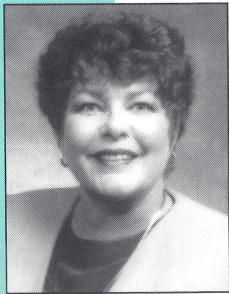


DENTAL BUSINESS TODAY

A QUIET REVOLUTION IN QUALITY DENTAL SUPPORT

JANUARY 1996

HERE'S TO YOU!!!



Several years ago while traveling in what was then the Soviet Union, I had one of the most incredible evenings in my not uneventful life. We were hosted at a dinner in a small village in the hills above Tbilisi, the capitol of Soviet Georgia. Dinner was served in a 300-year-old stone building lit only by a fireplace and dozens of candles. Tin buckets were filled with locally grown roses. The food was delicious—with a bounty of vegetables, fruits and delicacies unavailable in other parts of the Soviet Union—washed

down with what seemed bottomless decanters of locally made wine.

The Georgians had a couple of extraordinary customs. The dinner consisted of at least a dozen courses served over three hours. Oddly, they never removed any dishes from the table, so by the end of the evening we had this teetering tower of dirty dishes covering every inch of the table. The other custom, which I loved, was toasting. I am not talking about the stiff formal "toasts" we see at political receptions on television. These were witty, friendly, rambunctious, poetic and creative. Through the course of the evening everyone at the table of twenty gave at least one toast.

We brought this custom home with us. The following year this group of Georgians were performing and touring in the United States. We entertained them in our home. We didn't stack the dishes high on the table, but we did fill the

evening with many toasts, much laughter and deepening friendships.

The custom of toasting dates back to ancient times. The Greeks drank to each others' health out of each others' glasses to assure their drinks had not been poisoned. Pieces of dried bread were floated in drinks (to add nourishment?) and were referred to as "toasts." The custom of clinking glasses was added in the 1600s. Some say the clinking involves all five senses: taste, touch, sight, smell and sound. There are delightful books on the custom, including *Toasts* by Paul Dickson.

As we are ringing in a new year, it is a traditional time for toasts. I'd like you to consider adding toasts liberally throughout 1996. Whether its champagne in a crystal flute, spring water out of the bottle, orange juice out of the carton, or a mug of coffee with your staff, raise your glass, speak your heart, and you will lift the spirits of all who partake.

The year 1996 promises to be an eventful and exciting one at Trojan. We will move into new offices, incorporate new technology and begin celebrating twenty years in business. None of this would be possible without you, our valued clients. And so I raise my glass to you! May your treatment plan acceptances go up . . . your insurance claim rejections go down . . . your collection accounts disappear . . . and pride in your work soar to new heights . . . And may you know how committed Trojan is to serving your needs!

Salud! Skoal! Santé! L'chayim!

"May you have warmth in your igloo, oil in your lamp and peace in your heart."

an Eskimo toast of goodwill

"May the hinges of friendship never rust, nor the wings of love lose a feather."

Dean Ramsey

"May our house always be too small to hold all our friends."

Myrtle Reed

"Here's to a friend, he knows you well and likes you just the same."

Anonymous