

Steve Manick's 1992 Times



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Well, here we are at the end of another glorious year, and here I am again trying to recap my whole year's existence into a single page. My first two months were spent competing with L.A.'s other 49,999 unemployed aerospace engineers for permanent work. My career as a computer consultant took off when



Steve lands a job at LAX



I landed a contract with the Los Angeles City Department of Airports (yes, it has its ups and downs). I am now responsible for the LAX, Ontario, and Van Nuys airports computerized parking system. (Sorry, no free parking.) I consider myself lucky to have

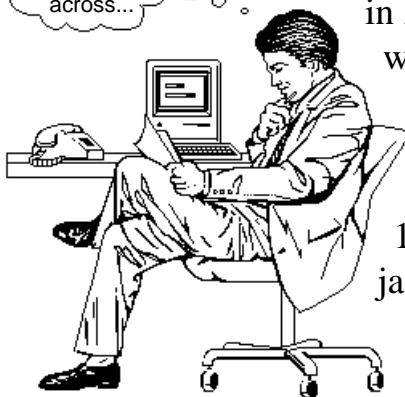
this job, but a civil service administrator is quite different than computer engineering. Most of my job consists of trying to look busy. LAX is probably the best place in L.A. to people-watch and I walk about five miles per day. The most exciting part of my job was the eight weeks that I spent working in San Diego. I never ate so well in my whole life. I am now in transition from consultant (no benefits) to beaurocrat (no life), as I become a permanent city fixture on January 4th (no vacation for a year). I was able to have *some* fun last year. In February I went to Yosemite Valley to go cross-country skiing, but when I got there the snow had melted from a freak heat-wave. In June, I was back camping in Yosemite (14th time) with Darlene and we got stuck in a freak snowstorm. In August I was back in the Sierras, camping by a dried-up lake bed during another sweltering heat-wave. I told you I had fun. I've been rocking



out on classical music lately, so I splurged on season's tickets for the L.A. Philharmonic

(they sometimes play Mozart, but it's Offenbach). The little free time that I had in November was spent planning Darlene's 30th birthday surprise party, which went off quite well. Considering my unemployment adventure and her school stress (she earns her Masters in MFCC in January), the fact that we haven't killed each other is definitely a good sign. My parents are doing well, although I still find them hard to train. Although 1992 was a year of tragedy: riots, record unemployment, car-jackings, Johnny's retirement, earthquakes, violence, and bitter elections (both Elvis stamp and president), a new world order and new leadership can only give us hope for a better year ahead... I hope you have a great new year.

... if I can only get 14 across...



Steve tries to look busy

