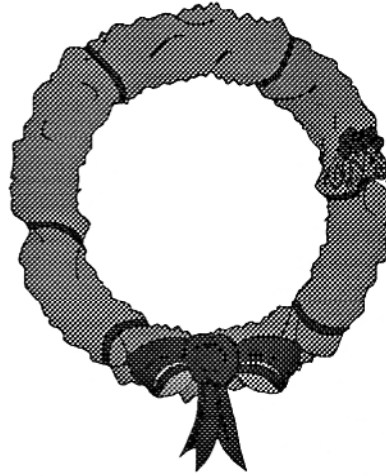


The Shakespearean Society of Allentown, Pennsylvania was casting *The Fool* in its production of *Twelfth Night*. Three actors, all from the Greater Allentown area, applied for the part. Two applicants were actors of some experience, while the third was a precocious 9-year-old. As the afternoon wore on, the youngster became increasingly restless, chafing at delays and finding it very hard to wait his turn. Eventually the director found himself unable to ignore the loud sighs and fidgeting any longer, and with his best Shakespearean delivery addressed the boy directly: "O Little Clown of Bethlehem, Be still! We see thee sigh!"



Hmmm ... (I hear you say) ... Elaborate setup ... Atrocious pun ... December Why, this must be the 1992 Tolopka Christmas Newsletter! (And for once in your life, you are absolutely right!)

On reflection, we were surprised to discover that this has been a relatively quiet year for us. Of course, there was Janet's Nobel Prize in Economics (for her seminal work *Exactly Who Are the Generals Responsible for Generally Accepted Accounting Principles?*) and Steve's unprecedented dual Pulitzer Prize in Autobiography and Fiction for the 1991 Newsletter, but that's old news and you've undoubtedly read plenty about it in the tabloids already. So, on to other things.



Work proceeds apace for both of us. For Janet, her first full year as a fully-certified CPA¹ has brought steadily increasing responsibility; she's now planning and running jobs as well as being a "worker bee". Perhaps her favorite job² is being one of the Oregon auditors for Lotto America. Have you ever wondered exactly needs to happen when the Lottery announcer intones "Results not official until confirmed by auditors from the firm of Plunder, Sackem, & Pillage"? Well, about twice a month Janet drives to Salem, adds up the take, watches the drawing, joins thumb and forefinger in a circle, and mouths "Okay!". On other professional fronts, Janet spoke at Career Day for a Girl Scout troop, explaining to them that despite what Barbie says ("*Math is hard!*") girls can do numbers!

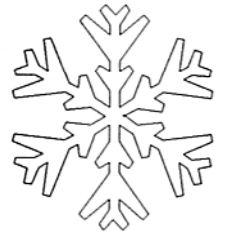
¹ Or is that redundant?

² I'm shooting for the 1992 Fiction prize, too.

Steve still works for the Architecture Development Lab (ADL) at Intel. As part of Intel's continuing quest for Organizational Nirvana, reporting structures changed so that Steve's grand-boss is now a different Intel vice-president.³ As part of the reorganization, Steve's team was recombined with Don Dennis's team, so that we are once again two-in-a-

box. The team has now grown to nearly 40 engineers and we're still trying to recruit; kinda horrifying to think that the careers of so many people have been entrusted to goofballs like us.... ADL's primary focus is still bringing Computer-Supported Cooperation to the business market, so we're working with new technologies like sound, video, and enhanced electronic mail for the PC. Steve's group also established bi-monthly Country Fairs in which we demo interesting new stuff to anyone who wants to come watch. Oh yeah—Steve's 10-Year Intel Anniversary was celebrated this Fall, only 15 months late (but's what's a little schedule slip between friends?).

The leisure-time highlight of the year was unquestionably our first-ever cruise in July. We sailed from Vancouver, B.C. to Whittier, Alaska (near Anchorage) via the Inside Passage, stopping at Ketchikan, Juneau, and Skagway. In Ketchikan, we toured the totem poles at Totem Bight State Park and walked through Creek Street, now a shopping district built up on piers over the creek, formerly home of the red-light district.⁴ In Skagway, we rode the White Pass & Yukon narrow-gauge railroad up over the pass into Yukon Territory (this was the route of the Gold Rush in 1897). We also admired the collection of antique bedpans on the walls of the Red Onion Saloon.



Our best shore excursion was just outside of Juneau, where we went white-water rafting down the Mendenhall River. Our tour book promised us "gentle but exciting rapids". The trip started from the lake at the foot of Mendenhall Glacier. They outfitted us in high rubber boots, rain pants, and ponchos with hoods, then strapped life preservers over the top, so that we all appeared to be doing credible imitations of the Michelin Tire Man. Most

³ Our Motto: "If you can't figure out who we work for, you probably can't blame it on us".

⁴ "Creek Street: Where both salmon and men go upstream to spawn"

of the rafts had rowing frames where the guide sat in the center of the boat and the passengers were, well, just passengers. But one raft had the guide located in the back and required the passengers to paddle, too. We were quickly recruited for this raft.⁵ Janet volunteered to ride up front in the raft ("Gee, this should be fun"), and we set off. About 10 minutes later, we had gone through the first rapids and Janet was trying to invent a way to get about a quart of 35-degree gentle-but-exciting-rapids off her stomach after it dove through the neck of her poncho and shirt. Yow!

A couple of days later, the ship cruised through Glacier Bay National Park and later College Fjord. The glaciers were awesome: towering walls of ice, tinted in deep shades of blue and sculpted into fantastic shapes by wind, water, and earth. As if the glaciers weren't enough, there was wildlife everywhere: bald eagles, guillemots, huge flocks of kittiwakes, puffins (another of God's little inside jokes), rafts of sea otters swimming around on their backs and sunning on ice floes, harbor seals—simply amazing. And best of all were the humpback whales.

(Warning! Brief but necessary digression follows!) Earlier in the cruise, one of our dinner companions described a comedian he liked whose tag line was "You can get a guy to do *anything* at all, as long as you finish by saying 'And then you meet women'". **(End digression.)**

And best of all were the humpback whales. We were told that whales had been "hanging around the entrance to the park" for several weeks, and that it was likely we would see some if we looked there. The only catch is that we cruised into Glacier Bay at about 4:30 in the morning! We dutifully crawled out of bed, put on our warmest clothes, stumbled out on deck, and peered through the gray mists looking for whales. And darned if we didn't see a couple! They *are* impressive creatures, and we would have treasured the whole experience even more if we hadn't seen a dozen others frolicking in the Bay at much more civilized hours later that day. The whole episode was eventually summed up as "You get up at 4AM, put on your warmest clothes, freeze your butt off in the cold and the dark ... And then you meet whales!" Regardless of the hour, watching a humpback's flukes rise into the air and then slip below the surface as it sounded just off the ship's bow was *way* cool!

⁵ Compared to the average cruise ship passenger, we looked healthy and (most importantly) young.

Much of Steve's family (Mom & Dad, and brother Ken's family) came visiting in August. We all went out of town for a week. Unfortunately, Janet just went to The Dalles⁶ on an audit job. The rest of us toured Central Oregon, Crater Lake National Park, Redwood National Park, and the Oregon Coast. Nick (Ken & Sharon's 5-year-old) was only modestly entertained by all this national park stuff, but he loved Prehistoric Gardens (life-size dinosaur replicas in a coastal rain forest), the Oregon Coast Aquarium, and the Oregon Dunes, where we ran up and down the dunes yelling like nuts, jumping off ridges, and filling major parts of our anatomies with sand.

We're still involved in our standard sports. Steve's Red Bricks volleyball team went undefeated⁷ and won the B League championship; our Who's On First? softball team went oft-defeated, but kept us busy during the summer. It's all still good fun.

We'll close for this year before the Heady Exhilaration of our Fascinating Lives gets you overheated with excitement. If you're in the Northwest, be sure to give us a buzz; the door's always open.⁸

With love,

Steve and Janet Tolopka

Merry Christmas

⁶ A city of 11,000 people along the Columbia River in Oregon, not far from West The Dalles.

⁷ More a reflection of the competition than our own abilities.

⁸ If Steve were handier with tools, we could fix it!