

Mangez bien chez Shay

To be service manager at the Forest, one should not have the haughty chilliness of a Manhattan maitre d'. It takes enthusiasm and warmth and these qualities are in ample supply in Shay Grimstead, who has spent most of her career in the business of feeding people and assuring that they are happy.

Her main problem, she said, is putting on weight. She tastes every dish that is served, starting at 11:30 a.m. in the café, and she is not timid about sending back one dish or another to bring it up to standards. She also eats lunch and dinner here. A number of dining-room regulars depend on her recommendations. "I'm extremely passionate about food," she said, "and I really like to meet and make friends with the people here."

Shay was born and raised in Houston, spent some years in New York and has been in North Carolina for eight years where she finds a mellow mixture of climates. She particularly appreciates the changes of season. She started working at 16, during high school, and juggled three jobs – accounting, work for a caterer, and at a TGIFriday restaurant. Early on she decided that the hospitality business was her favorite: "I wanted to be in food. My grandmother was a great cook and she let me work in the kitchen with her." Nothing pleases her more than the fact that her son, Cameron, is a "food freak" at five, helping her in the kitchen. "He already has the makings of a great chef."

She worked most recently as director of food and beverages at the Hilton in Morrisville. She finds this job easy compared to the demands of other food-related jobs, yet she is responsible for training the wait staff and generally overseeing the work of 108 people in the kitchen, the dining rooms (upstairs and down) and the café. Training young people to



Photo by Ed Albrecht

become waiters and waitresses takes the largest part of her time. She conducts thorough interviews, has the trainees spend time with the captains (for whom she has high praise) and spend at least ten days of training before they serve their first meal.

"I tell them 'This is not just a job; it's a stepping stone. You can start to build a career here.'"

Shay once owned her own catering company. She still likes to eat out: "I try to eat at each new restaurant. I enjoy sampling the food and knowing what's in it." She lives in Raleigh and tends to try restaurants near home.

One of Shay's great enthusiasms is her

(Continued on page 4)

The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

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President's Podium

February has been a celebratory month: first the Mardi Gras extravaganza with dancing, gaming tables and prizes; then celebrations of Valentine's Day; and finally the long awaited Medicare Commission approval. Congratulations and warm thanks to all who facilitated speedy approval of The Forest by Medicare with high scores across the board.

The RA Board is exploring ways to encourage greater participation in the woodshop. The goal is to encourage amateurs to participate at their own level of interest and competence just as Foresters use the arts and crafts studio. If you have suggestions about ways to involve more people in the woodshop please consider joining the woodshop committee. Contact Tynette Hills, who is in charge of Resident Services.

Another project of the RA Board is completing the update of the Confidant Book located in the RA corner of the mailroom. A resident may select a person from The Forest community to serve as his/her confidant. When such a resident is unable or unavailable to respond directly to inquiries, the appointed confidant may use discretion about providing information. We encourage residents to select a confidant, to provide guidance to that person about responses to be made on his or her behalf, and to record the relationship in the Confidant Book.

Flowering quince and pansies are adding color about the campus and days are lengthening. Soon it will be time for gardeners to stake out claims to garden plots for growing vegetables, flowers or whatever excites them. Enjoy the changing season.

In Memoriam

Keith Burkett

February 17, 2008

Bill Anderson

LOVE YOUR
LIBRARY

If you haven't been attending Residents' Readings in our library, you've been missing a series of treats. Sponsored by the Library Committee with Carol Oettinger in charge, each reader shares a favorite book or writer or related experiences, with audience responses. Each Tuesday at 4 p.m. we gather in all available chairs, augmented by the white folding ones Glenn Arrington faithfully puts in place. The setting is intimate and informal, and now amplification enhances our hearing.

When you check out books or AV materials, please remember to sign not only your name and unit number, but also the date, including the year. That's how we track usage and determine when items are no longer popular. Then when you return an item, just leave it on the front desk for processing and shelving. Don't take one out without signing its card. If the card is not in its pocket, please ask a library as-

sistant for help.

Note that we have a number of new CD's and DVD's for you to enjoy. Remember that the tapes and CD's go by title, but audio books, like other books, by author. Biographies are shelved by subject, not by author. (Look for a book about Washington in the W's.)

Please continue to bring in magazines to go to the hospitals (recent ones, unless the contents are not dated), and playing cards still in good condition are also welcomed. Older ones go to the recycle boxes.

Modern Library Classics in the classroom are well worth reading. Take a look!

Mary Ruth Miller

Mystery Photos by Mary Gates



From real estate to art



Headed for success in physics

From the Bookshelf

The Remains of the Day

By Kazuo Ishiguro

Kazuo Ishiguro, a Japanese author who grew up in England, has written a “beguiling comedy of manners that evolves almost magically into a profound and heart rending study of personality, class and culture.” So says the *New York Times* regarding *The Remains of the Day*.

The story revolves around Mr. Stevens, the perfect English butler. Mr. Stevens is so perfect that he never lets his hair down, nor does he ever stray from the role that Ishiguro has created for him. He is chillingly precise, almost robotic, as he devotes his life to the comfort of his master.

For thirty years Stevens has worked at Darlington Hall, which was once the estate of Lord Darlington, the much admired employer of the butler. However, a new owner has taken up residence: Mr. Farriday, an American, who is as laid back as Stevens is tightly strung. He has a sense of humor which the butler doesn’t understand — bantering, he calls it.

As Farriday plans to return to the United States for a few months he generously suggests that Stevens take a few days’ vacation and drive through the English countryside. “It has been my privilege to see the best of England over the years right through these walls, Sir,” is the butler’s reply. Finally, he does depart and during his journey he reminisces about his years of service to Lord Darlington. He also plans to visit Miss Kenton, a former housekeeper who worked at Darlington Hall before she married. We hold our breath: Is there some spark of feeling in this dutiful soul? He had received a letter from the lady and from her tone he was led to believe that her marriage had not worked out. Is it possible that some real emotion might be driving him on his mission?

The novel is written in the first person and rolls along on such an even keel that we are pulled up short when we realize the underlying intrigue be-

Mangez bien continued

daughter’s cheerleading. Kiara is almost nine and works out five days a week as a member of a prize-winning team that has won many competitions. Shay used to play basketball in school. She is glad to see her daughter do so well in athletics and also maintain a straight-A academic record. Shay looks forward to the National Cheerleading Competition in Myrtle Beach, S. C. “That will combine my love of beaches with the excitement of what my daughter is doing.”

Shay said, “I love my job here. It’s like a big, happy family.”

Mal Oettinger

The Remains of the Day continued

tween Lord Darlington and the Germans. How much does Stevens know? There is never any question that he could be disloyal to his employer or his employer’s friends. He just does his duty.

The Remains of the Day is so perfectly written and the character of Mr. Stevens is so humanly portrayed that one is left being pulled between sadness and anger — sadness for a life that missed so much of the beauty of living, and anger at a man who did not allow himself the pleasure of feelings.

If you haven’t read the book there is a movie that remains fairly close to the script. Anthony Hopkins is the perfect butler and Emma Thompson, Miss Kenton. Try it, you’ll like it!

Peggy Quinn

Adieu, Lib

Libby Getz, an elegant and talented member of our community, was a regular contributor to this paper. She gave helpful advice on a number of cultural events, noted restaurants readers might enjoy or should avoid, and told us why, and reminisced about her worldwide experiences at the side of her husband, Ambassador John Getz.

Her varied contributions were sparkling reflections of her personality. She liked to live well

and generously invited friends to join her. She combined curiosity with superb taste. A tiger tail dangled from the trunk of her Lincoln. One supposed it wasn't real, but knowing Libby, it would not be difficult to imagine her telling a true tiger to stop acting silly and get in her car trunk – immediately!

We find reprinting one of her stories for *The Forester* a fitting memorial. We cannot say it is characteristic because each of Libby's pieces is unique.

Ad Lib

A Christmas Story

If you look on a map you will see that the part of England closest to Germany is East Anglia and near its outer edge is the city of Norwich. This is where I found myself in the latter part of WWII—and in a madhouse at that. No, I wasn't bereft of my senses, I was only there because the British Government had lent the property housing the local insane asylum to the American Red Cross for an officers' club. The former inmates had been evacuated to Scotland for the duration, as Norwich was a target for German bombs. The building was spacious and honeycombed with small cubicle bedrooms. The public rooms were large, as was the walled garden. Two traces of the former residents remained—the iron bars on the windows and the toilets that flushed automatically every five minutes. The age of the building was arguable. Mrs. Simmet, who brought my “wake up” tea, scoffed when I looked at the sagging ceiling and remarked on the great age of Bethel House. “Not very old, Ma'am, only Elizabethan.” I had forgotten Norwich was a Norman town.

Clustered around Norwich were the airfields for our B24 bombers. These bases were drab affairs. Color them gray ... treeless stretches peppered with hangars and Quonset huts and deep in mud when it rained, and it rains often in East Anglia. The men would fly for one day and be free for two. What to do with their free time? They came to town on their jeeps, on their bicycles, on the bus. Our club's cubi-

cle bedrooms offered a clean bed and hot shower. Our large public rooms offered lounge chairs in front of a crackling fire, bridge, a library of sorts, a dining room (British rations, lots of rabbit and Spam) and dances twice a week with carefully screened local girls. For many the club became their home away from home. We four Red Cross girls listened to their problems, held their hands, and when we heard the drone of their planes assembling over Norwich sent up little prayers for their safe return. These bombing missions over Germany were an exquisite form of Russian Roulette. So many planes would go out in the morning and not so many would limp home in the afternoon. Some days' losses were staggering. Each plane carried a crew of seven, so it wasn't just the plane that went down; it was those fresh-faced boys who came into the club.

When the Normandy landings and the romp through France were successful everyone felt the war in Europe would soon end. In December '44 the Allies ran into trouble in Belgium. The snow was deep, the Germans determined, and the momentum we had gathered came to a screeching halt at the Battle of the Bulge. Our armies desperately needed air cover. Unfortunately the weather had closed in, pea-soup fog, sleet and snow blanketed the area, making flying impossible. The fliers felt they were not doing their bit when most needed. A heavy depression invaded the club. The men's faces were as long as their legs. We tried to cheer them, had them baking cookies, helping with the Christmas decorations. The club was flooded with Christmas music. (“White Christ-

(Continued on page 9)

Welcome New Residents

Photo by Ed Albrecht



Harold and Jean Dunlap
Cottage 78 403-8730

Harold was born and grew up in Muskogee County, Oklahoma. Jean is a native of Fayetteville, Arkansas, and attended grade and high school there and in Tulsa, Oklahoma. They met at the University of Tulsa where Harold earned his bachelor's degree. He went on to study medicine at the University of Oklahoma. Jean is a graduate of Miami University in Ohio and also studied nursing. The Dunlaps served as medical missionaries in Iran during the 1960s. Back in this country they lived for two years on Cape Cod before returning to Tulsa where Harold engaged in the solo practice of general surgery and Jean stayed at home with three children. Harold describes his activities after 1991 as those of a volunteer physician working, for example, at a clinic for the uninsured in northern Baltimore County, Maryland. The Dunlaps have a daughter who is a Presbyterian minister and adjunct professor of pastoral care at Duke Divinity School; a son at the National Institute of Environmental Health Services in Durham; another son who is a professor of physiology at Trinity College in Connecticut; and four grandchildren. Harold's interests include vegetable gardening, wood-working, and bird watching. Jean enjoys all living things, plant or animal, flower gardening, and her cat. She has been politically active in support of peace and various liberal causes.

Anniversary Coincidence

The large arrangement from the florist looked beautiful in the Sanctuary. It stood on a separate table at the front near the pulpit, and the large red roses particularly requested by the donor stood out among the smaller pale yellow roses, pink lilies, forsythia, and assorted greenery that made up the whole lovely mass.

In the bulletin was the announcement, "The flowers in the Sanctuary today are to celebrate the wedding of Carol Seeley and Hadley A. Scott, Jr., sixty-five years ago on February 2, 1943."

Wait a minute--there's an error! His name was NOT "Hadley." It was HARLEY!

I was startled when I saw it, but not upset. Instead, I regarded it with some amusement and a tender reminiscence. Also a great deal of wonder.

In 1943 the minister I had grown up with was serving a congregation in a different city. However, he agreed to come to Durham to perform our wedding ceremony. Still tired from a bout of flu, he turned the rehearsal over to another minister. By the time of the actual wedding Dr. Smith had yet to meet the groom.

The ceremony proceeded as expected, until he came to the vital part of pledges.

"Do you, Hadley, take this woman ...?"

I wondered if I were legally married!

Sixty-five years later, fifty-five of them spent in wedded happiness, I have long since known the ceremony was legal, and there was no need to wonder about it.

But I do wonder about the strange coincidence of the name "Hadley" appearing in church again after all this time.

(The floral arrangement was placed in the lobby of The Forest after the church service was over.)

Carol Scott

TFAD TRAVELERS



Again this has been a slow period for travelers leaving our snug winter lodgings here at The Forest. Some of us seem to have been hibernating like some of our furry friends! However, there are several travelers to report.

Back in December (how long ago that seems!) **Laurel** and **Ed Sherman** went on a Caribbean cruise to celebrate a friend's 99th birthday. Unexpectedly, Holland-America Line presented the Shermans with medallions given to those who had sailed 110 days or more with the line. Big surprise!

At the end of January **Barbara Birkhead** went to Kansas for a few days to visit her brother. The Doctors **Greenberg** are away from January until March. And **George** and **Harriet Williams** are back in Charleston, SC, until the end of March.

As a Christmas gift from her husband, our **Tommie Blackley** in the café made a trip in February with her husband to New York City to the Westminster Kennel Club.

But the most wonderful trip is that taken by fitness guru **Becky Binney** and her husband to Auckland, New Zealand, to visit his two sisters and their families, with whom Becky had communicated by email for many years but whom she had never met. They were gone from the 17th to the 29th of February.

Also slow have been responses to the questions last month about sights on the Smithsonian magazine's list of "28 Places One Must See," that our residents have seen. So far only four people have responded. **Terry Bronfenbrenner** has been to 13 places on five continents; **Helen Monson** to 12 places

on five continents; **Mary Ruth Miller** to 13 places on all seven continents, and I to 14 places on only four continents.

All four of us have visited the five places in Europe (see below), and 20 of the 28 listings were visited by at least one of the four. Has anyone here been to Tikal, the Amazon rain forest, Galapagos Islands, Easter Island, Petra, Pagan in Myanmar, the Serengeti, or Mt. Kilimanjaro? Let me know!

To refresh your memory and renew this questionnaire, here are the 28 places:

NORTH AMERICA: Mesa Verde, Aurora Borealis, Fallingwater, Grand Canyon

SOUTH AMERICA: Tikal, Iguazu Falls, Machu Picchu, Amazon River rain forest, Galapagos Islands, Easter Island

ASIA: Petra, Zen Gardens of Kyoto, Yangtze River, Pagan (Myanmar), Angkor Wat, Ephesus, Taj Mahal, Great Wall of China

AFRICA: Serengeti, Mt. Kilimanjaro, Pyramids of Giza

EUROPE: Pompeii, Louvre, Uffizi Gallery, Parthenon, Venice

AUSTRALIA: Great Barrier Reef

ANTARCTICA

Please let me know what places YOU have seen. I expect that those in Europe will have been the most popular. And I also expect that each of you—like me—would like to have included other—or different—places of wonder.

Carol Scott

A Good Leader

History is largely a study of wars and leaders. There have been good leaders and bad ones, fortunately for our civilization more good ones than bad. In an election period, we get tired of all the self-aggrandizement on this subject.

For an organization to function successfully, it must have good leadership, not just from its chief, but also from its department heads. Here is a good example.

This leader handles the rigors and many details of the job effortlessly. She has to be creative, talented, thick skinned, good natured, and patient in dealing with people, and she meets these requirements easily. But the thing that makes the difference between good and superior in this job is resourcefulness. This was brought home to me with a bang during the following crisis.

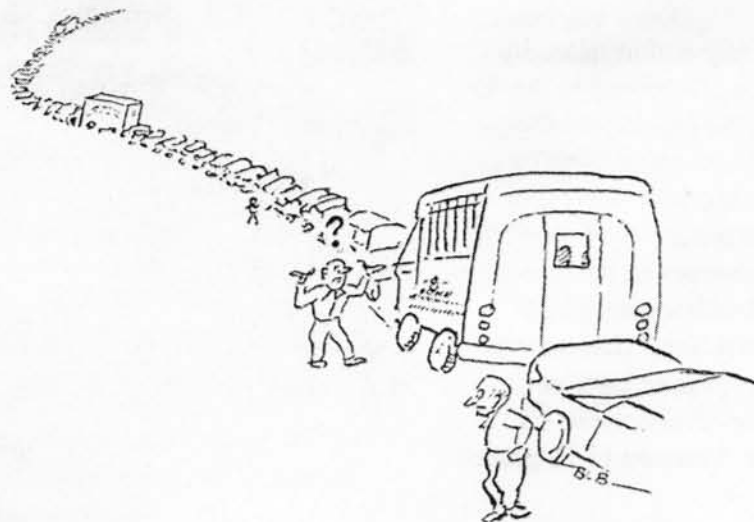
A well-liked member of our group died rather suddenly, and the memorial service was to be held in a city about thirty miles away. Many wanted to attend the proceedings, so bus transportation was arranged. We left in plenty of time but after traveling about five miles traffic came to a dead halt. All traffic on the highway was stopped and we were informed that most of the secondary roads were blocked also. We then learned that POTUS was in the neighborhood of our destination and security forces were diverting all traffic away from the area.

We managed to exit the highway but then we were stumped. Our leader called her then-assistant, who lived in our destination town, for advice but she was of no help. Several of us suggested that the sensible thing was to wend our way home. We were answered by a look of steely determination mixed with a hint of disdain for such faintness of heart. She then called her husband and the most amazing events transpired. I can't explain how or what was done through this continuing conversation, but by using all sorts of maps and computer updates he and she were able to guide us to our goal. Our driver also deserves much credit for his calmness in a most stressful situation.

Probably nothing is more embarrassing than arriving late for a funeral service, especially when you're barreling in with a large group. However, we arrived just a few minutes after the stated time and found that things were delayed for us, thanks to communications from our leader about our difficulties.

I can't explain or understand how this all worked out, but do appreciate how fortunate we are to have such resourceful and determined people working for us. Perhaps she will tell you how she managed such a feat. She is a tall brunette with movie star good looks and is most gracious and pleasant all the time. I won't give you her name but her maiden name was the same as a well known actor and comedian.

Frank Light



The Gathering Table



Some look at it and think it is the center table in the café.

Factually that is one description, probably with its own GPS. But its reputation has evolved far beyond that simplistic statement. It started out as the Breakfast Group, a small early-bird group that met rather promptly at 7:30 when the café opened. But it has gloriously evolved into a dynamic, happy group of about a baker's dozen who enjoy the pleasures of a hot breakfast cooked by someone else.

It was **Charlie Black** who designated it as The Gathering Table. An apt term, as it combines all the usual features of a boarding house table, a favorite school cafeteria table, a meeting place for busy people at any number of public eateries, the household kitchen table, even the formal Hepplewhite dinner table—all these taken in part, rolled up, and re-spread as four square tables at The Forest. Four? Oh yes, we asked for a fifth table recently to accommodate the popularity of the table, and **Peter Hoffmann** supplied the fifth table by the next meal.

There is more than one conversation around the table, of course; one group may be entertained by enjoying a good joke, another group may be solving the "problem of the day," still another set may be discussing the local news. Once in a while the table entertains the whole room—the side tables become quiet, shut down their conversations and listen intently to the content of the discussions. At other times, the dynamics reverse and the side tables find their conversations being the center of interest of those sitting at the Gathering Table.

In recognition of the impact of the Table, occasionally even **Steve Fishler**, our CEO, joins us, if just for coffee to start his busy day.

From its inception, now clouded in a fog of redecoration efforts in the café/serving areas, redefi-

nition of the former "Men's Table" and (predominantly) "Women's Table," the center table has always been an open table, open to all residents, new and old, active and reserved, talkers and listeners. It has become an important hub for our life here at The Forest.

One of its greatest attributes is simply a shortcut to long-term friendships. Many at the table have discovered that in this common retirement boat, we can have friendships which seem to appear suddenly, simply because we find that we have significant life experiences which make our new friendships take on some of the characteristics of our twenty-year friendships that we had before we came to live at The Forest.

So, the Gathering Table has become an integrated aspect of our life here, a place for social discourse/information sharing/finding solutions to the little and large problems that plague us from time to time, while providing us communal enjoyment three times a day.

Caroline Long

Ad Lib continued

(Continued from page 5)

mas" always takes me back to Norwich.) The children's choir from the cathedral would be coming Christmas Eve to sing and the army had given us turkeys for Christmas dinner. After days of fog the sun burst through on December 24th. The club emptied. The men returned to base to fly. The children's choir came that Christmas Eve and sang for their audience of only four Red Cross girls. Christmas was postponed.

Libby Getz

Wandering in The Forest



When **Bruce Rubidge** brought his Orion 8-inch Dobsonian telescope to the Rose Garden for the viewing of the eclipse of the moon February 20th the sky was overcast. Each of us expected to find a sign on the door saying "Cancelled" when we went to see. But the clouds broke and Bruce focused. We stayed long enough that we were able to see the moon turn to a beautiful rose color. Aiming the telescope down and to the left of the moon, Bruce presented us with Saturn and its rings as well. We were all excited and chattering and debated which was more thrilling—the rosy moon or Saturn and its rings. But there was no need to decide. It was a glorious evening.

Reminisce this month was about travel..

George Chandler told of hiking the footpaths of England marked by fingerposts to places like Upper Swell or Lower Slaughter across farmlands that had been cultivated for centuries and were still in active use. This is "what makes walking in rural England so different from anything you can enjoy in the United States." **Keith Burkett** hiked on the Appalachian trail and took a hiking tour to England and then the continent. Close to Switzerland they were taken by ski lift to the top of a mountain, where this lowland farm boy was astonished to see brown Swiss cows grazing in grass on the top of the mountain.

Martha Mendenhall went with the Wander Birds on a Grand Tour in 1950, sailing on the Stratheden line. It was a happy bunch with singing on the bus. She climbed to the top of St. Peters and walked up the 641 steps to the top of Cologne cathedral. She then spent two weeks at a Work Camp, living in a Nissan hut and being paid \$1.25 a day for stooking hay in the fields. There were still not enough available men to get the crops in so soon after World War II. **Renee Lord** had a friend who wanted her to join her in a European trip. Renee didn't want to go to the trouble of getting a passport until she heard they

would be going to San Marino, Italy, a tiny independent country, that issued the "most beautiful stamps in the world." She was a stamp collector. She was there on the day they installed their twice-yearly elected officers in a church on top of a mountain. This mountain was the country of San Marino. **Joyce Albrecht** planned a tour she and Ed took in 1963, making all the reservations herself, including a room on the Champs Elysees for eleven dollars a night.. They traveled to Copenhagen and Japan and Thailand. **Catherine Tillmann** told of her life after retirement as a director of arts and crafts aboard cruise ships. She and her husband traveled the world from the Caribbean to international destinations. **Carol Oettinger** talked about hiking in London and then on Hadrian's Wall. She said as she walked the wall she heard faint sounds of voices and weapons clanging. When she mentioned this to the park ranger he said, yes, it was the Roman Gladiators, that lots of people heard it. The trouble with Reminisce is that nobody wants it to end and it is impossible to cover every fascinating detail in this column.

I happened upon a profile in an old Forester of a Glaswegian in our midst. Did you know that **Carole Lumia** was born in Glasgow, daughter of an American GI and a Glasgow woman who brought her to America when she was two years old? She therefore had dual citizenship until she was 18, at which time one is forced to choose. She naturally chose American citizenship. I asked her if she had any memories at all of coming to America. She did! The two-year-old Carole stood at the glass enclosed rail of the Queen Mary looking out at the amazing water before her and glanced up at her mother. A tiny snapshot, still very vivid.

Editor

Judgment Day

Bored and alone, in this humiliating smock,
Staring at the blank whiteness of the wall
Or, perhaps, the varicolored depiction
Of my genitourinary tract,
My monkey-mind leaps like a gibbon
From thought to thought
As I identify with all my fellow souls
Waiting and waiting and waiting
In all the hospitals and prisons
Of this cruel and wondrous world.

Awaiting the verdict on my
X-rays, biopsy, MRI, whoknowswhatagram,
Or any of the other faceless oracles
That help decide my immediate fate,
I contemplate my brother,
Staring at a blood-bespattered wall,
Naked, starved and kept sleepless,
Awaiting his next interrogation
Or gratuitous beating, "just for the fun of it,"
In all the torture chambers of the world.

Sitting in the oncology waiting room,
I watch the tired, anxious faces of the families,
Sometimes five or six loyal supporters,
Up at 3:30 to drive two hundred miles
To be with Daddy, Bobby-Jo or Aunt Sue
As we sit amid the obsolete newsmagazines,
The donor's names and addresses tactfully
removed
(in the interests of anonymity),
Sharing the separate anxieties
Of their distracted readers
In the universal netherworld
Of all who sit and wait and wait and wait.

Ned Arnett

Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

Each word below can be found by either reading
up, down, forward, backward or diagonally

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R K E N I Z A G A M E U G O L A I D
E E H C E E P S T H A A E M K T E S
T L Z J V I E F R O R R G A I I C S
U I T Z S R A D A R E G A P J N I U
P A F S U F J L H N M U S I C T F C
M M O T I B P S C A A E S F A E F S
O G C L V H E I R U C Q E P B R O I
C E M X A P W G E K J D M U E N T D
L L Z B A V E N A Z N E W P L E S E
I E E T Q L O A O U M F A I E T O T
B T K J E H E L O I G P C U J N P I
R T C T P R K S H Q S N V W X K S L
A E L F U O E C K W E I A E J Z D L
R R O T O T F Q E P H J V L V F R E
Y F C B O S G N I T E E M E Y A O T
J I K N U E D O C E S R O M L D W A
P O I D A R D R A O B L L I B E O S
R E P S I W H P A R G O N O H P T B

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WAYS TO COMMUNICATE

ALPHABET	CHIME	LIBRARY	PENCIL	SPEECH
ARGUE	CLOCK	MAGAZINE	PEN	SOUND
BOOK	DIALOGUE	MAIL	PHONE	TAPES
BILLBOARD	DISCUSS	MAP	PICTURE	TELEGRAM
BODY LANGUAGE	FILM	MEETINGS	PHONOGRAPH	TELEVISION
BUZZER	GOSSIP	MESSAGE	POST OFFICE	TIPS
COMPUTER	HORN	MORSE CODE	RADAR	WAVE
CAMERA	INTERNET	MUSIC	RADIO	WHISTLE
CHART	LECTURE	NEWSPAPER	SATELLITE	WORDS
	LETTER	NOTE	SIGNAL	