



**God rest ye merry, gentle ones,  
Let nothing you dismay.  
Our Ninety-Seven newsletter  
Was finally mailed today.  
We'd like to blame it on the Post –  
They did not go astray.**

**O chidings to us to so annoy –  
Bad girl and boy!  
We send tidings of comfort and joy ...**



**H**oliday Greetings from the great Pacific Northwest, where the ocean and mountains are (still!) mere minutes away and where, during winter, two of the main topics of conversation are the weather (weather or not it's raining!) and how early it's getting dark. It's dark when we get up in the morning and dark when we go home at night. Dark, dark, dark, dark, dark, dark. (We feel better having gotten that off our chests!)

Compared with last year's globetrotting excursions, travel was pretty limited this year. We went to Orlando in January for the baptism of our newest nephew, Kristopher. Why, you ask, would we travel so far for a baptism? Well, it wasn't just any christening.<sup>1</sup> The poor tyke is now stuck with us as godparents, as is his big brother Nick. While in Orlando, we visited Splendid China, a 76-acre park re-creating in miniature the Great Wall of China, the Imperial Palace, and 55 other Chinese landmarks.<sup>2</sup>



Some of the 8 million tiny bricks at Splendid China

The year's second trip came after Steve's Dad suffered a (fortunately relatively minor) heart attack this spring; apparently, the warranty ran out on his circa 1980

<sup>1</sup> Or would that be "kristening" in this case?

<sup>2</sup> Kinda made you feel like Gulliver!

heart bypass and he had to repeat the unpleasant process of open heart surgery. Steve flew to Louisville for the week around Easter to keep Mom company while Dad remembered just how un-fun recovery can be. The good news: it all worked out fine and Dad seems to be doing better than ever.

A little more than a month later, Steve was back in Louisville as one of the Intel judges at the International Science & Engineering Fair. The Fair, which brings together the *crème de la crème* of high school science fair exhibits from across the country and around the world, is being sponsored by Intel for the next three years.



Four miles of Rose Parade up next!

The experience was truly humbling: the winners included a 15-year-old girl who invented and built a fast, easy-to-use, inexpensive blood analyzer for measuring carbon monoxide content. Also-rans just did stuff like build a radio telescope with spare parts lying around the house, or a scanning tunneling electron microscope in the bedroom, or create a new fibrinogen-based delivery system that greatly improves drug therapy for some bone diseases. Sheesh! Another highlight: Six Nobel Laureates who were also on hand as judges got accidentally stranded after the opening ceremonies at Churchill Downs and hitched a ride back to the hotel on our bus, so Steve got to exchange pleasantries with

Norman Ramsay (Physics 1989), the inventor of the atomic clock. Way cool.<sup>3</sup>

When the Fair ended, Janet hit town so we could drive down to Glasgow to spend a little time with the still-recovering parents. Before we left Louisville, we stopped at the Louisville Slugger Museum, where we watched 'em make real major-league bats during the factory tour and gawked while simulated Roger Clemens 90-mile-an-hour fastballs popped into a catcher's mitt much too close to us. Highly recommended if you're a baseball fan!

Summer was devoted to Saxophones and Softball. We marched in all the Rose Festival parades again with the 500+ member One More Time Around Again Marching Band, this year decorating our saxophones with tiny white lights for the nighttime Starlight Parade (see [www.omtaamb.org](http://www.omtaamb.org) to hear the band and see more photos). We're looking forward to our first band Road Trip in April when we'll head to San Antonio to participate in the Fiesta Flambeau Parade.

Our coed softball team finished first in our league this year, earning T-shirts for the team and an ugly-but-treasured trophy complete with winged victories. Admittedly, we were competing in I League (the lowest in the Parks district), but were nonetheless proud to be "the best of the worst." We also entered a costumes-required Halloween softball tourney. With another couple on the team, we created and built fifteen giant M&M's.<sup>4</sup> Rain-outs ended up turning the tournament into a volleyball tournament, which we won - bringing more T-shirts and trophies and lodging us among the few people who can claim to have won a volleyball tournament played against softball teams while dressed as a chocolate treat.

We had less success with our volleyball teams this fall. Janet's team finished 6-4 and Steve's team finished 0-10. Janet is still laughing. Steve describes his team as having the "killed instinct."

---

<sup>3</sup> The Laureates also held a question/answer session with the students. Best exchange of the night:

Young lady: What advice would you give to budding young scientists like me?

Murray Gell-Mann: Well, first of all, sexual reproduction is *much* more effective than budding!

<sup>4</sup> It's tougher than you'd think to get enough structural integrity to make M&M's look good while still letting you play ball and not get hurt if you fall on your costume!

We spent a quiet Labor day weekend at a resort in Bend, driving through central Oregon with the convertible top down, hiking around a mountain lake, and riding bikes on resort trails for about 2 hours. The latter was the most memorable for both of our anatomies since we hadn't been on bicycles for years.<sup>5</sup>

In a domestic version of a home-and-home series, Steve's brother Ken and his family visited from Orlando during Thanksgiving week. Despite the occasional challenges posed by traveling with a one-year-old, we covered a lot of ground: peered into the crater at Mt. St. Helen's, dined atop the Space Needle in Seattle, rode the ferry across Puget Sound, giggled at the baby walrus at the Point Defiance Zoo in Tacoma, blew giant bubbles at the A. C. Gilbert<sup>6</sup> Children's Museum in Salem, tried to feed the squirrels at the State Capitol Building. We certainly had a good time, and think Ken, Sharon, Nick, and Kris did too.<sup>7</sup>

At work, it was a busy but relatively uneventful year for both of us. Steve is still leading the technical side of Intel's Wired for Management program and underwent only two reorganizations (one minor, one medium).<sup>8</sup> Janet had what's getting to be a normal frenzied life at Metro working with clueless temps and being understaffed. She also spent several days in California being trained on the new PeopleSoft accounting software that's being deployed.

Time to close and go finish packing. By the time you read this, we'll be cruising the islands of the Lesser Antilles<sup>9,10</sup> with Steve's Mom and Dad for a week of sun and snorkeling - watch this space next year for a full report. In closing, we wish you all a great 1998. And don't forget to stop and smell the roses.

With love,

*Steve & Janet*

---

<sup>5</sup> We forgot you even *needed* calluses there!

<sup>6</sup> Inventor of the Erector Set.

<sup>7</sup> Although to be perfectly frank, Kris had at least as much fun opening the kitchen cabinet, pulling out the plastic bowls, and closing the cabinet again - repeat *ad infinitum*!

<sup>8</sup> Intel ascribes to the maxim "Organizations are like socks; you should change them every now and then whether or not you think you need to."

<sup>9</sup> Grenada, St. Lucia, Dominica, St. Kitts. Hey, don't be embarrassed - we didn't have any idea what they were until we booked the trip either!

<sup>10</sup> Our in-depth analysis: "Sunshine in January, sparkling beaches, impossibly blue water - how bad could it be?"