

Friends, Romans and fellow Bosnians...

he usual plan for the Jackdaw is an annual early January

But if you read the Spring 2002 edition of Jackdaw you'd understand that after Betty died, the arduous task of gathering condensing, editing, re-editing, designing, printing, mailing and sending the Jackdaw was not exactly at the top of my Must Do

Credit for naming "Jackdaw", as always, goes to my prolific friend Ray Bradbury, poet-author-speaker-playwright-science fiction wizard who instantly saw the metaphor between my bservations and the scavenging, thieving, filching jackdaw silfered objects. Thank you once again RB

seople no longer with us tells me to tell you Continuing G Health is ultimately the most important wish I can send for you

Speaking of the holidays... Christmas is weird. What other time do you sit around in front of a dead tree and eat candy out of your socks?

Or see the lady who shouted at the entrance of a fancy

Or, as Ellsworth's jewish seat mate on a flight to Miami said to a chinese vendor, "Your culture may be \$200 years old but ours is \$700 - and we did that for \$00 years without chinese food!"

Revolved: Genna keen on doin' what I'm doin'. Feel great

Still very much into jazz with LA favorites, the Big Phat Band and Carl Saunders (Mr. Breathless of the trumpet) and I revel in the mutli jazz happenings here in music-busy

Am still persine around with writing a mini jazz book on my 50 in 1948 in a Phila record store, or hearing this strange little piano player at the 3 Deuces on 52nd Street the night before I went overseas in WWII and finding out later it was Errol Garner ...

And about 1939, when, as a teenager of 18 under the guidance of ance at the Sayov Ballroom at 125th and Lenox Ave in Harlem Habit changes: writing more. Telephoning more people on impulse no matter where they are and "just catching up." (What's Diem and all that ... Not hurrying as much - except when I'm

PS. I just not skylights put in my condo. The people who live

ighlights 2002 - Sprin speak at New Fineland Direct Mkte Ass'n in Boston. My nart went well but the kick was listening to Matt Brown slaughter the

- Matt does ads for Building 19, a network of 14, now 15 wild and care what to do with sticks? They're only 99 cents" and sold a unch of them - then had a contest: "What did you do with the growing like a weed.

Love to tell you this story: Later in the summer, got a phone call in Calif from Bldg 19 President Bill Elovitz at 2 PM on a Saturday afternoon. He needed "Waymish books right away". For what? Okay - here's how you should start-

"Why don't you come to Boston and do the meeting?" 'It's Saturday afternoon ----"
Very calmly Bill says, "Ray, I'll bet there are any number of planes

with Diane Gallagher, Bill and his wife, Debbie. Now Matt and I are simul-speaking at NEDMA this June in Boston. Interesting world, huh? Interesting people. What goes around -

- Like the wonderful September trip to Singapore. Like the wonderful September (rap to Singapore.

Like The wonderful September (rap to Singapore.

Like The Singapore (rap to Singapore.

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Like The Singapore.

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- I must say, over my speaking/traveling/seminar years. I've gracious service as the Marina Mandarin in Singapore – thanks in large to Faridah Mohin, concierge, plus, the endless bery of slim Asian hossesses in long silk floor lengths gowns slit to the hip did not detract from the pleasure.

My keynote went well. All the books I could carry sold out in a flash

What a grand trip and now friendships thrucut "all Asia"! October trip to Estonia comes later. First, we made a movie...

Our Waymish books are doing fine but --- what next to train dramatization of a clownish customer service gay and an angry customer. Had son Chris gather his pro film crew with Michael Cardone on camera and filmed one long day until bleary eyed 1 an, and did the Hollywood act and yelled "It's a Wrap!" (You have to

Our Waymish Ambassadors, the 25 compani who bought the most Wnymish books, are reviewing the Bananas video, making comments. With this caliber of advice, we approach – because these videos will be purposely "6 minutes short" – targeted to the service staff working "on the floor", the one who never get invited to the biz sales meetings

We'll have this first segment of a training series reads this Spring Oh, and Rich...he's busy touring the countryside stirring up apathy Wonderful New Yorker description of Thornton Wilder's 1938 "Our Town" revival. "Paul Newman projects half a century expertise and good will. God should look like Newman lear strong-chinned, white-haired and authoritative in a calm and unassuming way." (Or without hair, Sean Connery?)

Julian is 2 1/ 2. Precocious, yes. Burst into the wited, took one look he shouldn't have. neumorum unuvited, took one book he shouldn't have, runshed back out into the living room and announced loudly, "Narna has an Owies!" His mother automatically asked, "Where?" "By her penis." Now at attention, mother scolds, "Narna doesn't have a penis." He steps back, flings his arms wide, palms up, shakes his 2 1/2 year head from side to side and says sadly, "What has happened to us?"

Trips _____ Picked up a very nifty habit: short impulsive mini vacation trips – 2-3 days - Santa Barbara, La Jolla and between Christmas and New Years, a climnery, slidy, snow blirzard trin north to June Lake with Lynn Rogers, whose friends Roger and Gayle hosted and

rental agency (small town trust). Roger and I ventured forth with flashlight focused on hand drawn directions. We found a house

We both started up the outside stairs when a shocked woman in a housecoat cried out, "What are you doing it my house?" Uh oh. Well, we found the right house a few minutes later. So, I'm putting Roger in for an Explorer scotting budge – and do plan to visit him this annier. Great prace:

My mother taught me RELIGION You better pray that will come out of the carnet. My mother taught me TIME TRAVEL

If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into next week.

My mother taught me LOGIC Because I said so, that's why! My mother taught me CONTORTIONISM
Will you look at the dirt on the back of your neck? My mother taught me MEDICAL SCIENCE Stop crossing your eyes. They're going to freeze that way.

My mother taught me ILISTICE One day you'll have kids and I hope to God they turn out just like First of all, I'm impatient. Secondly, angry at being inept. Third, I invariably resort to the slash and attack technique. With a ball point pen I viciously punch holes in bags of peanuts on airplane stab thru the cellophane mustard and catsup packages in restaurants. A diamond cutter I wouldn't make. An assassin at a

Speaking of "openings"

In October, when Chris and I were doing customer service seminars for the Reval Hotel

in Latvia, the Park Ridzene Hotel restaura piano player in the evening to "entertain" the diners. The only every song at exactly the same jazzed up rhythm with little regard for the feeling for the original tune. When he segued over o "Laura" (originally a slow, smoky tempo) there was that same some slow deep harmonic chords and say to him softly, "See" This is how that song should be played." But if you don't the talent, you sit and suffer. Know the feeling?

Don't you love it? The boring automated message purp. "Please you ANSWER ME?" Garbage, II have just done a survey of some very successful companies who use Live Op Wanna read Why and How much good

As Director of Development at UCFS Cancer Center, daughter

magnificant job of it. It's so thrilling to think your "kid" is the

Stone (Lisa says she is grrreat), Robin Williams (a most

generous guy), celebrities, on and on.

isa has a huge job of raising millions of dollars and is doing a

will, improved business and profit they make by having live operators talking to their sustgeners? (e-milt m-) were walking to town.

I am very good at making busy minuscule changes. I shift sheaf of paper from one pile to another, re-stack "this on that", shuffle (an expert shuffler, L) The question is: What was the Net the mental determination. No. no. The Net, man, the Net. Resolution: Must try to move Upwa in major things this year.

entered family lore.

I'm waiting for a restaurant to post a large sign at the entrance saying: CAPS OFF OR YOU DON'T

Jim Murray once cracked: " When I see guys with their caps on

invite your comments. Our address is ATB@NPR.com. And please...tell us where you are from, your name and how to

How come some much is made about erasing all the spray paint

and gang graffiti and here comes the Gas Company, the Electric utility, the Phone companies, Water & Power, all smearing my sidewalks and streets with yellow, blue and white symbols and

"There are two kinds of people," my Boston partner Joe forget what that signified. I'll have to ask him next time we talk.

My problem is I use Both – and still don't get everything done! Plus the new Palm Pilot, thanks Horst.

When we lived in Framingham Mass, in the 60's, it was about a winding mile to the village and since we all knew each other in the rural neighborhood, we would pick people up who

One chilly Christmas season when daughter Lisa was small with Lisa." She did. We rode the few minutes in total silence "I get out here", announced the little girl. When the door slammed, I turned to Lisa and said, "How come you didn't wish ber a Merry Christmas?" Lisa put her mittens over her mouth and said, "I thought she maybe might be one of the Hannuka people

We had an white XK Jaguar convertible then and Chris and Lisa were so small we three could fit in the 2 seater cockpit. So one snowy cold Saturday morning with the top down, the heater on full blast, mittens, scarves and knit hats, we set off on a local brightly, "We're goin' to the beach!" And another episode

Ghosts

Do I think of Betty? Oh yes. Sometimes at night when I sit on the edge of the bed taking off my shoes I hear her. "Did you have a good day, dear?"

good day, dear?" fep. Got a lot done. Feel good about it." Then as I undress, wisps of memories go floating by. I grunt at something she would have enjoyed. Smile at some nonsense I used to ease her with – a joke, a story. Or something plain silly. Then it's gone and with a deep sigh I'm back to Now.

My solution when faced with a serious problem? Take a long hot shower. And stand in there a long time.

Once upon a time, I wrote forever friend

It was over 20 some years any but I can recall his renly in too." Succinct fellow, George.

Long time pal-correspondent Stew Leonard of CT-NY food fame sends me his full-of-news store magazine each month. I peru scan, skip and sometimes find a gem like this: When interviewed, his chief financial officer was asked "What's your favorite quote?" The hilarious answer was, "Wine for my men we ride tonight?" — but he quickly added, "Unfortunately Γ'ν never had a chance to use it." [How tragic.]

For applause, the record might be the 101



On the jazz side, when legendary Charley "Yard Bird" Parker's saxophone was auctioned in London, October 1944, "somebody" paid \$144.500 for it. [Honk if you love jazz....]

Competition for dumb signs: (On repair shop door) "We can fix anything. Please knock hard on door – the bell doesn't work." (In a London office): "Toilet out of order; use floor below." (In all your clothes when the light goes out." (Now?)

approach and regardless of age, sex or gender, invariably greet you with..."How are you guys today? What'll you have?" Most Main.—How are you gays once it was in you have a control of silver haired matrons out for a tea and crumpet. Matters not. They are "guys." Whatever happened to "Sir" and "Ma'm"? Vaporized — like ties and jackets for dinner or the theater. The answer? Get used to it. told Ralph Grippo, GM at our Pasadena Ritz

fou've been called this name. It doesn't matter if you are 17, 57

or a graying 77, your young server in any restaurant today will

Carleton, every waiter hired by any restaurant

Carleton, every water hared by any resistants of should be sent to the Ritz as a guest for one diamer, paid for by the resistants thiring him or her. That way, the novice can "see how it's really done" – Ritz style. Maybe that would solw down sulver being toused on a table, waiters interrupting guests in the middle of a conversation, and create better phrases than "Have y a made up your midd yet?" Maybe.

Les Hill was a crumber. He would use his forefinger constantly as he was talking to spear a crumb or flake of sugar and zap it off the table with a quick flick. I'm sure it wasn't fully conscious because he would go right on quietly talking in his low key story telling

I am an addicted Wiper. With paper or linen rapkin, no water can survive; the ring under a glass immediately disappears as the waiter leaves; a dollop of decade overflow on the sancer is doomoth, the doplets from a dinking straw—and the sugar specks from those paper packets, gone. Ternible habits at thele, aren't they'/what's yours?

Analyze This!

I love DNive and Billy Crystal and have seen both their mobister-needing-poychiatry flicks. Fire fetched but future, Bits why all the reguested and reposed "F world." "Witt or good and repeated and reposed "F world." "Witt or good for for you. I don't, go to the movies to see "reality". It go for for you. I don't, go to the movies to see "reality". It go for centraliments and enzyments. It here some national protest we can all join to scare the hell out of movie producers by boycotting "F pictures? Tell me. In in it!

Computer Delete
Oh, it's no effort with one flick of a finger to erase
some fuzzy who-is-it entry that has crept into your
database. But when the name of your wife appears as
you are randomly synchronizing some old databases
and she died two years ago., than's different. Then,
reaching for that Delete key becomes an exaggerated, show motion

painful journey through time and space unbelievably compressed with a clash of mixed up memories, a last nanosecond of flection/sorrow, and then a long silence in your heart. Gone. But only from the database.

The California Boar & Rible (limited to 12 local members although personnel changes depend on who's out of jail), held its regular annual irregular Christmas luncheon at JLo's newish Pasadena restaurant, (Jennifer Lopez for the unhip.) The result as in the former 2 years, was a total disagreement on president, rules, regulations and even what religion to follow. After a boisterous, boozy Celebration -- which included the management's recommendation we obtain a new locale for the members is NOT available.

rancis Bergen of England is a coiner of delicious witticisms in his rear view mirror: "That chap behind us is cursing me and -

October pointed us in the

Singapore - Estonia and Latvia by invitation of Karl Otto Skorland. Son Chris. ever 4 hour rest ston in the Conenhagen airport in small, cleaubicles the Swedish call "sleep cabins," Nifty, Shower, Toile

This is a story of staying touch, Karl Otto and I had our firs ncounter 10 or 15 years ago in the SAS Copenhagen Hote There was a service problem (in my opinion) so I "marched on Karl who was General Manager. We argued amiably, sat and years later as Karl has risen to Chairman of the Reval Hote chain in the Baltics. Chris and I are regally housed in the 5 star did know how to make themselves comfortable

For this week-lone Guest Service assignment I created a program called "Sequence of Service" for the hotel with 3 segments: "Front of the house", (all those staff you meet from arrival to departure), a separate session for Management and a

A final compliment from the Chairman, Karl Otto: "Dear Ray Pleasure working with you again. Feedback from the key player was all positive. Great to see you on stage beaming with th same energy as I remember. Thank you for doing a great job for Reval." That could make your day.

On the way home from Rigo Chris and I laid over in Amsterdam, our second home in Europe, met with ancient and horner in Europe, met with ancient and booneable Mostreux running mate Pieter ven den Busken. Had a lovely morning journey of Holland's green meadows, winding canals, cows, a hot chocolate ston and a vigile to Disastre

stop and a visit to Pieter's project - a
400 year old cometery for Portuguese-Jewish sailors Margaret Foster who came over from Brussels for the weekend One last "ouvs" night out with just Frits (Von Dorst) and me reviving lots of fond memories, raucous stories and the usual lies, sex and videotape. And I lost my camera. Damn.

Ex-ambassador, mega-publisher, extraordinary philanthropis

Walter Annenberg died October 2nd. I had met him 60 years ago when he owned the Phila Inquirer newspaper (before he published TV Guide). I was an army military policeman and h vas a volunteer waiter in the Stage Door Canteen. As sur sly humor, every note or letter I ever sent him! What emarkable organizational talent for a person president prominent and engaged in billions of dollars of charitable and educational funding as he was. I shall miss those perfectly typed, hand signed one page gems from the Great Man.

You know you are in a redneck church when. The finance committee refuses to pay for a new chandelier

knows how to play one." • The choir is known as the OK Chorale

 The people think 'rapture' is what you get when you lift something too heavy

The collection plates are really hub caps from a '56 Chevie. Amen, brothers - and balleluvah!

I have always felt (and preached to sales audiences) that every good sales person leaves some mark so the prospect-custom ot of people have pooh poohed this idea saying, "What if you're never coming back? Or "Who cares what the other person thinks?

Well and you'd be amazed how often you do no back or how it wonders when you need a better place in line, a preferred table, extra service, aisle seat, upgraded car, instant reservation, a

Do you carry business cards? (And if you don't why don't you?) Why are you hoarding them? Give them out! Shake a hand. Tell a joke. Have some fun. Don't take yourself too serious, as Gil Hamblet says. Recognition gets you "seats up front", every time. Most impressive, 30 seconds to scribble a Thank You. People never forget getting a written Thank You.

> The quietest put down Lever got. I was late for an appointment with Ted Barry at the California Club. I walked in slightly breathless. He smiled a charming smile, put out his hand, welcomed me and said calmly, "Take it easy. I'm sure your other

> The horrific article in the New Yorker about Sierra Leona in Africa where the RUF scourged the population with machetes and chopped the hands and arms off thousands of helpless children, meaning above or below the elbow. My god, how do human

> > Moving on please ---

If Barbie were life size, her measurements would be 39-23-33 and stand 7 feet, 2 inches tall. (This model is not available.)

If Webster wrote the first dictionary, where did he get the words? The average American spends six months at red lights. (That's

We all pride ourselves on making those judgments. Sometimes you wonder "Who is that person?" The man I saw was medium height, thick black hair, handsome by a woman's viewpoint It would guess. His brow was slightly wrinkled as though in thought and in this spacious medical building he was constantly moving. floor to floor, in and out offices, waving greetings, carrying large number of files, "Important person". I decided So I solved the "No," she said, "He's the mail boy." So much for my CIA

I wouldn't believe him if his tongue were

"Am I too late for the garbage?" Driver: "No,

Shopping tip: You can get shoes for 85 cents in any bowling

Bob Ayrer goes into Best Buy for expensive audio speakers. Sees sample display of exactly what he wants. "I'll take 2 of those." "We don't have any", is the abrupt announcement. Bob, who tends to be a mite and rightly sarcastic, says, "Do you have an other merchandise you don't earry you don't want to sell me? The unconcerned retort was: "No. This is it." Oi.

the-box thinker Bill Veeck (rhymes with "wreck"), once sent away for a mail order toy. It arrived unass fumbling after a long Christmas Eve night of attempting assemblage, Bill wrote a check, tore it into tiny pieces and mailed it back: "I put your toy together. You put my check together." [Yes, you have permission to do this any time you

I have this irresistible urge to take Kleenex or crunched up paper towels and make basketball tosses into wastebaskets. No matter shoot - around a corner, off the wall or a long looper. If you do

Ran out of stationery. Called regular printer. Usual contact was on maternal leave. "When can I have it, please?" Thursday. Thursday: "Ready?" "No, tomorrow." "Today?" "No, next week." Third day of calling: Clerk says lazily, "Yeah, it's read
"Then why didn't someone call me?" "Well, you know no (Oh that's sweet...) "OK, I'm on my way over to pick it up." It not ready when I arrive. She says, "I'll get it when I finish entering this new order," Should I keep doing business with

Some of it is senseless. In Business Class on the plane to Amsterdam, the knives are plastic. But the forks – you know those silvery metal things with the three sharp points sticking up? - there they are right on the same serving tray. Saints preserve us.

Are you sexually active?

O: What is the date of your birth?

A: Every year. Q: What gear were you in at the moment of the collision?

O: Were you present when your picture was taken?

Q: So the date of conception (of the baby) was August 8th? O: What were you doing at the time?

Q: Do you know if your daughter was ever involved in voodoo? : We both do.

A: Yes, voodoo. (Who's on first?)

Bobby Shew is one of the pre-eminent

Bobby Shew is one of the pre-communication of the planet.

After Conti Condoli died, at Joe Rothman's Newport Jazz Weckend. glided beautifully up and over that tender soulful melody. As he ame off the bandstand I felt compelled to compliment him That was beautiful," I said. He said, "Whatcha expect

In a telephone discussion with Alice Ginott Cohn (concerning parent-child relationships, her forthcoming book)

'It takes a great deal of wisdom to realize all feelings are Think about that the next time you disagree.

2: What do bulletproof vests, fire escapes, windshield wipers A: All were invented by women.

nent: San Francisco cable cars are the only (How about Elvis?)

Q: What is the activity performed by 40% of A: Snoop in your medicine cabinet.

Speaking of "activity"
Imagine yourself now, standing at the net in
the middle of the Wimbeldon tennis court at
the pitch point of a furious final match
between Aggasi and Sampras. Could you survive the atomic whoosh of the forehands and the whiplash whack of the backhand

Well, that's what it was like for an entire weekend of 5 way conversational combat of high speed, internative, hysterical laughter and non-stop story telling with Betsy and Sandy Sanders in their Sutter Creek hacienda along with Ben Gay and Gigi! (I'm resting up for a rematch. Wow.)

Jake Walsh (John Damien Walsh) and I met in a closet at a party in suburban Boston (before either of us was married.) He had the girl. I was the startled interrupter. Jake and I started storminapartment. We got jobs. Got respectable, sort of. He sold insurance. Omnivorous reader. Would argue either side of anything, any time. Analyzed stuff other people don't even think about. He was Chris's godfather. 50 years is a long time to be

She, Jake and I went back to Harvard bachelor days when she had 4 girl room mates on Commonwealth Ave. Joy! We were all entangled with each other – but stayed good friends after we all got married. Ellison talked like a stevedore. She and Betty were close close. I often thought she Said what Betty Thought, When Ellison died, I got back with her daughter Shellie, who's my god daughter and she gonna git married this Spring!

Life is a constant rolling Indiana Jones adventure - drop the change the world; indeed, it's the only thing that ever has.

baggage of vesterday and go with it!

On The Personal Side. You are not to read this...unless your name is in it.

knew you were going to ask about Isabel - and of course we now have Aislynn Shaffer, courtesy of last year's wedding equisition of father Wayne Shaffer, now husband of Lisa Considine, mother of Isabel Claire Cohen (Considine)

.k.a. Iz. Everybody has different names. So-get name tags! Iz is in high school. Yeah, you thought she was a little kid. Not any more. On Christmas Day at the Oakland airport arrival. seard a voice say quietly, "Hi Pop Pop". I turned to see a tall, up-to-my-shoulder, taller than her Mother, erect handsome 14 year old young lady. Competitive enough to have straight A's nd now Honors in Spanish, English and Math. And my pal.

Aislynn, naturally shortened to "As", a beautiful Irish name for a blonde blue eved artistic, musically talented young lady, and tress. Equally sharp in school and siamese-close to Isabel as discovered to my dismay when these two rascals drew me into daying word games familiar to them over the holidays, outhing on the floor and beating my butt by teaming up with ly signals and quick practiced wit.

ore: One night Lisa opened their door and saw them watching he explicit Sex and the City. Slightly jolted but realistic, Lisa isked that age old Mother's question: "What may I say i ppening?" One looked over her shoulder and casually said, Getting educated," [Question: Better here than in school

When your son takes charge of all travel for a European semina trin, is enjoyable adult company arranges special privileges ness class, upgrades, transportation, lifts the heavy stuff, tharms your sponsors, provides sparkling conversation, take perior photographs and becomes the self appointed and helpful critic-commentator for your 4 and 5 hour long seminar every day, you have a winner. (Thank you Cathi for sparing your guy. He was terrific.)

P.S. It's a shame you weren't there - or that you can't see Chris's tunning photographs of the ancient towers, architecture, rainy one streets of those 800 year old cities of Riga and fallinn. Plus, he has now added travel commentary. (Later or on may get those by e-mail: realalta@ix.netcom.com) A photo urnalist in the making.

And (yawn), Lisa, in addition to The Job of fund raising, is tap lancing, drumming, practicing yoga, shopping, chauffeuring, coach wife mentor nal housekeeper and hig Momma. Just a

Phone rang in my Arcadia house one night. I answer. Iz: "Hi Pop Pop. It's me. Just wanted to check in. Can't talk too long. Mom's flying from Baltimore from some big committee she's on r something and we have to go meet her. So I'll call you later and we can talk in depth. Bye," What is "in depth", some

other language? Vayne (Shaffer), Big Daddy, in addition to being a sculptor and sabel Cohen (Considine) is in his class. They are trying to act 'objectively" like he's the teacher and she is "a" student. How ong do you thing they can get away with that? Letcha know the

outcome later These are "extra pieces" I wrote after Betty died but didn't put n the Jackdaw last year. Just didn't want to lose them.

Afterwards there are inevitable little sadnesses. Seeing an extra sair of Betty's tiny reading glasses when you open a desk lrawer. That will undo you for the moment. Department store redit cards stacked in her desk. Neatly indexed check folders I'm never been that organized. She was - totally. Coats in a hall osed. Handbags. So you walk around a lot of stuff. Avoid it. You can't throw out a lifetime in one Saturday morning.

Clothes. Clothes are hard. She had marvelous taste and loved ood expensive things. I finally recruited her dear friend Debbie clear the closets - and that was months later. Jewelry, fume. Shoes. Personal things you want someone "worthy" to have but eventually it's all gotta go. And still, there are nooks read books on shelves. Christmas card boxes saved for some uture year, and a hoard of those labels that come in the fund raising mail non-ston with her name on them

And lots of Isabel nictures - in sequence. The chubby haby 5 year old in a cowboy hat; then the growing up; the coy phase; now tall, straight, sprouting long legged into her high school; the soccer team photos by Chris in her #52 yellow uniform. And finally the posed commercial photo of Lisa and Isabel holding the Market Hall shopping bag, which appeared on San Francisco's BART train platforms! Lotta life is safe-deposited in those drawers and neatly stocked on those closet shelves.

January 2003

Lotta memories that are forever.

You have a list of 15 phone numbers to

Your grandmother wants a JPEG of your

You pull into your driveway and use you

ou try to enter your password on the key pad of the You get an extra phone line just so you can get phone calls You wake up at 2 a.m. to go to the bathroom but check your e-mail on the way back to bed.

even in the middle of the night.

and then have Call Waiting so we won't miss a call from

someone we didn't want to talk to in the first place But...It would be great to hear from you.

Special thanks to Mary Wilson for the cover concept

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