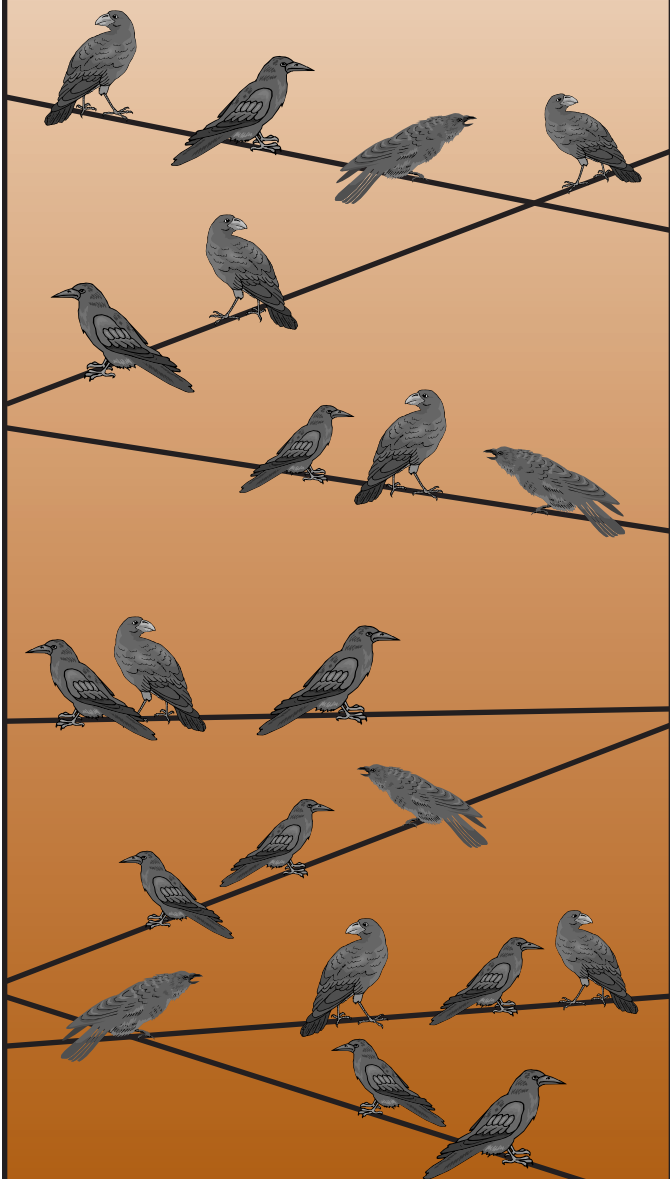


JACKDAW 2003



Friends, Romans and fellow Bosnians....

The usual plan for the Jackdaw is an annual early January release. (Don't you laugh and hurt my feelings, Murray).

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 list. So this is a valiant try to get back on a schedule.

Necessary preamble:

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 collection of attempted wit, stolen wisdoms and personal observations and the scavenging, thieving, filching jackdaw blackbird which builds its nest with all manner of bright, shiny, pilfered objects. Thank you once again, RB.

First, a prime wish:

After checking my Blue Cross bills and the number of good people no longer with us tells me to tell you Continuing Good Health is ultimately the most important wish I can send for you, your family and favorite friends...and may that blessing stretch far beyond this New Year. Amen.



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 department store: "Let me shop and nobody gets hurt!"

Or, as Ellsworth's Jewish seat mate on a flight to Miami said to a Chinese vendor, "Your culture may be 5200 years old but ours is 5700 - and we did that for 500 years without Chinese food!"

Personal.

- In answer to inquiries...I am not retiring. No intention to. My situation was delightfully described by daughter Lisa in an e-mail to her friend Meg Goodman: "He's 81. Works 5 or 6 days a week. Loves to help people with projects. Call him."

- Resolved: Gonna keep on doin' what I'm doin'. Feel great. Blood pressure was 140/80, but I was excited that day. Walk 5 mornings a week. Nicest thing Steve Durham said this year was that I'd put the Energizer Bunny to shame.



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 Los Angeles.

Am still potsing around with writing a mini jazz book on my 50 years of listening to and being “at” what sometimes turned out to be extraordinary jazz events – like “discovering” George Shearing 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 a lady named Aennechen (who was very old, 27), I learned to dance at the Savoy Ballroom at 125th and Lenox Ave in Harlem (and yes, Jayanta, you do “Take the A Train” to get there.) Cool.

Habit changes: writing more. Telephoning more people on impulse no matter where they are and “just catching up.” (What’s money for?) Feeling great but realizing life is not forever. Carpe Diem and all that... Not hurrying as much – except when I’m really in a hurry.

PS. I just got skylights put in my condo. The people who live above me are furious!

Highlights 2002 - Spring

– Funny and rewarding trip in May (thanks to Alan Rosenspan) to speak at New England Direct Mktg Ass’n in Boston. My part went well but the kick was listening to Matt Brown slaughter the crowd with his stories and Mad Magazine art styled cartoons.

– Matt does ads for Building 19, a network of 14, now 15 wild and crazy cheap-cheap warehouse outlets, each crammed with outlandish merchandise like “sticks for 99 cents” (“What do you care what to do with sticks? They’re only 99 cents” and sold a bunch of them – then had a contest: “What did you do with the sticks?” Answers: “propped up a window”, “tied up my tomato plants”, “fought a duel”... You get the idea. Bldg 19 is nuts – and 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? “We’re launching a Waymish program on Tuesday morning.”

“Okay – here’s how you should start—“

“Why don’t you do it?”

“What?”

“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 leaving for Boston tonight, tomorrow——“

So there were. I flew. Mat Brown drew me Waymish cartoons in Bldg 19 style. We did the meeting. Great fun. Had a grand dinner 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 —

More good stuff



– Like the wonderful September trip to Singapore. Lush. Luxurious. Lovely. Successful. With DMA Asia President Lisa Watson’s e-mail invitation “in hand”, plus power point and a stash of WAYMISH and Robbery books, I delivered the opening keynote for the All Asia direct mail conference. Theme, aptly enough: “The Great Brain Robbery.”

– I must say, over my speaking/traveling/seminar years, I’ve checked into more than a few hotels. Never experienced such total, gracious service as the Marina Mandarin in Singapore – thanks in large to Faridah Mohin, concierge, plus, the endless bevy of slim Asian hostesses 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 and had great continuing conversations with new friends – Missy Devlin and Shane Weaver of Ogilvy Worldwide, (Shane, now in Hong Kong) ; Holly Rowland of Singapore and England; Ramseh Shrestha from Thailand, Lirio Sandoval, Phillipines;+ Lawrie Reardon, Chris Day and Robby Edwards of Australia, Shamuga Retnam, my initial “connector” for the meeting; Jayanta Sengupta from Mumbai, India; Charles Arthur from England, and my most gracious bar b q host and conversational competitor, Jos Birken from (take your pick) Netherlands, Korea or Singapore.

What a grand trip and now friendships thruout “all Asia”!

October trip to Estonia comes later. First, we made a movie....



Rich Johnson will do anything...

He’ll do lunch. Go to a lecture by Michael Crichton. Partner up with a madcap sales training idea. And like the old Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland line, was quick to agree. “Let’s put on a show!”

Our Waymish books are doing fine but — what next to train employees in Customer Service? So we wrote a script called “Where are the Bananas?” along John Cleese lines – over the top dramatization of a clownish customer service guy 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 a.m. and did the Hollywood act and yelled “It’s a Wrap!” (You have to do that.)



Our Waymish Ambassadors, the 25 companies who bought the most Waymish books, are reviewing the Bananas video, making comments. With this caliber of advice, we should have an excellent and different training approach – because these videos will be purposely “6 minutes short” – targeted to the service staff working “on the floor”, the ones who never get invited to the big sales meetings.

We’ll have this first segment of a training series ready this Spring.

Oh, and Rich...he’s busy touring the countryside stirring up apathy.

I'm terrible at opening things.

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 airplanes, stab thru the cellophane mustard and catsup packages in restaurants. A diamond cutter I wouldn't make. An assassin at a writers convention, maybe.



Speaking of "openings"

In October, when Chris and I were doing customer service seminars for the Reval Hotel in Latvia, the Park Ridzene Hotel restaurant had a tuxedoed local piano player in the evening to "entertain" the diners. The only problem for me, as an avid music fan, was that this man played every song at exactly the same jazzed up rhythm with little regard for the feeling for the original tune. When he segued over to "Laura" (originally a slow, smoky tempo) there was that same striding rag time beat. Oh how I silently wished I had the talent of Ted Cohn to nudge him to one side of the piano bench, strike 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?

Hold the phone

Don't you love it? The boring automated message purrs, "Please hold. Your call is very important to us." Really? Then why don't you ANSWER ME?" Garbage. [I have just done a survey of some very successful companies who use Live Operators. Wanna read Why and How much good will, improved business and profit they make by having live operators talking to their customers? (e mail me.)



Majoring in minor things

I am very good at making busy, minuscule changes. I shift sheafs of paper from one pile to another, re-stack "this on that", shuffle (an expert shuffler, I.) The question is: What was the Net Productivity of that effort? Not the amount of Time spent. Not the mental determination. No, no. The Net, man, the Net. Resolution: Must try to move Upward in the manner of majoring in major things this year.

Insert: Pride

As Director of Development at UCFS Cancer Center, daughter Lisa has a huge job of raising millions of dollars and is doing a magnificent job of it. It's so thrilling to think your "kid" is the key executive of an operation as crucial and important as that, with staff, organizing fund raising events partnering with Sharon Stone (Lisa says she is grreat), Robin Williams (a most generous guy), celebrities, on and on.

Patience

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



Multiple Pulitzer Prize-winning sports writer Jim Murray once cracked: "When I see guys with their caps on backwards, I figure their brains go in the same direction."

NPR

The lady announceress at the end of a radio segment says, "We invite your comments. Our address is ATB@NPR.com. And please...tell us where you are from, your name and how to PERNOUNCE it."

I thought that was nice.

Graffiti

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 signs?

Which?

"There are two kinds of people," my Boston partner Joe Gallagher used to say, "Little pad people and big pad people." I 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.

Almost forgotten stories

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 were walking to town.



One chilly Christmas season when daughter Lisa was small, I stopped for a small neighbor girl walking and said, "We're the Considines from Knight Road. If you want a ride, hop in back 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 her a Merry Christmas?" Lisa put her mittens over her mouth and said, "I thought she maybe might be one of the Hannuka people."

Sports

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 errand. At the town stoplight, a horrified sedan driver rolled down his window and shouted over to me, "What are you doing to those children?" Lisa perked up, smiled at him and said brightly, "We're goin' to the beach!" And another episode entered family lore.

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?”

“Yep. 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 tease her with – a joke, a story. Or something plain silly. Then it’s gone and with a deep sigh I’m back to Now.

The bathroom

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 George Goodwin of Atlanta a note saying, “I get most of my good ideas in the shower. What about you?”

It was over 20 some years ago but I can recall his reply in entirety: “Dear Ray. I occasionally think of you in the bathroom, too.” Succinct fellow, George.

Funny clip

Long time pal-correspondent Stew Leonard of CT-NY food fame sends me his full-of-news store magazine each month. I peruse, 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 I’ve never had a chance to use it.” [How tragic.]

Records

For applause, the record might be the 101 curtain calls for Placido Domingo, lasting one hour and twenty minutes in July 1991 after he performed Otello.



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....]



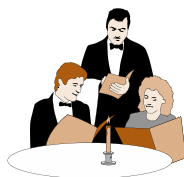
Competition for dumb signs: (On repair shop door) “We can fix anything. Please knock hard on door – the bell doesn’t work.” (In a London office): “Toilet out of order; use floor below.” (In a Laundromat): “Automatic washing machines. Please remove all your clothes when the light goes out.” (Now?)

No respect.

You'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 approach and regardless of age, sex or gender, invariably greet you with..."How are you guys today? What'll you have?" Most laughable is when the greeted party is a coterie 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.

How it's done

I told Ralph Grippo, GM at our Pasadena Ritz Carleton, every waiter hired by any restaurant should be sent to the Ritz as a guest for one dinner, paid for by the restaurant hiring him or her. That way, the novice can "see how it's really done" – Ritz style. Maybe that would slow down silver being tossed on a table, waiters interrupting guests in the middle of a conversation, and create better phrases than "Have ya made up your mind yet?" Maybe.



Habits

Les Hill was a crumb. 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 style. God bless him.



I am an addicted Wiper. With paper or linen napkin, no water can survive; the ring under a glass immediately disappears as the waiter leaves; a dollop of decafe overflow on the saucer is doomed; the droplets from a drinking straw – and the sugar specks from those paper packets, gone. Terrible habits at table, aren't they? What's yours?

Analyze This!

I love DiNiro and Billy Crystal and have seen both their mobster-needing-psychiatry flicks. Far fetched but funny. But why all the repeated and repeated and repeated "F" words? "Well", one LA movie guy told me, "That's reality." Well Mogul-head, I got news for you: I don't go to the movies to see "reality", I go for entertainment and enjoyment. Is there some national protest we can all join to scare the hell out of movie producers by boycotting "F" pictures? Tell me. I'm in!

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...that's different. Then, reaching for that Delete key becomes an exaggerated, slow motion painful journey through time and space unbelievably compressed with a clash of mixed up memories, a last nanosecond of hesitation/reflection/sorrow...and then a long silence in your heart. Gone. But only from the database.



Rowdy

The California Beer & Bible (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 next frolic, we adjourned with fancy new membership cards, thanks to the ingenuity of Grand PooBah Rich Johnson. A list of members is NOT available.

Francis Bergen of England is a coiner of delicious witticisms reminiscent of the Oscar Wilde style. A recent one while looking in his rear view mirror: "That chap behind us is cursing me and I do believe utilizing marvelously chosen words about my family and ancestry."



Back to travel

October pointed us in the opposite direction from Singapore – Estonia and Latvia by invitation of Karl Otto Skogland. Son Chris, ever ready to travel, packed his cameras and he and I were off on a long 24 hour flight to Riga, capital of Latvia. Plus an intriguing 4 hour rest stop in the Copenhagen airport in small, clean cubicles the Swedish call "sleep cabins." Nifty. Shower. Toilet. Towels. Razors, toothpaste, toothbrushes and a wake up call for about \$6 an hour. Well worth it to break up a 24 hour trek!

This is a story of staying touch. Karl Otto and I had our first encounter 10 or 15 years ago in the SAS Copenhagen Hotel. There was a service problem (in my opinion) so I "marched on" Karl who was General Manager. We argued amiably, sat and began talking "service ideas", became friends. Later, Karl had me over to do seminars for SAS management and here we are, years later as Karl has risen to Chairman of the Reval Hotel chain in the Baltics. Chris and I are regally housed in the 5 star Park Ridzene Hotel, formerly headquarters for the KBG – they did know how to make themselves comfortable!

For this week-long 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 special all Sales session.

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

Dutch Treat

On the way home from Riga, Chris and I laid over in Amsterdam, our second home in Europe, met with ancient and honorable Montreux running mate Pieter ven den Busken. Had a lovely morning journey of Holland's green meadows, winding canals, cows, a hot chocolate stop and a visit to Pieter's project – a 400 year old cemetery for Portuguese-Jewish sailors. Fascinating. Plus the surprising and delightful arrival of Margaret Foster who came over from Brussels for the weekend. One last “guys” 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.



Rotten News

Ex-ambassador, mega-publisher, extraordinary philanthropist 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 he was a volunteer waiter in the Stage Door Canteen. As super elevated as he was, over the years he ‘bothered’ to answer, with sly humor, every note or letter I ever sent him! What a remarkable organizational talent for a person presidentially 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.



Happier gleanings

You know you are in a redneck church when...

- The finance committee refuses to pay for a new chandelier because “none of our members 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 halleluyah!



“Leaving your thumbprint”



I have always felt (and preached to sales audiences) that every good sales person leaves some mark so the prospect-customer-owner-waiter-vendor remembers him/her. A lot of people have pooh poohed this idea saying, “What if you’re never coming back?” Or “Who cares what the other person thinks?”

Well, pal, you'd be amazed how often you do go back, or how it works wonders when you need a better place in line, a preferred table, extra service, aisle seat, upgraded car, instant reservation, a favor....

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.



I'll never forget...

The quietest put down I ever 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 appointment must have been much more important." Ouch! Ow! I still remember that one.



I wish I could forget..

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, women and men with the barked choice: "Long or short sleeve?" – meaning above or below the elbow. My god, how do human beings descend to that depth of cruelty?



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 why they invented CD players.)



Judge of Character

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 I 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 asked the nurse, "Is that man head of ocular examinations or something?" "No," she said, "He's the mail boy." So much for my CIA identification career.

Leona Helmsley on Donald Trump:

“I wouldn’t believe him if his tongue were notarized.”

Housewife runs after the garbage truck yelling “Am I too late for the garbage?” Driver: “No, jump in.”



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



The state of Salesmanship

Bob Ayer 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 any other merchandise you don’t carry you don’t want to sell me?” The unconcerned retort was: “No. This is it.” Oi.

Getting even.

Fabled old time baseball manager, maverick and famed out-of-the-box thinker Bill Veeck (rhymes with “wreck”), once sent away for a mail order toy. It arrived unassembled. Frustrated and 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 wish.]

Trying out for the varsity

I have this irresistible urge to take Kleenex or crunched up paper towels and make basketball tosses into wastebaskets. No matter what the angle, I shoot. If I miss, I resume the exact position, re-shoot - around a corner, off the wall or a long looper. If you don’t know who Kobe Bryant is, you’ll never understand.

WAYMISH!

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 ready.” “Then why didn’t someone call me?” “Well, you know now.” (Oh that’s sweet...) “OK, I’m on my way over to pick it up.” It’s not ready when I arrive. She says, “I’ll get it when I finish entering this new order.” Should I keep doing business with these people?



Security in the air

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.



Quotes from the book , Disorder in the Court.

Q: Are you sexually active?

A: I just lie there.

Q: What is the date of your birth?

A: February 17th.

Q: What year?

A: Every year.

Q: What gear were you in at the moment of the collision?

A: Gucci sweater and Reboks.

Q: Were you present when your picture was taken?

Q: So the date of conception (of the baby) was August 8th?

A: Yes.

Q: What were you doing at the time?

Q: Do you know if your daughter was ever involved in voodoo?

A: We both do.

Q: Voodoo?

A: We do.

Q: You do?

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

Witnesses dismissed!



Confidence

Bobby Shew is one of the pre-eminent jazz trumpet players on the planet.

After Conti Condoli died, at Joe Rothman's Newport Jazz Weekend, Bobby and Alan Broadbent played a gorgeous piano-trumpet duo version of "Stardust" as a tribute to Conti.



Shew's trumpet just soared, glided beautifully up and over that tender soulful melody. As he came 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 legitimate."

Think about that the next time you disagree.



Attention, ladies!

Q: What do bulletproof vests, fire escapes, windshield wipers have in common?

A: All were invented by women.

Statement: San Francisco cable cars are the only National Monuments that move.

(How about Elvis?)

Q: What is the activity performed by 40% of party guests?

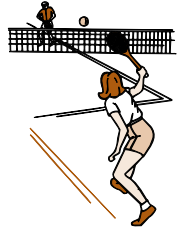
A: Snoop in your medicine cabinet.

(Get outta there!)



Speaking of “activity”

Imagine yourself now, standing at the net in the middle of the Wimbledon 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 cross court volleys?



Well, that’s what it was like for an entire weekend of 5 way conversational combat of high speed, interruptive, 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.)



Missing Persons

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 storming around Boston, partied, I got married, we stole some furniture from the Wellesley Country Club for my \$51.50 a month apartment. 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 “buds.”

And Ellison...

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 baggage of yesterday and go with it!

Never doubt that a small group of committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it’s the only thing that ever has.

You know you're living in 2003 when...

- You have a list of 15 phone numbers to reach your family of 3.
- Your grandmother wants a JPEG of your newborn to create a new screen saver.
- You pull into your driveway and use your cel to see if anybody's home
- You try to enter your password on the key pad of the microwave
- 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.



OR...

You could e mail us at raycon1@rayconsidine.com – anytime – even in the middle of the night.

Only in America...do we use answering machines to screen calls 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.

Ray Considine

Special thanks to Mary Wilson for the cover concept.

Ray Considine
Considine & Associates
Gateway Tower - 1125
Tel: 626 795 4282 • Fax: 626 795 5892
Toll Free 1-888-WAYMISH (929-6474)
Home: 626 294 0900
3452 E. Foothill Blvd. • Pasadena CA 91107
E-mail: raycon1@rayconsidine.com
[www: rayconsidine.com](http://www.rayconsidine.com)

*Printed by Ink Spots, Monrovia, CA 91016
Designed by Dani Chambless
© Copyright Ray Considine January 2003*